

The Australian

WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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The Australian WOMEN'S WEEKLY

NOVEMBER 10, 1954

Vol. 22, No. 24

THE PRICE OF TEA AGAIN

ANOTHER rise in the price of tea, less than two months after the previous one, has caused a further boil-over of indignation from housewives all over the Commonwealth.

And it's not that the housewives are merely being difficult.

Most reasonable women, for example, agree with the Reverend Dr. C. Irving Benson when he points out that an improvement in the wages and living conditions of Ceylonese tea workers inevitably means a rise in the production costs of tea.

No one begrudges the tea pickers the long-delayed bettering of their conditions. And everyone knows wages must be added to the cost of any product.

No, it's not plain selfishness, but rather the confusion and Governmental inactivity accompanying each price rise that cause the tea drinkers' irritation.

Though State Prices Ministers protest, they, like the Queen in Hamlet, "protest too much"—and do nothing.

Why can't they suggest—and all agree to—an increased Government subsidy on tea?

True, every taxpayer, even those who never touch tea, must contribute when subsidies are paid.

To coffee drinkers and beer drinkers this may be an irksome thought, but no great sacrifice would be required of them.

Certainly it is unlikely that any subsidy would force non-tea drinkers to give up their alternative (and generally more expensive) beverages.

But with the price soaring as it is, it seems certain that, without help, many people who've never been able to afford either coffee or beer will also have to give up their tea.

An increased subsidy would ensure that less fortunate citizens, particularly age pensioners, would not be deprived of their "cuppa"—often the only small luxury in their restricted lives.

Our cover:

● Artist Bonar Dunlop, who illustrates many of our short stories and serials, painted the charming study of a small child's birthday party for this week's cover. His inspiration came from the first birthday party of his own small daughter, Fiona Fay. Dunlop, who lives at Avalon, New South Wales, also has a five-year-old son.

This week:

● John E. Carlova, who wrote the short story "Stowaway," published this week, is a 33-year-old Canadian newspaperman and author who has been in Singapore for a year and a half. He tells us he went to Singapore after working in London, Europe, and the Near East, because he wanted to relax in the tropics and try to establish himself as a magazine writer and author of books. He has had one novel, "Young Man in Meditation," published in U.S. which he describes as "a critical success but a financial flop." When his Singapore contract expires, he intends to visit Australia.

● The British public rarely has a chance to see the Duke of Edinburgh informally, so when it is announced that he will play polo at Cowdray Park, in Sussex, they flock there to see the game and to crowd round the players' enclosure, where he makes a rapid change into polo clothes beside his car. A series of pictures on page 18 shows how he does it.

Next week:

● Our monthly teenage section next week gives advice on how to choose a career. Also in the section, pictured in color: Six Candy Hardy frocks, available ready to wear or cut out ready to make.

● America's famous cowboy star Hopalong Cassidy, the idol of children throughout the English-speaking world, will be featured in a full-page color picture.

● William Willis, the American who drifted alone across the Pacific on a balsawood raft, arrived last month in Pago Pago. He completed the journey he planned when he set out from Peru in June, and his voyage exceeded by 2000 miles that of the famous Kon-Tiki. The cover of next week's paper and two pages inside show color pictures of Willis and his craft. Staff photographer John Jones flew from Sydney to Samoa to take them.

Letters from our readers

WE continually read of strikes, wharf laborers, railway workers, transport people, etc., but I wonder how many people have ever thought what would happen if the police went on strike. They receive no penalty rates for overtime or night work, no high wages, and are on call at all times. Surely the police should be entitled to danger money and penalty rates the same as other workers. Perhaps some day the Government will realise why so many police are leaving the force for higher-paid jobs.

"Policeman's Wife" (name supplied), Hillcrest, S.A.

I THINK Australians should learn to be kind. They treat aborigines like their dogs, not like the first people who lived in this country.

"Aborigines' Friend" (name supplied), Graham, via Cowra, N.S.W.

● 10/6 will be paid for each letter published on this page.

RECENTLY I spent three weeks in Sydney, where shop assistants say "Yes, Love" and "No, Love" to customers. In Melbourne customers are called "Dear." Is it better and more friendly than the old-time "Madam"? (Mrs.) R. Ross, Melbourne, Vic.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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HOW'S your form, Wep.

You certainly got a real-life study of those kids in the school bus. I saw my brother John and myself and the kids round our place. Mum says that's just how the school bus children appear to her, only more crowded. She avoids that bus. What would happen if the kids avoided it, too?

(Master) Peter Goldman, East Moree, N.S.W.

I ENTIRELY agree with "Prevention" (The Australian Women's Weekly, 27/10/54), who says heat prostration in the elderly could be lowered if they were taught to discard warm underclothing in the summer. Every time I try to reason with old people about the clothes they wear in the summer, I am rebuked and told I should be ashamed going about "half naked" in the summer.

"Agreeing" (name supplied), Bankstown, N.S.W.



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BEN NEVIS GOES EAST

Second instalment of our
delightful three-part serial
BY COMPTON MACKENZIE

ONLY dire emergency drove DONALD MacDONALD, of Ben Nevis, and his dismayed friend, HUGH CAMERON, of Kilwhillie, to leave the Scottish Highlands and set sail for India. The emergency came in the form of a letter from COLONEL ROSE-ROSS, in India, warning Ben Nevis and his wife that their subaltern son HECTOR has fallen into the clutches of a divorced woman, one MRS. WINSTANLEY.

Arriving in India determined to end the entanglement, Ben Nevis, in no time, has fallen completely under the spell of the very fascinating Angela Winstanley.

Angela, waiting for her divorce to be made absolute, is being courted by various eligible men, with Hector and the wealthy brewer JOHN TUCKER well to the fore. She has with her as companion her friend MAISIE LAMBERT, who is nursing a broken heart after being jilted by GERALD RIPWOOD.

She is very intrigued to hear that Ben Nevis wants to contact an old school friend, the Maharajah of Bangapatam, who has a house near the hill station of Pipla. She and Maisie are to spend Christmas at Parker's Hotel at Pipla and she easily persuades Ben Nevis to go there, too. NOW READ ON:

THE immediate impression made upon somebody who saw Pipla for the first time was that a few mischievous Titans had emptied part of Golder's Green on a ridge of that mountainous tangle of country which goes rolling away to the snowy ramparts of the Himalayas, and that some of the houses had slipped down the steep slope on either side and managed to lodge themselves here and there without tumbling to the bottom.

Narrow paths led down from a wide terrace on the crown of the ridge to those houses which only escaped seeming like any house in the outer suburbs of London because they were built among tall deodars and looked out upon a sublime aspect.

The terrace with its bandstand, empty in winter like the bandstand on a south coast marina, was bounded on one side by a Victorian gothic church and on the other extended to the fashionable shopping street of Pipla, known as the Promenade, which was forbidden to wheel traffic and Indians alike, except to those Indians who drew rickshaws, that were the only conveyances able to reach the houses on the slopes.

There was a tiny mountain-railway which wound its way up the six thousand feet above which Pipla stood, but the pleasantest way was to drive up by car, and it was by car that Ben Nevis and Kilwhillie arrived, having sent on their bearers with the luggage by the railway.

The Chieftain was taken aback for the moment when Balu Ram, who with Sher Khan was waiting for his master at the end of the motor road which ran round the foot of the ridge, indicated the rickshaw in which he was to be conveyed up what looked like a perpendicular wooded cliff to Parker's Hotel.

"But those chaps will never be able to pull me up that," he protested, eyeing the two apparently emaciated rickshaw-coolies.

"Please, Master is getting inside rickshaw," Balu insisted firmly.

"Well, if I must I suppose I must," the Chieftain woofed.

For the first time that Ben Nevis could remember, his friend Kilwhillie laughed aloud. Inasmuch as Kilwhillie had been almost morose during the drive up in order to mark his disapproval of what he called "this harum-scarum excursion" to Pipla, the Chieftain was startled by the sound.

"Did I hear you laugh, Hugh?" he exclaimed.

"Yes, as a matter of fact, I did laugh."

"But what are you laughing at?"

"I was laughing at you."

"At me?" Ben Nevis gasped in amazement.

"Yes. You look about twice as big as that queer sort of perambulator you're sitting in."

And Kilwhillie laughed again.

"Well, I suppose it is very funny," said the Chieftain doubtfully.

At that moment he leaned back in the rickshaw, whereupon both shafts went up into the air, carrying both the rickshaw-coolies up in the air with them.

And Kilwhillie laughed aloud for the third time.

When Kilwhillie in his turn was seated in a rickshaw Ben Nevis guffawed boisterously. Yet somehow it lacked the spontaneity of his friend's merriment; indeed, it could almost have been called a forced laugh. At that moment the coolies strained forward to pull their bulky passenger up the hill.

As Ben Nevis saw the shafts again taking an acute angle in front of him, he said: "We shan't either of us laugh, Hugh, if these extraordinary contraptions start going downhill backwards."

"Not to be afraid, Sahib," said Balu, reassuringly. "Strong men not let master fall down khud."

"Cud?" the Chieftain repeated.

Balu stepped to the edge of the narrow path and pointed to the ravine.

"Down there is what Pipla mens call khud," he explained.

"Did you hear that, Hugh?" Ben Nevis called from his rickshaw to Kilwhillie following in the other. "If we fall over the edge we shall both be chewing the cud at the bottom."

This time Ben Nevis laughed in cordial appreciation of his own joke, but Kilwhillie did not even smile.

Presently Balu pointed to a large building which had apparently slid down from the Terrace and was now only prevented from sliding down further by huge buttresses of concrete.

"We come now to Parker's Hotel," he announced.

"It looks like a decayed fort," Ben Nevis observed.

"Very good hotel," Balu affirmed. "Me and Sher Khan see rooms for Master and Cameron Sahib. Very good rooms with balcony. Important peoples only can have these rooms. Master is being very much pleased."

Presently they passed a sleeping figure by the side of the path with a blanket round his head and the rest of his body covered only by a loincloth.

"Is anything the matter with that poor wallah?" Ben Nevis asked sympathetically.

"No, he's a rickshaw-coolie man who

To page 10

"Which piano will you play?" the Maharajah asked, conducting Angela into his music-room.





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The treasure was there—no doubt that the old scientist had left it, but Tony knew he would have to find it for himself.

By CAMERON HAWLEY

ILLUSTRATED BY DALGLEISH

WARM with the May sun, the south wind drifted up the great valley of the Delaware, still carrying the tang of salt water under a thousand mingled odors from the river-flanking factories of Camden and Philadelphia.

Suddenly, there was the sharper odor of acetic acid. Alerted, Tony Carmine glanced out of the window of his office in the McKendrick Research Centre and looked at the new penicillin plant. Workmen were spilling through the back gate, fanning out over the parking lot. It was the four o'clock shift change.

His hand found the buzzer button under the ledge of his desk and he touched it.

The door opened and Miss Benton stood facing him. She wore a white laboratory coat—as did everyone else in the Centre—but she wore hers hanging open, revealing a lime-green dress, a disturbingly attractive contrast with her flame-colored hair. "Yes?" she asked.

His nostrils caught the elusive fragrance of her perfume, making him wish that it were possible to tell her that a research laboratory was an inappropriate place for the dissemination of the odors of essential oils—even a faint whiff might easily prove distracting to some research worker—but, as always with Miss Benton, he found himself defeated by his lack of experience in the making of personal suggestions to young women.

"Did you ring?" she asked.

"It's after four," he said. "Bring in that dose of MK-one-one-four-four." There was an instant of hesitation, almost the suggestion of argument, and then the closing door fanned across the field of his vision. He caught a glimpse of the chaste gold lettering on the outside of the centre panel: Dr. Anthony Carmine, Director of Research.

Even after twelve months he still found it difficult to believe that he, at thirty-four, a back-street kid from across the bridge in Camden, had actually succeeded Dr. Joseph Berringer as the directing head of the McKendrick Research Centre, was in full charge of the pharmaceutical research for McKendrick and Company.

Now, with an important new drug ready for release, he could look back over his first year's record with reasonable satisfaction. With due allowance for the fact that he had been catapulted from the research laboratory into the director's office with almost no training in the technique of top-level management, he hadn't done too badly.

There had, of course, been a certain amount of stumbling around in the beginning, but he had been guilty of no serious error—except the hiring of Miss Benton as his secretary.

Miss Kaiser, who had been Dr. Berringer's secretary for almost thirty years, had reached sixty within two weeks after the old director's death, and the personnel department had insisted that she retire as scheduled.

Miss Benton's name had been the last one on the list of candidates personnel had sent him to interview, and he had initially excused her selection on the grounds of desperation. At least, looking back, that was the only plausible explanation for his unprecedented lapse of clearheaded thinking.

It had happened in June, a bleak day of drizzling rain. He had been on the job just long enough to begin to appreciate what a lonely place the director's office really was. Suddenly, almost at closing time, she had appeared in his doorway, the swirl of her bright hair seeming a flame that promised a much-needed renewal of courage.

The half-hour that he had spent interviewing her had been a soaring escape from reality, and he had offered her the job before his feet had quite returned to earth.

He had known before the end of Miss Benton's first half-day in his office that he had made a serious mistake. Towards noon he had given her a little dictation and she had gone into a state of minor shock over a simple memorandum about the possible biosynthesis of the beta-lactam and thiazoline ring of penicillin by fusion of dimethyl cysteine and an amino-acid residue.

He had hoped that her vocabulary might expand, but commonsense made it only too evident that she wouldn't be around long. It was not that she was so beautiful—at least not in the ordinary meaning of the word—but she had that indefinable something men looked for when they set out to find a wife. That, he had thought then, might save him. She would marry, resign, and then he could replace her and erase his error.

BUT, disturbingly, after eleven months she was still here, opening the door now and walking towards her desk, her left hand cupped, her right hand holding a glass of water.

He extended his right hand, palm upward.

There was no response. She was waiting, silent and motionless. He looked up, questioning the delay, and she finally dropped the tissue-wrapped capsule into his palm.

"Dr. Carmine, I wish you—"

Her voice had cut off, and he asked: "What's the matter, Miss Benton?"

A faint blush came to her cheeks. "I don't think you should experiment on yourself."

"This is not an experiment." He indicated the thick file folder at his elbow.

"The experimental work has been completed. We're ready now to release this drug for clinical use."

"But no human being has ever taken it before," she said.

He saw that the trembling of his hand had shaken the tissue wrapping from the capsule. "No. I shall be the first."

"I don't see why," she whispered.

He hesitated, reluctant to submit to an explanation, yet unaccountably forced on. "As director of research I am the one who must vouch for the fact that this compound can be administered without harmful effect. Do you think I would be morally justified in doing that if I were afraid to take it myself?"

She avoided his eyes. "I suppose," she said, "it's what Dr. Berringer would have done."

"Of course," he said. "It's what the director of any pharmaceutical research laboratory would do."

She nodded. "Is there anything else you want?"

He shook his head. "Just see that I'm not disturbed for the rest of the afternoon. If Dr. Weinstock's prediction proves accurate, I'll be a little woozy for the next hour or so—in no condition to make decisions. Keep everyone out and cut off the telephone."

"Even if the president's office should call?" she asked.

He felt a flinch of caution. This might be just the day when he would be called down-town for a conference on the Research Centre's operating budget. "There's no danger of that now," he said hopefully. "Not after four o'clock on Friday afternoon."

She stood with her eyes focused on the capsule in his hand, waiting as if for

some last word of assurance. To his surprise, Tony heard himself saying, "There's nothing to worry about, Miss Benton. This drug is perfectly safe. That was the whole objective of the project—the development of a sedative with a very low toxicity factor for use in psychiatric practice. Dr. Weinstock's report assures me that the only effect will be an hour or so of pleasant relaxation." He forced a smile. "I'm sure that will do me no harm."

"Maybe not," she said, her attempt to match his smile only partly successful.

"There'll be no need for you to stay after five, Miss Benton. I won't want anything else."

She glanced back in the instant of the door's closing, and his mind retained an after-image of her face, an odd look of mute alarm strangely mismatched with the memory of her voice saying: "I suppose it's what Dr. Berringer would have done."

He fingered the capsule. He thought: Of course, this was what Dr. Berringer would do . . . what he had done so many times . . . that Saturday morning when he had taken the first dose of MK647.

That memory was easy to resurrect because it was always close to the surface of his mind. MK647 had been Tony Carmine's big break, the discovery that had lifted him out of the ranks of the young biochemists in the Research Centre and started him up the ladder to the director's office.

Consequently, there was no detail of the whole project that he could not recall—and, most easily of all, that climactic moment when he had gone to Dr.



BERRINGER INHERITANCE

Berringer's office and offered to take the first dose himself.

The old director had brushed the offer aside. "No, my boy, this is something I must do myself" . . . the inescapable moral discipline . . . the testing of the strength of my faith in the men for whom I must vouch. If my faith in you were not strong enough to make me willing to take this first dose myself, then it would be morally wrong for me to release this compound as a drug that can be safely used in the practise of medicine."

And then, as if it were the performance of some priestly rite of total faith, the great, grey-maned head had tilted back and, resolute and unhesitant, his hand had lifted the capsule to his mouth.

Now Tony Carmine's brain signalled for the same response. Nothing happened. His arm felt wooden and lifeless. What was the matter?

A moment ago he had been prepared to take the drug without qualm, exactly as Dr. Berringer would have done. Now, shaken, he could only stare at the capsule.

He clutched at the excuse of inexperience. This was the first time he'd had to do it himself, the first major pharmaceutical to be released since he had taken over the direction of the Research Centre. It had been different with Dr. Berringer; he'd done it dozens of times. Yes, that was the only reason he himself was afraid to . . . Afraid?

No, this wasn't fear. How could it be? Cullman's toxicology report had been negative right across the board, and Weinstock had double-checked him all down the line. Didn't he have faith in Cullman and Weinstock—the same faith in them that Dr. Berringer had shown in him? Of course he did! He wasn't afraid.

He held the capsule, rocking it slowly, watching the sifting flow of white crystalline powder inside. It was an organic compound visually indistinguishable from a thousand others, some so lethal that the touch of a single grain to the tip of his tongue would stop the beating of his heart and . . . What if someone had made a mistake?

An icy shudder flickered up to his brain.

The smallest of errors could mean the difference between life and death . . . just the chlorine hooked into the molecule at the wrong point . . . No, that was impossible. MK1144 had been tested and retested, checked and rechecked. But he'd made none of those tests himself.

He was trusting someone else all the way along the line! Weinstock . . . Cullman . . . Hardy and Johnston, who had done the synthesis . . . Abrams and his assistants, who had followed through with the organic analysis . . . someone in pharmacy who had done the compounding . . .

Tony looked around the room, searching for the feeling that he'd had on that Saturday afternoon when this office had seemed the sanctuary at the heart of a great cathedral, with Dr. Berringer reciting the litany of

To page 65

Mary Benton stood with the capsule in her hand. "Dr. Carmine—" she began, "I wish you wouldn't experiment on yourself."



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THE PERFECT MATCH

By
**MARGHANITA
LASKI**

JIMMY said desperately, "I don't want to go and try to get adopted."

He'd just had the shock of his seven-year-old life. Mind you, it wasn't the first time he'd been called away from the playground to go and see Matron in her little office, but never before had he been greeted with what could only be described as a welcoming smile.

It was so unexpected that Jimmy could only surmise that it meant a bigger dressing-down than usual.

Had she, he wondered quickly, found out about the piece of wood he'd prised out of the linen cupboard to make a boat? Had Thomas been persuaded to tell just who it was had given him that juicy black eye?

Or—but here Matron had broken in on his hurried conscience-searchings to tell him that he, Jimmy Thatcher, was actually going to be sent out on a trial adoption.

"In the old days," Matron had said, "people wanting children used to come round to the orphanage and take their pick. Now this is all changed. We are very, very careful to, as it were, match up children and their prospective parents and to send children out only when we are reasonably certain that the home and the child are just right for each other."

"Mr. Williams, who deals with this side of the work, has assured me that you are just the child for this Professor and Mrs. Bennett, and I'm sure," and here she had sighed heavily, "that I hope he's right."

It was Matron's sigh that had sent the panic-stricken thoughts chasing each other round Jimmy's head. Matron didn't believe these people would really want to adopt him.

Everyone else who'd come into the orphanage as a practically new-born baby had been adopted long ago, and you couldn't grow to the age of seven without knowing that people who had bright red hair and sticky-out teeth and glasses weren't the sort of people that any parents wanted to adopt.

Even children who'd come in when they were much older than new-born had gone out again to new families that wanted to keep them for ever and ever.

Why, only last month, when his best friend, Francis, had gone out and he'd been so silly as to cry in the dark corner under Matron's window, he'd heard her say to Mr. Williams: "It's a pity about Jimmy; I'm afraid we'll never get him off our hands," and then sigh as she'd sighed just now.

So Jimmy clenched his fists and stood shaking with the intensity of his emotion as he repeated doggedly, "I don't want to go and try to be adopted."

"You're being a very silly little boy," said Matron sternly. "Don't you want to go and live with nice people, and be brought up as their own son?"

There was nothing, absolutely nothing in the world that Jimmy wanted more. Every night, when all the boys in the big dormitories knelt down in their striped pyjamas beside the black iron beds, Jimmy would add on an extra private prayer that some day soon someone would want him for their very own son.

But he knew it could never come true.

What would happen to Jimmy Thatcher would be the biggest disgrace the orphanage could hold, to go out on a trial adoption—and then,

at the end of the month, to be sent back again, unacceptable.

So he stood before the big desk, his whole body an agony of entreaty, mutely begging Matron to spare him the ordeal and the humiliation that must inevitably follow.

But Matron only said sharply, "Now, that's enough nonsense from you, Jimmy Thatcher. You'll go where you're sent, and glad of the chance."

She added more kindly, "You're one of our brightest boys, you know, and you must do us credit. I shouldn't be a bit surprised if that wasn't why Mr. Williams picked you for the Professor. Now you run out and say goodbye to your friends, and I'll be getting your things ready. Mr. Williams said he'd be here after tea to take you along."

So there was to be no escape. Slowly, heavily, he walked out to the playground again and then stood still, blinking his short-sighted eyes against the sudden brightness of the sunlight.

Distractedly the thoughts went round and round in his head. After tea Mr. Williams would come with his car. He'd take Jimmy with him. They'd go to the house where the father and the mother would be waiting.

"Do you think our little boy will be here soon?" they'd be saying to each other, and then the car would stop, and he'd get out.

They'd take one look at him, at the red hair and the big round glasses, and the sticky-out teeth, and they'd say in a polite—or, would it be an angry?—voice, "No thank you, Mr. Williams, we don't want that one," and then they'd go into the house and shut the door.

He stood there, his thumb wagging his loose front teeth, which had lately become a habit of his—and then suddenly the most wonderful idea fell slap-bang into his head!

Suppose he hadn't got sticky-out front teeth? Suppose—just suppose he hadn't got red hair or glasses either? Suppose he looked quite different, just like any other boy, then surely they'd want to keep him?

It was no use being a coward once you'd made up your mind. With rigid resolution he pulled his thumb hard against the loose tooth, jerked it sharply upwards and outwards—and there it was.

Now for the next one. He wriggled it experimentally. It was nothing like so loose as the last. He summoned up all his courage and tried the same swift, brutal jerk, but it was no use.

The tooth resisted all his efforts. He couldn't waste time with it now. He'd got one out and that was something. In half an hour it would be tea-time, and after that Mr. Williams would be there.

How lucky it was that he could read to himself, the only boy of seven in the orphanage that could! Now, when he so desperately needed it, he could remember every word of the story in "Comic Cuts" about the white boy who'd disguised himself to steal secretly through the Red Indian camp.

Slyly, furtively he edged round the wall—and then, once out of sight, ran frantically to the red brick building that housed the laundry, where every Monday the orphanage sheets were boiled in a big copper.

Yes, the story was right! The walls of the fireplace under the copper were coated with thick black soot. Scrabbling wildly, he scraped



Now there was only one thing left for the soot-covered Jimmy to do, and that was to get rid of his glasses.

it off with his hands, rubbing it hard and harder and harder into his carrot hair.

The soot got all over the floor, all over his knees, all over his grey woollen jersey, but he didn't notice or care. The lock that at last he pulled down over his forehead and squinted up to see was quite black.

There was only one thing more to be done. He came out of the laundry and in the laurel bushes beside the wall he deliberately, methodically crushed the round steel-rimmed spectacles into a thousand fragments.

Now his resolution was spent. He had done all he could. If they didn't like him now, there was nothing more in the world he could do.

All the energy drained out of him. He stood there motionless, and for no reason huge tears suddenly ran down his soot-dark cheeks.

And that was how Matron found him when she came searching to see why he wasn't at the tea-table, a filthy, smeared, streaked, utterly pitiable little object, tufts of red hair emerging from a coating of greasy soot, a wide bleeding gap in the projecting upper jaw, and tears needlessly falling from the big myopic eyes.

Well, she washed him. She took off every stitch he'd got on and she put him in the bath and scrubbed him from head to foot, rubbing soap into his hair and rinsing it out again and again and again.

At last she had done her best and worst, and taking him firmly by the hand she led him into the hall where Mr. Williams was waiting.

"There's no more I can do," she stated. "He's clean, and that's about all you can say. I can't replace the glasses at a minute's notice, no, nor the tooth, either. They'll just have to take him as they find him, and if he doesn't suit, he's only got himself to thank."

Without another word she jerked him over to Mr. Williams, who equally firmly took hold of him and marched him to the car.


Mr. Williams didn't speak during the drive, and neither did Jimmy. Without his glasses he couldn't see properly out of the windows, and anyway he was too deeply sunk in misery to want to look.

Nobody had understood. They'd thought he'd made a mess of himself so as not to have to go. They hadn't understood that he'd been doing his utmost, doing everything that lay in his power to make himself acceptable to the lady and gentleman who might, if Matron had only left him as he was, have decided that he was just the very boy they'd always been looking for.

The car pulled up, and Mr. Williams opened the door and got out. "Come on, Jimmy," he said, and dumbly Jimmy climbed out and followed him, seeing dimly, through the mist that covered his unspectacled eyes, a painted white gate, a flagged path, a mass of tall flowers.

Then suddenly a voice, two voices, a man's voice and a woman's voice cried, "Oh, Jimmy, you've come!" and two sets of feet ran towards him, ran down the path between the tall sweet flowers. Two people were standing on the path beside him, bending over him, stretching out their arms.

Jimmy blinked and then desperately, rigidly focused his weak, myopic eyes. He looked up into two faces filled with welcoming love, the face of a man with bright red hair, the face of a woman with sticky-out teeth and big round glasses. (Copyright)



Trevor was a splendid sailor—he just knew everything about ships, but he'd never learnt anything about girls.

By JOHN CARLOVA

STOWAWAY

THE "Slaphappy" was one of those ships that could never be called a she. Squat, yet strangely rakish, it had the battered look of an old prizefighter and the rolling swagger of a drunken sailor.

Before Trevor had flown out of London for Australia, they had warned him about the old ship. But when he saw it for the first time on the docks at Gladstone, he stood stockstill, half in dismay and half in awe.

The freighter was painted a mottled brick-red, which only partly concealed sprawling patches of rust. The bow was broad and low-set, like great sloping shoulders, and the prow had been flattened and twisted into a gigantic caricature of a broken nose.

Trevor went aboard gingerly and picked his way along the cluttered decks to the captain's cabin.

If he had been shaken by the ship, he was shocked by the skipper. Toby O'Brien looked like a tramp Santa Claus. Burly, rosy faced, wearing only a suit of red underwear and a grimy cap jerked sideways on his head, he sat propped up on his bunk, his broken leg straight before him.

Toby's silvery beard and hair looked shaggy but electric, and his sharp eyes were like blue flames beneath his dramatic black eyebrows.

Rather stiffly, Trevor introduced himself. Toby swore an amiable greeting, shook hands, tipped an accumulation of clothes, teacups, and empty beer bottles off a chair by the bunk and told Trevor to sit down.

The young officer did so carefully, his cap tucked correctly under his left arm, the well-shined peak to the front. In a single cool glance, he took in the contents of the cabin—the detective and Wild West magazines scattered over the bunk, the autographed photos on the walls of soldiers, sailors, airmen, prizefighters, jockeys, football players, bartenders, and rather sporty looking women.

One picture held Trevor's attention. It showed a famous American general shaking hands with Toby on board the

"Slaphappy." Underneath was inscribed, "To Toby and 'Slaphappy,' without whom we could not have won the war in the Pacific."

The old captain was grinning when Trevor looked back at him. "He was kinda kiddin' when he wrote that," Toby said. "We didn't do no more than a thousand other old tubs and skippers."

"I've heard about your exploits in the war," Trevor said, and added dryly, "as well as your other exploits."

Toby just kept on grinning. "You mean, like runnin' guns for the Indonesians? Or ferryin' a few of Chiang Kai-shek's regiments over to Formosa?" He indicated his leg stretched out on the bunk. "Or gettin' my leg busted in a brawl on my sixty-eighth birthday?"

Trevor decided the questions were rhetorical and left them unanswered.

"Well," Toby said, shrugging, "it's all over now. London finally got a good excuse to call me home and pay me off."

"You were due for retirement eight years ago," Trevor reminded him.

"What!" said Toby. "In the prime of me life!" He waved one arm about, taking in the whole ship. "And what about the tub? I hear it's to go to the scrapyard, too."

"It is not an economically sound proposition to keep a vessel the age of this one at sea," Trevor recited concisely.

Toby's eyebrows slowly rose.

"Ah," he said softly, "I see. That's why they sent you out to make sure we got to London without any more shenanigans."

"The company sent me out because you needed a first mate," Trevor said crisply.

Toby shook his head. "No, son—first mates are sixpence a dozen, and you're the fair-haired lad of the line. They were worried about my cargo of uranium ore samples."

"I'm sure they were more concerned about you," Trevor said.

Toby grinned. "Ah, you're a polite lad, ain't ye—and a fine-lookin' one, too. I've heard about you, Jack Trevor, and the potful of medals you won in the war with your Royal Navy torpedo boat."

For a moment Trevor seemed to unbend. He almost smiled. "There were a few thousand other tubs and skippers," he said.

Toby chuckled. "Yeah—but then you got your master's ticket before you were thirty. When are them fools in London gonna give you a ship of your own?"

"I believe they intend to keep me at headquarters for a while," Trevor said.

Toby nodded. "Ah, yes—they want to make an office admiral out of ye. Well, ye have the looks and manner for it—sharp and polished. Too bad."

Toby picked up a shoe and flung it against the wall. "O'Hara!" he roared.

There was an answering roar from the adjoining cabin, and the door opened. A red-haired young man stuck his head in. "Whatsit, Pop?"

"O'Hara," said Toby, "meet the new first mate, Jack Trevor."

O'Hara came into the cabin, smiling. He was a big, rugged-looking fellow, wearing dungarees and an undershirt. His



The crew stood round and laughed while Trevor yelled at Judy, "Get those clothes down at once!"

curly red hair tumbled over his brow like the forelock of a Hereford bull.

"Do we shake hands or salute?" he asked Trevor.

"I'm not sure how the English do it."

"O'Hara is an Irish-Australian from Sydney," Toby explained, "and he couldn't salute if he wanted to. That's why he makes a good second officer. I picked him up on the beach at Hongkong."

Trevor had risen. He nodded to O'Hara without offering his hand. "I'm glad to meet you, Mr. O'Hara," he said. "If you'll show me my cabin, I'll get my gear aboard."

"Sure," said O'Hara.

Trevor turned to Toby. "When do you expect to sail, sir?"

"Oh, in a day or so."

"In that case," Trevor said, "I'll have the men clean up the ship."

"Clean up the ship?" said Toby, incredulously. "You mean, this ship?"

"Of course. I noticed rust patches when I came aboard. I'll have some paint put on."

Toby just sat there and stared at Trevor, but O'Hara said in awed tones, "Man, that would be like putting lipstick on Rocky Marciano."

Trevor had his way about the paint, but there was very little applied before the "Slaphappy" sailed. The crew, resentful at losing their last day ashore, splashed the paint around haphazardly and cluttered up the ship worse than it had been before.

"I've never seen such a sullen, dirty lot of so-called seamen in my life," Trevor complained to Toby.

"They're tramps," Toby explained easily. "This is a tramp steamer, and they're tramp sailors. Whaddye expect a tramp to look like—the Dook of Windsor?"

"The least they could do is clean themselves and their quarters," Trevor insisted.

Trevor soon had more than cleanliness to contend with. The first day out, on the way up the Great Barrier Reef, a fight started in the fo'c'sle. It surged on to the deck, with most of the crew crowded and yelling around the two battlers.

In the noise and confusion, Trevor's shouted orders from the bridge went unheeded. He finally hurried down, shoved his way through the crew, and tried to break up the fight. Instead, a wild haymaker sent him sprawling across the deck.

When Trevor got to his feet, white with suppressed fury, his usually smooth, dark hair was ruffled and an angry red bruise showed where the blow had landed on his jaw.

O'Hara had ended the fight by the simple expedient of knocking out both of the brawlers.

"Throw those men into the brig!" Trevor ordered the second mate.

"But we ain't got a brig," O'Hara protested.

"Then improvise one!" Trevor told him, and stalked off to report to the captain.

Toby was undisturbed. "Now, those boys were prob'ly only just settlin' a little argument," he said. "Fights break out reg'lar like on a tramp steamer, son. Good thing, too. They keep the boys from goin' stale, an' those lads don't really mean no harm, y'know."

The next day Trevor brought a radio message to Toby.

"I suppose this lad didn't mean any harm, either?" the first mate demanded.

Toby read the message. The police in Gladstone wanted one of the crew, a Welshman named Jones, for manslaughter.

"Well, now," said Toby, "I know all about this. It happened the same time I got me leg busted. It was in this pub, y'see, an' all hell'd broke loose. Jones is a quiet, inoffensive little fella, but somebody'd pulled a knife on him. All Jones did was take the knife away from this bloke an' use it himself." Toby spread his hands out. "Now, how c'n ye call that manslaughter? That's self-defence."

"That's not for us to decide," Trevor said. "We'll have to put in at Cairns and turn Jones over to the authorities."

"Well, now," said Toby, turning the message over and inspecting the back, as though there might be some solution there, "let's look at it this way. Our radio ain't so good, y'know, Jack. Some days we can't get a thing a'tall, a'tall." He glanced at Trevor shrewdly. "This coulda been one of them days, y'know."

Trevor said coolly, "Captain O'Brien, you are the master of this ship. I am compelled to obey your orders. But if there is ever an inquiry in this matter—and I'm sure there will be—I should be compelled to tell the truth."

Toby nodded glumly. "Yeah," he said, "I guess you would. Put in at Cairns."

They intended to stay at Cairns only long enough to turn Jones over to the police. But the cook jumped ship and it took Trevor a couple of days to find another.

At least, the man said he was a cook. They had hardly pulled away from the wharf on the long run up to Thursday Island before it was apparent enough that he was more of a carpenter. His meals were made of wood and iron.

On the third day out from Cairns, Trevor was in his cabin when he heard cries for help from over the side. He rushed out to find the crew crowded along the rails, yelling with glee. Even the ship seemed to be rolling with laughter. Behind, bobbing about in the sea, was the cook.

"Man overboard!" Trevor shouted. "Stop the engines! Lower a boat!"

O'Hara grinned down from the bridge. "It's all right," he

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Continuing

Ben Nevis Goes East

from page 3

sleeps for a little rest," said Balu.

"But why is his head covered up in that blanket?" Ben Nevis asked in perplexity.

"Blanket is for keep him warm. It is cold now in Pippla."

"Keep him warm?" Ben Nevis exclaimed "But he's got practically nothing on except over his head."

"If his head being warm he is warm all over himself," Balu explained. "If his head being cold he is cold all over himself."

Parker's Hotel had begun as a small boarding-house, and had been steadily enlarged as time went on until it grew into the huge amorphous pile it was at the time that Ben Nevis and Kilwhillie arrived. To describe it in terms of architecture is impossible with its Italian loggias, its Oriental arches, its corrugated tin roofs which seemed to cover an enormous lean-to against the khud, its concrete buttresses, its passages at different levels and its innumerable staircases without one main staircase in the whole building.

The large dining-room was surrounded by a verandah on three sides with a sublime view over that tossing countryside of wooded hills and deep ravines. The drawing-room was a perfect period piece of the early 'nineties when it was built. The walls were covered with pink and cream linocut. The mirrors were painted round the edge of the glass with lakeside vegetation to suggest that the glass itself was a lake. Pampas grass and bulrushes gathered dust in tall vases.

The pictures were mezzotints of sentimental Royal Academy costume-dramas. The furniture was Maples in its prime. If the belles of forty years earlier with their balloon sleeves and hats balanced on top of their overcurled hair and fringes had re-visited that drawing-room in Pippla they would see no change in it since they flirted there with subalterns in the days when Rudyard Kipling was young.

The bedroom allotted to Ben Nevis opened out of a sitting-room and on the other side of the landing was Kilwhillie's bedroom. A loggia ran the length of the three rooms from which it could be entered by french windows.

"This is very jolly, Hugh," said the Chieftain, who had stepped out into the loggia to enjoy the view. "By Jove, it's almost as good as parts of the Highlands."

"It certainly is a fine view," Kilwhillie agreed. "But I still think we were unwise to come up here."

"I don't know why they have all this wire-netting everywhere. There can't be many mosquitoes buzzing about at this time of year. And anyway it wouldn't keep out a bumble-bee, let alone a mosquito."

"These people must be the despair of our fellows who are trying to help run this country," Kilwhillie remarked. "Fancy thinking you can keep out mosquitoes with a mesh that size."

"We may as well open them," said Ben Nevis. "They rather spoil the view, which really is

almost as good as parts of the Highlands."

The Chieftain opened the wire doors along the parapet of the loggia and declared what an improvement it was.

"Really, you know, Hugh, now this wire is out of the way, I think this view is as good as parts of Perthshire or Argyll. Not the west of Inverness-shire, of course," he added hastily. "Well, I think we ought to be getting downstairs. Tiffin will be ready. And look here, Hugh, when we meet Mrs. Winstanley and her friend Miss Lambert I do hope you'll be pleasant to them."

"I shall be polite, of course. But I don't intend to turn this deplorable excursion into a family party."

Balu Ram and Sher Khan were waiting for orders on the landing outside the sitting-room when their masters came out.

"I think we'll wear the kilt for dinner tonight, don't you?" Ben Nevis suggested.

"Mightn't it seem rather ostentatious," the younger laird suggested.

"Dash it, Hugh, we're six thousand feet up where we are, which is more than a thousand feet higher than dear old Ben Nevis itself and the air here has quite a bite in it. That view from our balcony made me feel quite homesick. I shall wear the kilt tonight without hesitation, and if you take my advice you won't go about looking like a dumb waiter in black."

He turned to the bearers. "The Sahib and myself will wear the kilt tonight. Put everything ready."

Balu jerked his head to show he understood what was required and with that jerk somehow expressed at the same time affirmative approbation.

DOWN in the dining-room, which looked cheerful in the December sunshine, Angela Winstanley and Maisie Lambert were already seated at a table in the window.

"Let's have coffee together afterwards, shall we?" the Chieftain suggested breezily, after he had greeted the two young women. "We had a splendid drive from Tallulahabad, but I thought Kilwhillie and I were going to chew the cud when they dragged us up here in those gimcrack rickshaws. The two wallahs pulling me went right up in the air once or twice at the end of the shafts when I leaned back."

When Ben Nevis and Kilwhillie were seated, the Chieftain said, "I was going to suggest joining the girls at their table, but you would keep scowling, Hugh, and so I didn't."

"I think it's more dignified to lunch at our own table," his companion said.

"Well, I must say I like this place," Ben Nevis declared, gazing round the dining-room. "I was getting awfully tired of Rose-Ross' pettifogging conversation."

"For goodness sake, Donald, not so loud," his companion begged. "Everybody in the place is staring at us."

"I wasn't talking louder than

usual, Hugh. It's because we're six thousand feet up and the air is so much clearer that you think I'm talking loudly. What are we having to eat? Ah, curry. I'm getting very fond of this curry. I must get hold of some recipes to take back with me. I believe Mrs. Ablewhite would make jolly good curry if I could give her a few tips. By Jove," he added with sudden inspiration, "I'll have the Lindsay-Wolsleys to lunch at Glenbogle and I'll have such a hot curry that Wolsley will think he's back in the Khyber Pass slashing away at Afghans and whatnot. Yes, I'll show him what curry is. He'll think he's swallowed a mustard plaster. I'll tell Toker to put some extra chillies on his plate, though why they call them chillies I've never been able to understand. You might as well call ice-creams hot-dogs."

In the excitement of preparing a ferocious curry for his neighbor, Colonel Lindsay-Wolsley, when he returned to Scotland the Chieftain was incautious about the curry in front of him, and for a minute he was compelled to keep silence until his own tongue had cooled.

After lunch the two new arrivals at Parker's adjourned to the drawing-room, where they found Angela Winstanley and Maisie Lambert waiting for them.

"Poor old Hector was very cast down when we started off this morning," said his sympathetic father.

"Yes, I expect he'll miss you," Mrs. Winstanley agreed.

"Oh, it's not me he's missing," the Chieftain guffawed genially. "Ha-ha-ha!"

It would be an exaggeration to assert that Kilwhillie's rather tired eyes were those of a basilisk at this moment, but they certainly did come nearer to gleaming his disapproval of that last remark than they had ever come to gleaming.

"Perhaps he'll be able to manage a spot of leave," Miss Lambert suggested compassionately.

"I doubt it," said the Chieftain. "They were talking about some regimental—now, wait a minute, what's the word—not tomato?"

"Tumasha?" Mrs. Winstanley suggested.

"That's it—tamasha. I was pretty near it, wasn't I? Yes, some regimental tamasha which will keep him down in Tallulahabad. Poor old boy. Of course, if we get this war which everybody seems to think we shall within the next year or two it will be different, but I'm bound to say I think a soldier's life in peacetime is an appalling waste of time."

"That reminds me," he added, "didn't you say that the Maharajah of Bangapatam is coming here for Christmas?"

"Yes, he has a lovely house here. And he and the Maharajah of Tussore, whose State is only a few miles from Pippla, always have wonderful parties at Christmas time."

"Have you ever met him?" Ben Nevis asked.

Mrs. Winstanley smiled a little sadly.

"No, I'm afraid I didn't"

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IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY

BY RUD



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Continuing

move in such circles," she murmured.

"Well, by Jove, you shall meet him, Angela. I'll jolly well see you do."

Hugh Cameron gave his moustache an agonised tug. Donald was exceeding even his gloomiest forebodings. Where was all this going to end? He had a vision of Beatrice MacDonald eyeing him with stern reproach.

"I think we ought to take a little exercise, Donald," he said. "I suggest we walk up to what they call the Terrace."

In making this suggestion, he had not supposed that Ben Nevis would say:

"Jolly good idea. You two girls go and put your things on, and we'll wait for you downstairs."

When the girls had departed to get ready, Hugh Cameron looked at his friend in censorious amazement.

"This mountain air seems to have gone to your head, Donald. Do you realise what you've just done?"

"Of course I realise what I've done. There's nothing to realise," the Chieftain replied.

"You come out to India, dragging me with you in order to prevent Hector from plunging into a deplorable entanglement. Within a fortnight of your arrival you allow yourself to be seen escorting Mrs. Winstanley all over Pippa. What are people going to think?"

"I don't care what these sahib wallahs think," said Ben Nevis. "I consider that Angela—by the way you'd better call her 'Angela' and I'll tell her to call you 'Hugh.'"

"You are not to tell her to call me 'Hugh.' If Mrs. Winstanley dares to call me 'Hugh' I shall cable immediately to Beatrice to fly out here and I shall go down to Bombay to meet her. And when she arrives I shall tell her that I no longer feel capable of handling the situation."

"I wish you could understand what I'm trying to do, Hugh," Ben Nevis expostulated. "What are you trying to do?"

"I'm trying to win Angela's confidence. When she feels sure I am her best friend I shall be able to advise her."

"Rubbish," Kilwhillie ejaculated. "All she will feel sure about is that she can twist you round her finger."

Ben Nevis shook his head. "I don't know where you've been getting those ideas about women, Hugh."

Kilwhillie felt powerless to argue further with his friend. He moved towards the door of the drawing-room.

"If we have to take this deplorable walk," he said, "we'd better get it over as soon as possible. The Terrace will probably be packed with people wandering about with nothing better to do than gossip."

The Terrace was not so thronged as it would have been in summer, but there were plenty of people walking to and fro in the brilliant wintry sunshine, and there was nobody who did not take an obvious interest in the quartet from Parker's Hotel.

Ben Nevis, in the tweed suit made for him by the dressmaker found for him by his son, did not present the striking figure of the monarch of Glenbogle on his native heath, but even in trousers he was much the most striking figure on the Terrace of Pippa, and beside him Angela Winstanley, in an astrakhan coat, walked in beauty like Byron's night of cloudless climes and starry skies. Kilwhillie, with whom poor Maisie Lambert was finding conversation difficult, attracted much less attention.

"And those are the Himalayas, are they?" Ben Nevis

Ben Nevis Goes East

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observed when they were standing on the north side of the Terrace to gaze across the miles of tossing country in between to that noble line of snow along the horizon. "By Jove, I'd like to catch a glimpse of one of these Abominable Snowmen we hear about. I suppose there's no chance of seeing them as far down as this."

"I've never heard of one being seen in Pippa," said Angela Winstanley.

"It would be a wonderful thing to be able to say that one had seen the Loch Ness Monster as I have, and even one of these Abominable Snowmen. There was one of those scientific wallahs who came up to Inverness who said he'd seen the footprints of an Abominable Snowman but he never got a glimpse of our dear old Monster."

"That house, down there among the trees, is Rosemount, the Maharajah of Bangapatam's house," said Angela Winstanley, bringing the prospect nearer to prosaic reality.

"It looks rather a jolly place. I must write to old Banjo when we get back to the hotel, Hugh. Don't let me forget," Ben Nevis told him.

"I don't think he's arrived yet," Maisie Lambert said. "He usually comes about a week before Christmas for a short visit, but of course he stays much longer in the summer."

"Well, I'll send a letter to wait for him. Good old Banjo. What a century that was he made at Lord's. The Eton wallahs were absolutely paralysed. It's a stupid game, cricket, but when old Banjo was batting one could see there was something in it."

IT was nearly four o'clock when the quartet got back to the hotel, and, after Ben Nevis, in spite of Kilwhillie's frowns, had arranged to meet before dinner in the cocktail bar, he and Kilwhillie went up to their sitting-room. Presently the latter walked across the landing to see if Sher Khan had laid out his evening attire correctly.

As Ben Nevis went into his bedroom for the same purpose a shape bounded along the balcony past the window. "Hugh!" he shouted. "Hugh! There's an Abominable Snowman. Hugh!"

But even as he bellowed for him, Hugh Cameron himself appeared in the doorway.

"Donald," he said in a tremulous voice, "a large monkey has just gone off with my sporrán."

"Well, I suppose it might have been a monkey," Ben Nevis admitted unwillingly.

"But do you realise the brute was sitting on my bed when I got into my room?" Kilwhillie said. "And when it saw me it picked up my sporrán and bounded out of the window with it."

"Your window was open then?"

"Of course it was open," Kilwhillie answered irritably. "You don't suppose the brute jumped through the glass?"

"You shouldn't have left it open," said the Chieftain.

"And you shouldn't have opened those wire-netting doors. Angela says they're meant to keep out monkeys, not mosquitoes."

"It was you who opened them. But never mind about that. How am I going to get back my sporrán?"

"We'd better consult the Management."

The little Indian clerk who represented the Management looked up from his desk in the office, that was a little larger than a cupboard and a little smaller than a room, off the narrow entrance-hall.

"A monkey has just carried off Mr. Cameron's sporrán,"

Ben Nevis announced. "What ought he to do about it?"

"What is sporrán, please? Is it an English sweet?" the clerk asked courteously. "I'm afraid the langur monkey will be eating it by now."

"No, no, no," said Ben Nevis, "a sporrán is an article of clothing, well, not clothing exactly, but it's worn with the kilt."

"Ah," said the little clerk solemnly. "It is a respect for the dead, what is called a mourning, I think."

"No, no, no," Ben Nevis barked. "The kilt is worn by Highland regiments."

"Ah, I understand. Like a petticoat. Oh, yes, yes, of course. It is the Scotch dress."

"The sporrán," Kilwhillie explained, "is a sort of pouch which is worn in front. It is actually a purse."

The little clerk's eyes glittered.

"Ah, you have lost money?"

Then he pointed to the printed notice on the wall behind his chair, which announced:

"The Management cannot be held responsible for any valuables not placed in their charge by the guests."

"There was no money in it," Kilwhillie said. "I am not trying to hold the Management responsible. I left the window of my room open and my bearer omitted to close it before he went away. What I want to know is whether there is any method of tracing these monkeys to their—well, to where they live?"

"The monkeys are living on the roof," the clerk said.

"But the roof is made of corrugated iron," Ben Nevis exclaimed. "They can't live on corrugated iron."

"Yes, they can live there," the clerk insisted.

"Well, I think the best thing to do will be for Sher Khan to get a ladder and climb up on the roof to see if your sporrán is there, Hugh."

Word was sent for Sher Khan to report at once to his master, and Ben Nevis and Kilwhillie went back to their sitting-room. On the way upstairs Ben Nevis suddenly let out a tremendous guffaw.

"What strikes you as particularly funny, Donald?" his friend asked coldly. "I was thinking how funny it would be if this monkey started wearing your sporrán."

"I see nothing at all funny about that," the owner snapped.

"I don't know. Monkeys are very intelligent beasts," said Ben Nevis. "Of course, this particular monkey wallah might get it the wrong way round. But that would be funny too."

"It doesn't appeal at all to my sense of humor," said Kilwhillie distastefully. "Moreover, it's the only sporrán I brought with me, and that means we shall have to wear dinner-jackets tonight, for I presume you don't intend to make yourself conspicuous by being the only person in a kilt this evening?"

"Well, we must rescue your sporrán somehow, Hugh." A minute or two later Hugh Cameron had the gratification of hearing Ben Nevis bellowing from his bathroom.

"Hugh! Hugh! One of these infernal monkeys is sitting in my bath."

"Has it got my sporrán?" Hugh asked anxiously, hurrying through into the Chieftain's bedroom.

"No, but the brute is sitting there pulling my sponge to pieces and chattering at me," said Ben Nevis, hastily closing the door of the bathroom behind him.

"Well, you can't leave it in your bathroom," Kilwhillie said.

"I'm not going to be bitten by a monkey for the sake of a sponge," Ben Nevis declared.

"Why the deuce don't our bearers come back?"

"You're not frightened of a monkey, are you?" Kilwhillie asked.

"Of course I'm not frightened of the brute. But I don't know how you handle a monkey covered with grey fur. It's as big as you are, Hugh."

The Chieftain rattled the door of his bathroom and bellowed, "Get out of there, you brute!"

There was a scamper of feet followed by the roar of the old-fashioned sanitary cistern emptying itself.

"Good lord," Ben Nevis gasped, "the brute must have climbed up by the plug to get out of the window."

And that, indeed, was what had happened. When Ben Nevis and Kilwhillie entered the bathroom they found among the wreckage of the Chieftain's toilet accessories Kilwhillie's sporrán intact except for the contents of a tube of shaving-cream, with which it was richly smeared.

"I think we'd better go out and close those wire contraptions," Ben Nevis growled.

"It's a great pity that you ever opened them," Kilwhillie commented, removing from his sporrán as much shaving-cream as he could with the largest piece he could find of the Chieftain's sponge.

"I wish you would impress on your friend Mrs. Winstanley that I do not dance, Donald," said Kilwhillie when he and Ben Nevis were back in the sitting-room after their first evening in Parker's Hotel.

"You used to dance 'Strip the Willow' jolly well, Hugh."

"There's a great difference between 'Strip the Willow' and this ghastly slithering about all over the place which they call dancing today. Besides, I don't even dance 'Strip the Willow' nowadays. And I think I ought to warn you, Donald, that I overheard one young woman say to another that she'd like to teach you the rumba."

"What's that? A card game?" the Chieftain asked. "I hate cards."

"It's a dance," said Kilwhillie severely. "A rather disagreeable wriggling dance."

"Oh, it's a dance, is it?" Ben Nevis chuckled, a gratified expression on his high-colored countenance.

"What she actually said was, 'Oh, darling, I'd love to teach that gorgeous creature the rumba.'"

"Gorgeous creature, eh?" Ben Nevis repeated, putting up his hands to test the neatness of his jabot.

Kilwhillie looked at his friend in astonishment.

"Do you mean to say you don't resent being called a gorgeous creature?"

"It was apparently meant as a compliment," said the Chieftain.

"It's the kind of thing some feather-headed visitor from London would say about a shorthorn bull at the Perth Cattle Sale," Kilwhillie scoffed.

"I think you ought to watch yourself over these curries, Hugh."

"What do you mean?"

"I don't believe they agree with you. I think they're lying a bit heavily on your liver. You had two helpings of the curry at dinner tonight."

"You had three."

"Ah, but I haven't got a liver. You've had one ever since I can remember. But look here, we don't want to start arguing about your liver, Hugh. I must write this letter to old Bangapatam, and let him know we're in Pippa."

The Chieftain seated himself at the gimcrack desk which

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - November 10, 1954



PICTURE PARADE



BIKINI BELLE

● She is two-year-old Michelle Doyle, of Bondi, Sydney. Staff photographer Keith Barlow snapped her as she ran for shelter from rain.

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — November 10, 1954

U.S. golfers look smart at their game

Four U.S. professional golfers, Eddie and Marty Furgol, "Dutch" Harrison, and Tom Bolt, in Australia for the Ampol tournament, brought with them new ideas in men's golf fashions.



CHECKING golf gloves with "Dutch" Harrison (right) is good-looking Marty Furgol. "Dutch" has dozens of golf gloves, in maroon, lime, red, blue, and brown, which he wears on the left hand only. He comes from Arkansas.



ABOVE: Relaxing with mail from his home in Missouri is "Dutch" Harrison. He won the tournament, held at The Lakes course, Sydney.



"STILL RAINING," says Tom ("Thunder") Bolt as he waits for a chance to have a practice hit. He is a Texan, is the least conservative of the team in his dress, and likes fancy shoes and gay shirts. At left are some shoes in his collection.



RIGHT: The two Furgols, Eddie (right) and Marty, share a sandwich lunch at their hotel. Pictures by staff photographer E. Nutt.



TOOWOOMBA FLOWER CARNIVAL



• **The Carnival of Flowers, held recently at Toowoomba, Queensland, attracts thousands of garden lovers to the Darling Downs each spring.**

FINISHING touches are put to lawns and hedges, washing day is postponed, and neighbors walk up and down in the evenings admiring the flowers. The carnival and the judging of home gardens has every gardener on his toes.

Once the prize-winning pennants are hung on the fences the visiting begins in earnest. Thousands of garden lovers go to see the prize-winning gardens.

Everyone has advice to give on the growing of plants, the making of lawns, the pruning of trees, and the selection of seedlings to achieve the gardener's dream—everything flowering in the garden at once.

In the prize-winning gardens this year, flowers with little foliage were chosen to give a lovely mass display of color, with lawns, flowering trees, and evergreen shrubs acting as a backdrop.

Mrs. Ruby O'Brien's champion garden was started from scratch just eight years ago. White broom falls in a bridal shower near the house, lupins are massed for effect against flowering peach blossoms, and annuals make bright central plots. Flowering bulbs are tucked away in shady spots near the house.

Midway through the week, the local stores arranged shop-window floral displays that featured local flowers and shrubs.

The carnival got under way in earnest with the procession of flower-decked floats through the main streets of Toowoomba and the crowning of the Carnival Queen.

Toowoomba in blossom time is one of the loveliest spots in Queensland, and the gardeners are the friendliest folk in the State.

These pictures were taken by Lionel Keen.

CARNIVAL OF FLOWERS. Mrs. C. Swenson's garden, which won first prize in the intermediate section for gardens that had not previously won a prize. Nemesis, Iceland poppies, and ranunculi give a colorful massed display.



BIRDS MAKE A SANCTUARY of this lovely old-world garden at the back of Mrs. Roy ("Mid") Hockings' home in Hawthorn Street. This garden won the second prize in the open section for all homes in Toowoomba.



FIRST AWARD in the home-builders' section was won by Mr. and Mrs. George Nuss. This award was for gardens of Toowoomba homes built since January 1, 1948. The Nuss' also won third prize in the open section.



CHAMPIONSHIP PRIZE was won by Mrs. R. O'Brien's landscaped garden (above). With its flowering shrubs, tall trees, brightly packed beds of annuals, and green well-kept lawns, the garden is of the highest standard.

GOOD NEIGHBORS' second prize was won by three neighbors in Newmarket Street. They are Mrs. U. Barnes' garden (foreground), Mrs. Gwen Fluck's (centre), and Mrs. Daphne Reed's (left). The picture is shown below.



Cole OF CALIFORNIA NEWS

9

Beach-planned Accessories



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Duke's quick change



CITY SHIRT: Off it comes in a flash, as the Duke of Edinburgh prepares for a game of polo at Cowdray Park, Sussex. These four pictures show how he makes a quick change beside his car.



POLO PANTS: Sheltering behind the car door, the Duke is attended by his detective and groom, his only escort on these informal occasions. He prefers to change outdoors instead of in the tents.



POLO SHIRT: The Duke has to stand in the open for this, and whips on his shirt quickly. He is a tremendously enthusiastic and fearless player. Crowds flock to Cowdray to watch him.



NUMBER UP: He is now ready to start the game at the estate of his host, Lord Cowdray, who is also a keen polo player. The Duke drives himself down from London in his big, gleaming car.

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - November 10, 1954




N.S.W.:
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Fiesta's SUMMER FUN and CHRISTMAS PARTIES

by CANDY WILSON

Right now... 

I'm going to buy the Fiesta's I'll need myself for the Christmas season. Last year I left it right up till the last minute—and what with presents and so forth, I didn't have a bean for myself. Last year just two pairs of wonderful Fiesta's saw me right through the Christmas season. But this year I'm not going to tempt fate. I always find stockings last much longer when you've a reserve pair in the bottom drawer.



The office always... holds its Christmas party early and I'm working on an outfit to wow the crowd. It's all yellow from shoes to earrings. Even the stockings match—Fiesta's "Moonbeam"—though of course, they're a paler toning—they don't look more than a reflection from the dress. How could they? They're only 12 denier, after all!



I bought a new hat...

all romantic and cocktail party it is, and then overcome with remorse at the extravagance bought myself two pairs of Fiesta 30 denier for work. I know that they wear much longer than even the snagproofed 15's and they are really amazingly sheer! They'll save my hat money in no time!



Those new sheer dresses...

that are coming in are just the thing for me. Why? Because they're heavenly looking, long wearing, easy washing nylon. I'm getting a simple dark one for work, and a more frothy one for outings. They'll wash as easily as my Fiesta nylons—and I hope they keep their shape as well, too! The way Fiesta's keep their shape it's amazing—they're still ankle-hugging and firm but elastic at the knee after dozens of washings. Fiesta's fit keeps the seams straight, too!

Fiesta NYLONS { 12 denier 66 gauge
15 denier 51 gauge
30 denier 51 gauge

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F5



JILL LINDSAY, switchgirl at Pagewood studios in Sydney, is wearing a formal suit in this picture. However, because of the casual atmosphere at the studios she can cut down on clothing costs and boost her savings for a trip by wearing casual clothes.

Credit where it's due

Credit is due to Jill Lindsay for being one of Sydney's most efficient switchgirls in one of the most nerve-racking industries in the world—show business.

JILL is on the switchboard at the Pagewood studios of Treasure Island Pictures, where the film "Long John Silver," starring Robert Newton, was made.

Robert Newton is one of her favorite film stars and she's seen every film he's appeared in.

"He is a terribly nice person," she said, "and puts himself out for people just as they do for him."

"He is very appreciative of little things done for him, such as when I look up a telephone number he wants."

Jill has always loved the theatre business and decided when she left school to get a job that brought her into contact with show people.

She applied for a position with J. C. Williamson Theatres, where she worked in every department as well as on the switchboard, and stayed there until her present employers approached her and offered her this job.

While she was with Williamson's, she also worked for two years at night as cashier and usherette at the old Mercury Theatre.

"In fact, I've done just about everything in theatres, except act," she said ruefully.

An attractive green-eyed girl with light brown hair, Jill is a twin and one of eight children. Her twin brother, Jack, works with a shipping firm.

Jill is tiny—only 4ft. 10½in. She admits that her job is nerve-racking, but says that she wouldn't change it.

"I can't imagine any other kind of work," she said. "People in show business are so good to work with, although a little unsettling at times."

"For instance, out here at the studios no one's ever where he ought to be. People wander over to the set or around to the various departments and it's extremely difficult to track them down."

When shooting is in progress, Jill takes messages for the director, actors, and technicians, and by the end of the day her pad is usually filled.

However, it's all in the course of a day's work for her and she seldom gets ruffled.

"Patience, tact, and politeness are the main requirements for a good switchgirl,"

Jill explained, "and you also have to be willing to put yourself out for people occasionally. But that's not hard."

In spite of her own busy job, Jill sometimes finds time to help out typists at the studios when they get a rush of work.

The only opportunity she gets to watch the shooting is when somebody offers to take over the switchboard for her for a while or during her lunch-hour.

But she's soaked in show business and even that little glimpse makes the day worth while.

Footnote: Jill's twin brother didn't stop growing when she did. He's more than a head taller than his sister.

DISC DIGEST

GEORGIA GIBBS, gold-disc winner, has a most entertaining LP in CFR10-416. Her vocalising has an assurance that comes only after lots of solid experience. Disc groups eight numbers of the not-so-distant past, such as "Get Out Those Old Records," "Then I'll Be Happy," "A-Razz-A-Ma-Tazz," and "Ballin' the Jack," the last giving the album its title. Georgia gets polished support from the Glen Osler and Bob Haggart orks and the Owen Bradley Sextet. Sound is top grade.

DO you go for Hawaiian style? If so, then the microgroove CFR10-422 is the very thing, particularly as the vocalist is none other than Dorothy Lamour, the girl who made the sarong high fashion. As is usual on a 10-inch LP, there are eight items, packaged under the title "Hawaiian Hospitality."

TO folk just beginning a disc collection, other than pops, I can heartily recommend the 12-inch LP called "Favorites from Opera and Operetta" on LSK7019, because it combines so many of those works which are basic in such a library. These are the overtures to "Light Cavalry," "Poet and Peasant," "Orpheus in the Underworld" (which has the famous can-can that everybody knows), "Magic Flute," and "Barber of Seville." Best of all is the delicious, rapturous waltz from "Der Rosenkavalier." Two orchestras serve the banquet—Bamberg Symphony and Belgian-National Radio under conductors Joseph Keilberth and Franz Andre. Although we are becoming familiar with microgroove, it is to be hoped that we never become blasé about the wonderful tonal fidelity, of which this disc is a typical example.

—BERNARD FLETCHER.

Kay Melaun
says:

Here's your answer

When people in Australia refer to a "mixed marriage" they generally refer to a marriage in which the people are of different religions. But this week a reader has written telling me of her mixed marriage problem. She wants to marry a man of negro blood.

SHE describes her problem as "something real." It certainly is a problem that should be most carefully considered. Here is her letter.

"Would you please help me? I am 22 and have almost completed my three years as a teacher with the Education Department. I am in love with a man of 25 who is partly negro. I have known him for seven years and we have been firm friends for six. Now, I suppose you have guessed, we wish to be married. We have approached Mother and Dad, and although they like me very much they are not keen on the marriage. Their main worry, I believe, is children, but on this score my father and I are very clear. We have spoken to each other of this subject and have both come to the conclusion that neither of us is worried. Now, please would you state what you think is right for us to do? I don't say that our feelings for each other will alter, but I would like to know your views on this matter."

K.R., Western Australia.

LIKE most things, such a marriage is what you make it. It would be starting with so big handicaps: (1) Not having children (which I take to be the meaning of your references to this matter), and (2) your fiancé's negro blood, and at first I was inclined to say no.

But then I thought, well, handicaps usually make people fight harder. You seem a sensible girl with good parents. Perhaps, recognising the handicaps, you'll make a success of such a marriage where another girl, with no cloud on her marital horizon, will fail.

It's so very much up to you.

You'll have to be careful that you're not marrying your man because you pity him his blood.

Has he a fair job? Can you teach after you're married? If you don't have children, you'll have to find yourself a job to absorb your energies, otherwise you'll have time to feel sorry for yourself because you're not having babies. Human nature being what it is, there's nothing like not being able to have something to make you want it.

I don't know your district,

that there are so many migrants these days that people are much more tolerant of racial differences.

Whatever you do, don't make any more of a "thing" of this part-negro blood than you can help. If you can take the knowledge of it lightly, you'll have cleared the biggest hurdle of all.

If you decide not to marry him, break it off finally and

"P.S.: My girl-friends all go out with boys they like."

"Anxious."

IT'S a problem that not only interests but bothers pretty well everyone at some time or another. And it seems to occur in patches.

Time and again it happens—and in pretty well everyone's life. The German poet Heine, referring to love and not merely liking, as you do, called it "the old, old story that's always new."

Quite apart from this, I think that perhaps you help make it happen by getting shy when you meet a boy who really attracts you.

You're probably quite natural with the ones you don't care particularly about, but become awkward as soon as you're with a boy you'd like to charm.

Is this true?

If so, the only thing is to try to be natural even when you feel that your liking for a boy is obvious.

And what harm if you do show your liking for him? There's a difference between this and throwing yourself at his head, remember.

AS I promised you last week, I will publish, whenever we can, requests for penfriends. This week we have space for only one.

"In the September 22 issue I saw a letter from 'Helpless,' via Allansford, Victoria, and decided to write to you about it. If the girl would like a penfriend I would be glad to oblige. I live in a town where there are no girls at all except for a few who are near enough to being engaged. I will be 15 on November 14 and my hobbies are tennis, swimming, playing modern records, and dancing. If the girl does not want a penfriend, would you try to get me one about my own age, and a girl if possible."

Penfriend, via Adelaide.

DEBBIE'S RECIPE

A MONDAY night pie, using cold cooked meat, is Debbie's choice this week. She uses any cold cooked meat left over from the weekend, or a mixture of two or three.

Spoon measurements are level.

One and a half cups chopped cold meat, 1 cup stock or water, 1 tablespoon seasoned flour, 1 dessertspoon grated onion, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, 1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce, small pinch herbs (may be omitted), 1lb. potatoes, 3 dessertspoons milk, 1 dessertspoon butter or substitute, extra butter or substitute for topping.

1. Remove skin and gristle from meat, chop finely.
2. Mix meat with seasoned flour, place in saucepan.
3. Add stock or water, onion, parsley, Worcestershire sauce, and herbs.
4. Cook over gentle heat for 5 to 7 minutes, stirring frequently.
5. Mash potatoes, mix with milk and butter or substitute. Spread half over inside of greased pie dish.
6. Add meat mixture, then cover with balance of potato.
7. Smooth top, then mark with fork. Dot with extra butter or substitute.
8. Bake in moderate oven 25 to 30 minutes until heated through and top lightly browned.

Is it big or small? Generally, the bigger the city the less people care about mixed blood, so that even if they knew of it people would merely comment, "He's got some dark blood," in the same tone they'd use to say he has a birthmark on his cheek.

But if you intend to live in a small district where everyone's going to say for the next 50 years, "Such a nice man, but negro blood, you know," or "You'd never guess he's partly negro, would you," you'll be done.

What will work for you is

completely, even if you have to take yourself off to a job in another State. Whatever the present cost in heartache, that's only fair to yourself and him.

"I am 16 years old, and many boys I really like regard me as a nice girl, but they don't take me out, while others I am not interested in seem to like me and ask me out. I have heard this from several people and would be very pleased if you could give any suggestions how I could make them think otherwise."

FILM STAR'S WARDROBE

By EDITH HEAD, Paramount Films fashion designer

MOVIE stars like to do different things with their clothes, like to think up cute ideas that stamp their clothes with personality and themselves as fashion-wise, just as you do.

AUDREY HEPBURN, whose romantic marriage to Mel Ferrer thrilled us all, worked out a simple trick that turns an everyday cardigan into a glamor party line.

Audrey takes her cardigan and either sews or safety-pins on ribbons at the front edges. Then she puts it on like a wrap-around and ties bows at the back, the side, or even dead centre in the front.

It's amazing just what this simple treatment does. When I saw Audrey just before she went to Switzerland, she had on a bouffant black skirt and a black cardigan. Audrey had worn scarlet and citron-yellow ribbons on the cardigan, and the brilliant ribbons at the waist gave her a party look.

Do try it yourself. I've sketched the whole thing for you at the right.

NEXT WEEK: Rosemary Clooney's six-way petticoat coat-frock.



A career
with a
future...



In the life of a young man, few decisions are more important than the choice of his employment after leaving school.

This choice has to be made at a time when he himself has little knowledge of the workaday world, and when he depends for guidance upon parents who are sometimes conscious of limitations in their capacity to advise.

Even when a son's own inclinations are known, the big problem confronting him and his parents is to find a standard by which to judge the merits and prospects of the many different types of occupations available. It is in this connection that A.N.Z. Bank is able to offer some assistance.

The Bank is a large employer of men, and its standards, built up over more than a century, are widely recognised throughout Australia and New Zealand. Each year, the Bank takes into its service some hundreds of young men aged from 16 to 19 who have reached educational standards considered appropriate to their age.

Primarily for the information of prospective applicants for appointment to the Bank's service, and their parents, important considerations for assessing a career have been set out in a brochure entitled "That Vital Decision—Choosing a Career." Copies of this brochure may be obtained by writing to the under-mentioned address, or alternatively, by calling for a friendly talk with the local A.N.Z. Bank Manager, who is a man of wide experience.

Although Banking may not have been one of the careers under consideration by your son and yourself, acceptance of the offer contained in the previous paragraph would unquestionably provide you with some useful information and may greatly assist in making a sound decision.

Enquiries by letter should be addressed to the General Manager, A.N.Z. Bank, Box 537E, Melbourne.



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(Established 1835)

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EVERYONE'S BREATH IS "PUNGENT."
I ADVISE MENTASOL CHLOROPHYLL TOOTHPASTE.
IT CLEANS TEETH AND DEODORISES THE MOUTH
BETTER THAN ANY
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says leading Sydney dentist. Name withheld for
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"Morning Mouth" ... that stale, furry taste you often have on waking. Don't greet your family with it! Don't take it to work with you! Get rid of it first thing in the morning by cleaning your teeth with Mentasol — and have a clean fresh mouth all day long.

Mentasol is the original chlorophyll toothpaste ... proved 50% more effective in destroying mouth odour than ordinary toothpastes. What's more, no toothpaste — white or chlorophyll — will brighten your teeth better than Mentasol. Questioned on what they thought of Mentasol, 7 out of 10 answers from Australian dentists said, "Better than any other toothpaste". Get Mentasol today.

Mentasol DESTROYS
ALL MOUTH ODOURS



It isn't all ROMANCE ... for the wife who goes to work

So you're getting married soon and, like most other brides of today, will be keeping on your job afterwards.

YOU look forward to a cosy little flat, with a tiny plot of garden at the back.

You'll use all your wedding presents, and when you come home from work each night it'll be so romantic preparing dinner together from your new recipe book.

But, before you take this step, may I give you a picture of an evening in the life of a young couple I know who have now been married three months?

Time—5 o'clock, and wife is seen dashing quickly out of the office into the nearest grocery store to join as many food queues as possible.

Then meets husband who, because HIS father didn't carry parcels for HIS mother, carries on the tradition.

So, loaded down with a heavy string bag, off goes our career-girl-turned-housewife listening to what a frightful day husband had.

Home to their flat, husband collapses into an armchair, murmuring: "Call me if you want any help, dear."

Wife sprays the kitchen, which is covered with Argentine ants, sorts out the day's shopping, brings in the bread, collects washing off the line, empties the rubbish-bin, answers a wrong number on the phone, waters parsley and mint at the back door, then requests that, while dinner is being prepared, perhaps husband wouldn't mind clearing away his papers from the dining-room table so he could perhaps set it.

This individual grunts: All right, in a minute."

Wife strings beans, peels potatoes, and gets grill under way, prepares sweets, and makes pea soup for the next night's dinner — this latter operation being brought about by husband mentioning to his mother last time he saw her that he hadn't had any since he had been married.

At this stage, everything on the stove getting away from her, wife calls out has husband started doing anything about setting the table and receives a rather hurt: "Heavens, can't a

man relax in his own home?"

Wife feels like speaking her mind about her type-writer going bung at 9.30, with reports still to be finished for the 10 o'clock Board Meeting, the office boy forgetting to get her lunch when she had to work through her lunch-hour to get a rush job finished by 2 o'clock, getting a ladder in her last pair of nylons and the boss being in a bad mood.

However, she doesn't say anything, just concentrates on what to give husband's poker friends for their supper tomorrow night and, as it is a bucks' night, wonders where she will spend the evening.

By PAT ROBINSON

After damping down the second instalment of the week's ironing and checking up on shortages in the grocery cupboard, dinner is now ready, and calling out to better half that she is dishing up, wife hears: "Just coming to help you, darling—what would you like done? Set the table! Well, don't I every night? where's the cloth?"



Wife looks proudly at the dinner as she carries it on to the table which is completely set, except for pepper and salt, table napkins, sugar, bread, and sweet-spoons.

The dinner doesn't exactly look like the illustration, but there are chopped chives on the grilled steak, and parsley decorating the tomato halves, so at least she tried.

YOU think that now is the best time of the day with most of the chores done and an appetising meal for two on the

table. Isn't it romantic? It certainly would be if husband would, for once, not bring his paper to the table to do the crossword.

The conversation isn't romantic, intellectual, or even general—"Is there such a word as 'pedantic'?" and "are you sure 'conventional' ends in 'al' 'cause it doesn't fit in?"

Dinner over, the crossword is still incomplete, but wife, who IMAGINES she is feeling tired, suggests that husband make the coffee.

After two more clues have been worked out he goes into the kitchen and battles around for about 20 minutes saying: "Isn't it fun doing things together?"

Fortunately wife has a sense of humor!

Husband always does the washing-up, but prefers to leave the pots and pans until morning.

Wife dries up, sweeps the floor, changes the water in the flowers, dusts the lounge-room and bedroom, and then gets out the iron just as husband is heard to say: "How about the pictures, sweet?"

But, as I said before, wife has a sense of humor and is only heard to mumble something like "Six shirts and two tablecloths—"

So there you have it, bride-to-be and don't say I didn't warn you. But would I do it again?

You bet I would!



Worth Reporting

WE felt a glow of pride the other night when we saw our colleague Helen Frizell presented with a silver trophy by a representative of Rootes Group (Aust.) Ltd., the company which lent us our Redex trial car, "Narda."

Helen's team mates, Enid Nunn and Nan Broughton, received identical trophies—silver rose bowls inscribed with their names and Redex trial number—and the captains and teams of the three other N.S.W. Humber entries received silver cups.

The presentation was made at the Sydney showrooms of John McGrath Motors by the Australian sales manager of Rootes Group, Major Hugh Anderson, who spoke of the girls' "courage and pioneering spirit."

Later we sat next to Helen to watch an hour-long color film of the trial, and were amused by some of her muttered comments.

"Oh," we heard her say at a point half-way round the route, "there's Nat Buchanan; I forgot to thank him for telling us about a boulder sticking out of a dry creek bed outside of Top Springs. We'd probably have hit it if he hadn't dashed out into the middle of the road to warn us."

Helen took the opportunity to thank Nat Buchanan later in the evening.

Our team's other comments were mostly in the form of chuckles at some well-remembered incidents, and a few groans and tongue-clickings when the film showed some graphic shots of the trial cars ploughing through the "bull dust" from Katherine through Western Australia.

Helen told us at the end of the evening that the film had given her a chance to see the country through which she and her team mates had travelled at night.

The silver rose bowl, she said, was the "first prize I've been given since I won a poker-work trophy for a sack race when I was at school."



"Ma, remember the black dog Willie gave me? Well, he's white!"

Champion knitter is left-handed

THE new Australian speed knitting champion, Mrs. W. S. Sewell, of Mornington, Victoria, posed a problem for her mother when learning to knit as a child, because she was left-handed.

However, she eventually solved the problem herself by evolving her own method.

Mrs. Sewell, who is a Doctor of Medicine, competed against 11 other finalists and won the title by knitting 30 rows of 30 stitches in 12½ minutes.

"It was just a lark to me when I entered," she said, "but now I certainly intend to defend my title next year."

Mrs. Sewell said that she knits whenever she has any spare time. She hasn't much of that with her 13-months-old daughter Robin to look after.

In addition, she helps her husband in his surgery during busy periods.

WHEN a visit to the opera in Paris came up during an interview with a well-known fashion buyer, a music-loving colleague asked: "What was on?"

"Oh, just everything," replied the designer "minks and jewels and wonderful gowns."

BOOK NEWS By HELEN GORDON

SPIES—beautiful Mata Hari types and the stiff-upper-lipped British variety—run riot in the Scottish Highlands in the best passages of Compton Mackenzie's farce, "Water on the Brain."

This is Mackenzie at the top of his form in a zany caricature of Intelligence. His spies (they prefer to be called "plumbers") are comic-opera characters, fully equipped with passwords, countersigns, codes, and disguises.

Major Arthur Blenkinsop, of the Army reserve, one-time manager of the Hotel Mulum in Parvo in the Republic of Mendacia, is a new recruit to M.Q.99(E), the Department of Extraordinary Intelligence.

His knowledge of the Mendacian situation makes him the obvious choice for a top-secret, highly dangerous mission in-

volving informal negotiations with an exotic Mendacian Royalist, Madame Tekta, alias Senora Miranda, alias Juno, and a scheme to restore the deposed Mendacian monarch to his throne.

Somewhere along the way Blenkinsop's private life becomes snarled up with his work for M.Q.99(E), involving his wife, Enid, who suspects him of infidelity, a private detective, a banana importer, and a couple of middle-aged supporters of Scottish Home Rule.

All this makes quite a lot of fun for the reader.

"Water on the Brain" is slow to get moving, but I think people who have enjoyed Mackenzie's "Monarch of the Glen," "Hunting the Fairies," and "Whisky Galore" will enjoy this latest book.

Published by Chatto and Windus. Our copy from the Grahame Book Company.

Korean boy artist shows paintings

A 14-YEAR-OLD crippled Korean artist, Kun Myung Cho, who has been adopted by the Victorian branch of the Save the Children Fund, exhibited paintings in Melbourne recently.

His fine water colors depicting Korean landscapes, birds, and flowers were given a table all to themselves at the show held by the Asian-Australian Child Art Show.

They were brought to Australia by Sister Mary Hawkins, who is attached to the Save the Children Fund in Korea, when she came down on leave.

"One of the nurses at our welfare centre in Pusan noticed him," Sister Hawkins said. "He was propelling himself painfully along on his way to the market square where he sold pencils to try to make a living."

"We found his spine was crippled with tuberculosis and he had a shocking abscess in his side."

"An orphan, he could not spare the time to queue up all day to see one of our doctors. That would have meant no food and no money for his 'lodging,' a shed housing between 30 and 40 people."

During his four months in hospital his rare talent as an artist was discovered. Doctors and nurses hunted around to find paints, brushes, and cheap paper for him.

"He is being trained by Korea's most famous artist, Mr. Woo, and is so talented we are hoping he will be able to earn his living as an artist," Sister Hawkins added.

The Victorian branch of the fund is asking people to sponsor a Korean child in its new appeal to raise money to educate these young war victims.

An annual subscription of £15 will educate one child.

Presswoman from Philippines

ATTRACTIVE 22-year-old Filipino journalist Alicia Colet dropped into our office recently after a month's tour of Tasmania, Victoria, and New South Wales to give us some of her impressions of Australia.

"You Australians are wonderfully friendly people," she said. "I was welcomed wherever I went and I'm going to write about it when I get home."

"But you are not so politically minded as we are. I was surprised to find the Labor Party had been in power in Tasmania for 21 years. That could never happen at home. We are always tossing one out and putting another in."

Press assignments can be hazardous in the Philippines, according to Alicia. "Chronicle" correspondent Emiliano Reynante was held up by armed bandits while travelling from Cavite province to Manila.

"They robbed him of all his belongings and most of his clothes," said Alicia. "He rushed to the nearest 'phone—but not to call the police, only to file his copy at the office."

The greatest enemy of your watch..... baffled!



SHOCKS are the greatest enemies of a watch. Your watch is always in danger: even if you are careful, you may hit your arm against something, or your watch may slip when you are putting it on. If you visualise the minute size of the pivot of the balance-staff—this most essential and most fragile part of a watch—you will realise that but one shock is sufficient to break or twist the pivot, causing the watch to stop. Small wonder that replacing damaged balance-staffs used to be one of the watchmakers' most frequent jobs.

In the Cyma Research Department, however, an Anti-Shock Device was created which solved the problem once and for all. The Cymaflex Anti-Shock Device is a triumph of inventive genius, and its practical efficiency has proved quite extraordinary. There is no doubt that this is one of the most important and valuable inventions in the history of watchmaking. In recent years, millions of Cyma watches have been fitted with the Cymaflex Anti-Shock Device, and now a damaged Cyma balance-staff has become extremely rare. The Cymaflex Anti-Shock Device—protected by exclusive Cyma patents all over the world—is now fitted to all Cyma models. This is one of the reasons for the astonishing reliability of Cyma watches.

Your next watch must be a Cyma too!

The Cymaflex Anti-Shock Device is protected by the following patents:

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147857	815666
198992	854619
200929	USA
208578	2146329
198197	2219068
198769	2294023
Germany	2219067
688798	2184580
739135	England
688934	528643

★ ONLY Cyma watches have the Cymaflex Anti-shock device...but every CYMA has it!



The Cyma Watch Co. SA at La Chaux-de-Fonds, with its works in Tavannes and Le Locle, with thousands of employees, and a world-wide Sales and Service Organization is one of the most important watchmanufacturers in the world.

a beautiful gift



HELVETIA

Free Arm

Swiss electric portable sewing machine

It's so simple and easy to slip a trouser leg, a blazer sleeve, blue-jeans, overalls, shorts, a sock . . . ON TO the HELVETIA "Free Arm" for darning, mending, patching, or reinforcing. See a demonstration at your authorised HELVETIA retailer—take along a holed sock and see it darned on the spot. For new sewing, that "Free Arm" working with the seven HELVETIA simplified attachments opens up to the home sewer a wonderful new scope for advanced sewing. Ruffling, braiding, quilting, the hem-and-fell (for shirts, sheeting, etc.), shirring with elastic . . . dozens upon dozens of jobs become quite easy. A 10-year guarantee, with full service and spare parts stocks for any need in the future backs any HELVETIA "Free Arm" sold anywhere in Australia. It's a luxury machine at a commonsense price.

The Swiss Sewing Machine Company (Aust.) Pty. Ltd.

HELVETIA "Free Arm" machines are available in three colours—cream, green, or burgundy. You can choose a shade to suit a home colour scheme. Note the extension table which is clipped into position in seconds for normal sewing.



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There's a place for everything in the handsome week-end type carrying case. The HELVETIA is so comfortably, completely portable, you can sew in the lounge room, on the verandah, on the patio . . . the foot control makes it easy on any table too.

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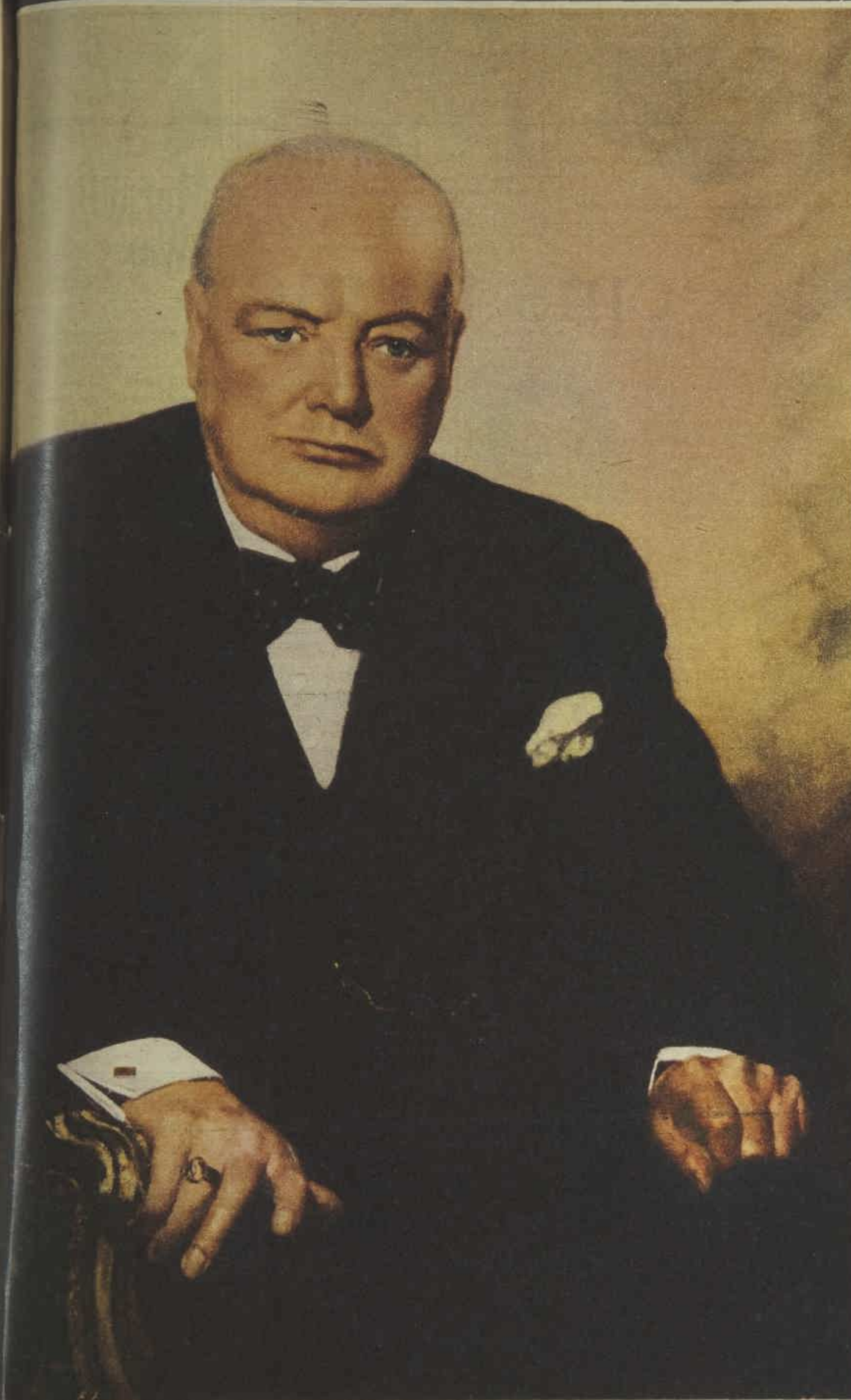
Please send me complete details about the HELVETIA "Free Arm."

NAME

ADDRESS

W.W. Nov.

SIR WINSTON CHURCHILL



THE GRAND OLD MAN OF BRITAIN, Sir Winston Churchill, celebrates his 80th birthday on November 30. The "Man of the Hour," who has now become "The Man of the Century," will be given a reception at Westminster Hall by the men and women who have been chief witnesses to his triumphs and tragedies in more than 50 years of public life. A commemorative book has been prepared, with chapters by prominent men who have been associated with Churchill. The epilogue is by Anthony Eden. The text for the book is a passage from "Pilgrim's Progress": "You have been so faithful and so loving to us, you have fought so stoutly for us, and you have been so hearty in your counselling of us that I shall never forget your favor towards us." This portrait of Sir Winston was painted by Mr. Clarence White from the Prime Minister's favorite photograph of himself, which was taken by Vivienne Studios, of London.

"Soaping" dulls hair—
HALO glorifies it!



Yes, "soaping" your hair
with even finest liquid or cream shampoos
hides its natural lustre
with dulling soap film.

Halo — made with a special ingredient —
contains no soap or sticky oils to dull your hair.
Halo reveals shimmering high-
lights . . . leaves your hair
soft, fragrant, marvellously
manageable! No special rinses
needed. Scientific tests prove
Halo does not dry . . . does
not irritate!



NOW!

HALO SHAMPOO BUBBLES

Shining bubbles of plastic con-
taining a generous double
shampoo, wonderful for your
week-ends and holidays.

REGULAR SIZE - 4/3
SMALL SIZE - 2/5
HALO BUBBLES - 110.

*Halo glorifies your hair with
your very first shampoo!*

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HAPPY AND HEALTHY

Roboleine provides energy—nourishment in its
most delicious form. Contains Malt Extract,
Bone Marrow, Lemon, Egg Yolk, Vitamins A
and D. Children love to take it!

For adults, too—in convalescence or "run-
down"—Roboleine is the ideal reconstructive.

Roboleine

In 12 ounce and 36 ounce glass jars at all Chemists



'Contemporary' or 'modern'?

There are two schools of thought. Some say 'modern'; others 'contemporary'.

Well, we can leave those differences to architects, critics and the lexicographers. Our contribution to the discussion is a wide range of Sundour Fabrics—for example like the texture and the print shown here—and that seems to satisfy both schools of thought.

Whether you're thinking of curtains or covers... for large rooms or small... you can be certain of finding the fabric of your dreams. There's a whole world to choose from—bold prints or dainty chintzes, textures or damasks, velvets or chenilles, dainty marquises or gay sprig muslins. And at prices to suit every purse.

They'll keep their first-day freshness, too—for they are guaranteed against fading. Every one of them. These lovely fabrics are at good stores everywhere.

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All Sundour fabrics are guaranteed against fading—most of them for the whole of their life.

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NEW MAGIC FOR YOUR FINGERTIPS

Pink Sorcery

BY PEGGY SAGE

A touch of sheer wizardry to bewitch and delight you... a breath-takingly glamorous new colour in Peggy Sage nail-polish that's cast its exotic spell over the world's loveliest women. "Pink Sorcery" is the latest shade to make a distinguished curtsy in Peggy Sage's sought-after presentation-line of stunning nail-polish colours.



EASY



"While you're getting it untangled I could be using yours."

MOTHER



"Jim has the flu. Bobby and Freddie have measles. Mary and Janie have bad colds... And I? ... I haven't had time to notice."

It seems to me

TEA is a touchy subject just now, hardly a matter for frivolity.

Yet even at its present price it isn't so dear when you consider what it nearly cost one Englishman this month.

His mother had cut him out of her £18,000 will because he and his wife refused to make tea the way she liked it.

The judge (probably a coffee drinker) restored the son's share in the will.

Now that's the sort of case I'd like to see reported in full instead of in tantalising brevity.

How did mother like her tea? Weak, medium, or strong? And if medium, what did she mean by medium? You and I know what we mean by medium tea, but have you ever found anyone else who does?

If asked for a definition, I might say, "Something between dishwater and tannin syrup." Possibly mother used just those words to daughter-in-law, and that's how the trouble started.

Evidently the judge sided with the young people, but I have a sneaking sympathy with Mamma. Money can't buy everything, but you would expect a decent cup of tea for £18,000.

WHEN the other contestants in the Miss World contest all complained that Miss Egypt, the winner, had "too much sex appeal" it really shook me.

I mean, I never realised how out of date you could get.

Sex appeal has been the thing as long as I can remember. Once it was called "It," invented by Miss Elinor Glyn, and then someone invented the term "Oomph," which didn't take on. But the basic idea was the same.

And now all these bathing-suited beauties dismiss it with scorn before, presumably, returning to their own countries to curl up with good books.

COMPETITION with men has increased the incidence of ulcers among women, so an American, Dr. John Cox, said last week.

I thought I detected a certain satisfaction in the tone of the reported remarks by Dr. Cox.

"They want to be on an equal par with men," he said. "They want the privilege of earning a living. So they can expect to take the tension that goes with competitive living—tension which I believe to be the largest single cause of stomach and duodenal ulcers."

What the doctor says is probably true enough. In general, I believe that the struggle for equality has produced some very mixed blessings.

But there's just another little thought that the girls have (trying to keep the Mona Lisa smile off their faces)—has the good doctor ever wondered whether the competition of women has also increased the ulcers among men?

By



Dorothy Dearn

MY favorite quotation of the week is from Dr. Hubertus Strughold, a German scientist now working in America.

Discussing his belief that there was vegetable life on Mars, he said, "The only way to be sure is to send a man up to find out."

That's the kind of direct approach that gets a man places, the sort of thing that keeps the wheels of progress turning.

Picture him pressing a buzzer and saying: "Make Mr. Smith a reservation on the next rocket. And get him

on the line for me.

"That you, Smith? Be ready in fifteen minutes, and keep your report more concise than that last one on the back of the moon. Save the flights of fancy for your expense account. That will be all."

"And now, Miss Blenkinsop, show in the two-headed spaceman, bring me two double whiskies, and the file on Jupiter."

★ ★ ★

SOME citizens of Mosman have taken on the job of tidying French's Forest, no less.

One of our artists, Arthur Boothroyd, and his neighbors, the Misses Joan and Eileen Bradley, started the campaign, and are gathering volunteers for next Saturday, when the Warringah Shire Council is lending them a truck and a driver.

Boothroyd tells us that the extraordinary thing is that a lot of the litter that disfigures the Forest is cardboard and paper which people could easily burn at home. The rest of it could be taken to official dumps, but it appears that numerous citizens with cars just pitch their old rubbish on any beauty spot.

It's interesting, too, that the main response so far for volunteers has been from women.

I suppose it's because women are so accustomed to tidying up that even tidying a forest doesn't dismay them.

★ ★ ★

DISCUSSING some new 27-story buildings going up in London, the British Minister of Works said: "I like the building that is lean and athletic and strives up to heaven."

Beneath the skin of Ministers of Works, it's clear that a poetic spirit lurks. "Athletic buildings, reaching for the sky." His fancy, like the buildings, reaches high.

Presumably he wrinkles up his nose at sedentary structures such as those in which our daily life is mostly spent; Whose feet, like mine, are planted in cement.

"Athletic!" Just a trifle overdone? And how disturbing! Do his buildings run?

And yet, perhaps, in Ministers of Works. One should be grateful for poetic quirks.

The SECRET of a matchless, miracle complexion



Mercolized Wax Cream

THE IMPROVEMENT ON FACE CREAM

Massage each night with Mercolized Wax instead of ordinary face cream. By morning, the miracle has begun—the miracle of a luring, lovable complexion. Use as a make-up base too.

GOING GREY? Tammalite restores the natural colour to grey hair. Use it regularly. Begin tonight! Most chemists sell Tammalite, but, if you have any difficulty in securing it, simply enclose 10/6 and a brief note to Dearborn Pty. Ltd., G/o Box 3725, G.P.O., Sydney.

NOT HALF-SAFE



Sydney, August, 1953. Betty James of Sydney says, "I like to have plenty of beaus and dates, and a girl doesn't get them if she's half-safe. That's why I use a deodorant that stops my perspiration for 1 to 3 days. Kills odor instantly, safely, surely, better than anything else I've found. How about you? Don't risk half-safe deodorants. Stop both perspiration and odor with Arrid. This new cream deodorant stops perspiration itself—keeps underarms dry and sweet. So, Arrid saves your clothes from ugly stains and clinging odor. Arrid kills odor instantly—keeps you showerbath fresh up to 48 hours. Safe for skin—safe for fabrics. Buy a jar of the new cream deodorant—Arrid—and be sure!"

Ever since grandma was a girl...



...she's known the value of genuine

PHILIPS



PL14-54

LIBERACE: Dimpled pianist women go wild about

From ROBERT FELDMAN, in New York

American womanhood's latest heart-throb is a man with the exotic name of Liberace (pronounced Liber-AH-chee), who is not a cry-baby singer, a romantic movie star, or a religious evangelist, but a pianist—and a rather mediocre one, too, in the opinion of the music critics.

BUT whenever a concert by Liberace is announced, mobs of frenzied women clamor to buy tickets at the box-office.

Liberace is essentially a showman, not a musician. His boyish face, dimpled smile, and ability to hit the piano keys good and hard have pushed him up near the top of the popular ratings for television shows.

He's seen on 164 TV stations, and in addition to his weekly, filmed TV programme (sponsored by enterprises ranging from banks to undertakers) "Lib" keeps travelling the year round on a busy concert tour.

Through clever staging and piano pyrotechnics—not above all because of his flowing curls and a wicked nuance in his laryngitic baritone voice—women fall all over themselves to get to the TV set at 10.30 o'clock every Friday night.

There they sigh and swoon over the sentimental slush that caused the New York "Times" music critic to remark:

"Liberace is not much more than a lounge-room pianist who ought to be kept in someone else's lounge-room."

But the best description of a Liberace programme I have read is by John Crosby, New

York "Herald-Tribune" syndicated TV columnist, who wrote:

"The programme opens with Liberace banging away on his piano in almost total darkness; then the lights come up gradually and there is Liberace, bathed in illumination like a minor revelation.

"If you think he can play the piano any better with the lights on than with them off, you're kidding yourself, chum. He does just as well in the dark as he does in the daylight, which is to say not very well . . .

"It isn't true, as an embittered friend of mine once said, that Liberace just plays 'Lady of Spain' over and over again in different keys. He has lots of other numbers, most of

His father wanted him to be an undertaker

them Rachmaninoff's Prelude in C Sharp Minor . . ."

Yet it must be admitted that these are minority opinions. For no sooner had Crosby's column appeared in print than newspaper offices from coast to coast were swamped with abusive protests.

Some of the letters were forwarded to Crosby, who reported subsequently that most of them started out with the phrase: "Drop dead."

In a recent Los Angeles divorce case, a husband named

Liberace's TV programme as "co-respondent." He told the court he wouldn't return home until the television set was removed, or his wife posted bond that she wouldn't tune it in to the "Casanova of the Keyboards."

Liberace was born 34 years ago in Milwaukee, Wisconsin, the son of an Italian father and a Polish mother. He was christened Wladziu Valentino Liberace.

His father, a French horn player, wanted little Wladziu to become an undertaker, but mother Frances insisted on teaching him the piano.

At 14 he got his first job playing a piano in the back room of a bar of rather shady reputation. This job made him cynical and contemptuous of women.

At 16 he was playing in nightclubs, using a repertoire compounded of some of the shorter classical numbers his mother had taught him and the "pop" tunes to which he was naturally inclined.

By the time he was 30, and getting nowhere, Liberace decided to "personalise" his act. This he did by adopting as his trade-mark a candelabra which someone always lit and placed on Liberace's concert grand before he made his entrance.

He also dropped his awkward Christian names, billing himself by surname alone.



NEW IDOL of American women is the pianist Liberace, who in addition to being a television star is kept busy with concert tours. He never appears on the concert platform without candelabra on the grand piano. Fans now regard it as his trade-mark.

"Paderewski didn't achieve world-wide fame until after he dropped his," he says. His publicity claims that Liberace was a protege of the great pianist.

Actually, the New York "Times" says Ignace Jan Paderewski did once listen to Liberace play as a small boy in Milwaukee.

Liberace claims that the change in billing boosted his weekly income almost immediately from two figures to four.

"Suddenly I began developing a following," he says. "Perhaps it was only curiosity—people wondering whether I was a magician, dancer, or musician, or perhaps a new dish on the menu."

Liberace put across his "personality" by appearing in immaculate evening clothes, wearing a silken smile, and frequently breaking into song, or getting up to tell his audience little stories and jokes.

At a capacity concert in the Carnegie Hall last year he played for his predominantly female audience folk tunes, show tunes, and his own arrangements of the classics.

He disposed of the "Minute Waltz" in 37 seconds, and Tchaikovsky's Piano Concerto No. 1 in four minutes flat.

In his arrangements for piano, Liberace abhors difficult secondary passages, sticks to the broad avenue of melody, embellished with contrived arpeggios, tinkling trills, and dashing runs up and down the ivories.

After the concert was over, Liberace sat on the edge of the stage, signed autographs, and happily accepted embraces from bobby-soxers and grandmothers.

But Liberace's hold on the U.S. audience is precarious.



AT HOME in Hollywood, Liberace sits beside a table made in the shape of a grand piano and filled with pot-plants. On the shelves are candelabra and dozens of miniature pianos.

While female admirers swoon and goggle at him, he has had to be protected several times from threatening males.

His fame (or notoriety) has spread so far that a large segment of Americans now classify themselves in one or the other camp, pro or anti Liberace.

Plays the "Minute Waltz" in thirty-seven seconds

While the mobs are fighting it out, Liberace reaps a rich reward. He's sold nearly half a million recordings and can't fill all the concert engagements offered him.

Recently he announced he would marry glamorous, 23-year-old dancer, Joanna Rio, "if she really loves me and wants to wait for me." They first met in a church in Hollywood.

In spite of his middle name, Liberace looks nothing like Rudolph Valentino, to whom many of his admirers have compared him. Far from resembling the lean, dark actor, Liberace is the plump type.

Perhaps he arouses the maternal instinct. Or, in the opinion of one amateur sociologist, he may be the product of the superficiality and sentimentality of the times.

Whatever the reason, the 18,000 women who rushed to book seats for his recent concert at New York's Madison Square Garden would certainly have taken violent exception to the suggestion that this huge sports arena was the logical place for Liberace.

"After all," quipped a wag, "he plays the piano as if he were wearing boxing gloves."



SWIMMING-POOL at Liberace's Hollywood home is in the shape of a gigantic grand piano. Although music critics in America belittle his ability as a concert pianist, Liberace has an enormous following and is mobbed by women fans whenever he gives a recital.

"They'll whisper about you."



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THE QUEEN MOTHER WAS FAREWELLED by the Royal Family at Waterloo Station, London, before she left for Southampton to board the liner Queen Elizabeth for her visit to America. Here the Queen Mother is boarding the train watched by (from left) Sir Winston Churchill, Princess Anne, Princess Margaret, Prince Charles, and the Queen.

U.S. CAT WHO LOOKED AT A QUEEN

By J. B. DAVIES,
of our New York staff

Americans have been tickled to learn that an unpedigreed cat—a Bronx alley cat at that—has been looking at a Queen, and has almost certainly been stroked by the Royal hand.

THE cat is at "Wave Hill," the 18-room New York mansion of Sir Pierson and Lady Dixon. The Queen, of course, is Elizabeth, the Queen Mother.

Sir Pierson Dixon is Britain's permanent delegate to the United Nations, and Her Majesty stayed with him and his wife during her nine days in New York.

The privileged cat, who's caught the fancy of millions of Americans, and has even rated a photograph in the solemn pages of the "New York Times," strayed into the Dixon home a month or so ago.

It came from a not-so-exclusive part of the Bronx and was an obvious waif—thin, scrawny, and starving.

Now it has a name (Moses), a glossy coat (tabby), and the sleek, well-fed look of a cat that knows when it's on a good thing.

But far exceeding Moses in American popularity is the Queen Mother herself.

She began her three weeks' visit by turning the 150 reporters, Press photographers, and television cameramen who came aboard the Queen Elizabeth to meet her on arrival into ardent admirers.

"Boy, what poise! She's a humdinger!" a photographer working next to me said to no one in particular.

Most of the newsmen arrived to meet the Queen Mother more than three hours before her scheduled time for appearance.

Before they were allowed to see her a British Press officer gave them a gentle briefing. "Don't ask her to repeat anything," he said.

He was obviously trying to make sure no one would offend again as one photographer did during the 1939 American visit.

As the Queen went to walk away that photographer had called: "Just one more, Queenie."

When the Queen Mother eventually appeared she was wearing a smoke-grey, dull satin dress with a matching off-the-face hat trimmed with pink osprey feathers, and a grey fox fur.

Smiling uncertainly, she crossed to the mass of microphones to face the visit's first "ordeal by flash bulb."

In modulated tones she began by saying how delighted she was to find herself "once more in the United States and among its friendly people."

Her voice was barely audible above the clicking of cameras and the racket of photographers sliding plates in and out. Suddenly the Queen Mother paused and looked up.

She threw a quick smile round the room and finished her statement in a much louder voice, to the intense relief of ear-straining reporters.

Then she turned to meet a small delegation, including diplomats, officials representing Australia and other Commonwealth countries, President Eisenhower, and the Mayor of New York.

Later, as the Queen Mother drove away from the ship, thousands lined wharf-side streets to cheer her.

With the pomp and ceremony of the welcoming functions over, the Queen Mother began to relax and enjoy herself.

On the day after her arrival her first engagement was for luncheon at the Waldorf Astoria with the swanky Canadian Club, for whom she unveiled a four-foot-high portrait of her daughter, the Queen.

Press photographers closed in to snap her looking at the portrait. One of them, emboldened by the success of a colleague who got an informal picture by calling out to her: "Oh, Queen, just one pose!", said: "Just a little closer to the picture, Miss!"

Smiling with obvious amusement at the unregal order, the Queen Mother complied.

"Too much profile, Your Highness—I mean,

Your Majesty," shouted another.

Obligingly, the Queen Mother followed all their directions.

A note of discord sounded when a woman reporter for a tabloid paper attempted to crash the luncheon and was ejected. She wrote a sizzling attack on the Canadian Club and on British Information Services "stuffed shirts," but sympathized with the Queen Mother's "ordeal."

To see if "Queen Ma was stuffy, too," another girl reporter stationed herself at the street door and said, as Her Majesty passed by: "Good-bye, Your Majesty!"

"Stopping and turning, with a great big smile and never a thought to the horrible breach of British Information Services etiquette, the Queen Mother said 'Good-bye,'" the reporter wrote.

To American women most interest centred on an unscheduled shopping jaunt the Queen Mother took when heavy rain washed out several official engagements on the third day of her visit.

In Hammacher Schlemmer, one store she visited, she won the hearts of the salesgirls by asking anxiously before selecting each item: "May I have this?"

"As if she couldn't have had anything in the store!" said salesgirl Georgette Aurora.

Her purchases were in addition to the gifts the Queen Mother had bought for members of the Royal Family on the previous day, and as she was leaving the store she said to another salesgirl, "Oh dear, I'm afraid I'm buying too much."

Such truly feminine anxiety about a shopping spree appealed immensely to American women.

The Queen Mother, they felt, is really a woman as well as a Queen.



THIS is the smile that captured Americans when the Queen Mother made her first public appearance in New York during her present visit.

JUST CALL ME "SATCHMO"

Louis is proud of his mighty mouth

By HELEN FRIZELL, staff reporter

Ol "Satchmo" Louis Armstrong was lying back relaxed in his dressing-room chair at Sydney Stadium when I called on him between shows.

He flashed a white smile from his plum-black face and switched off his portable radio. The sound died away. He'd been listening not to music, but to Parliament from Canberra.

THE house will divide" were the words I heard said as he switched off the radio. But there had been nothing divided about the house which had just applauded Satchmo's concert.

Beside him lay his gold-plated trumpet, reposing in a blue velvet-lined box, awaiting the next performance.

Armstrong, whose nickname, "Satchmo," is derived from "Satchelmouth," has been pressing his iron lips to cornets and trumpets since he first lifted one at the age of 13, just 41 years ago.

This middle-aged Negro, with a crop of still-dark, kinky hair and the infectious grin of a man who does what he likes and does it well, has been a musician since his boyhood in New Orleans.

And more than forty years of trumpet blowing have raised a permanent callus on his mouth, a callus of which he says: "I'm proud of that callus. As proud as a carpenter is of his calloused hands, or a stone mason of his."

I saw the callus. It's the size of threepence, and appears on the right-hand side of his lower lip. But the upper lip hasn't escaped, either. There are more

bumps and assorted scars there, too.

When he grins, he reveals a set of strong white teeth, with every back molar gold-plugged. The glint of gold is picked up by the ring he wears on his third finger, left hand—a gigantic gold ring ornamented with the letters "L.A." on a black ground.

His figure, running to a middle-aged spread, flows in a fine curve. And his voice, identical to the gravelly one he uses for singing, must be heard to be believed.

While he spoke I strained my ears to hear, for his grating voice and deep Southern accent make it a bit hard at first.

Manicured nails

CALLED "Pops" by members of his company, Louis always carries the mouthpiece of his golden trumpet with him. When he prepares to play, he cleans it carefully, fits it, and then presses his fingers (with their manicured nails) down on the mother-of-pearl keys on the trumpet.

The trumpet, presented to him when he visited Germany on a tour, is inscribed, "To the King of Trumpets, Louis Armstrong, dedicated by F. X. Huller, Brass Instrument Maker, Neustadt."

From a ringside seat at the Sydney Stadium I heard the sigh that went up when the Maestro appeared.

Then Louis and his troupe were clapped, in hot rhythm, by thousands of jazz lovers who kept time to the music by shaking their heads, tapping their feet, and even by beating upon the backs of chairs with the flat of their hands.

As the revolving stage moved slowly round, Louis flung back his round head, shook his face so hard that his jowls and double chins trembled, and grated, "Good-evening, everybody."

It wasn't long before the pace grew so hot that the revolving stage stopped moving altogether. It began emitting clouds of pungent blue smoke, directly underneath the feet of Louis and his players.

While officials and electricians grovelled underneath the revolving stage, Satchmo, though casting a worried look now and again, kept singing until sweat poured from his brow, and kept playing until he had to stop to shake his trumpet dry.

Wearing a black suit and a



white tucked shirt front, Satchmo now and again made a dash to the piano, where a large tumbler of water was concealed under the lid.

Throughout the whole performance, Satchmo had his handkerchief handy, wiping his streaming forehead dry, mopping up his hands, or merely drying off his trumpet.

Handkerchiefs

THE handkerchief is practically a Satchmo trade mark. He's said to use 25 a day, and certainly from the moment I first saw him at the airport he was never without a large white square of linen.

Sydney Stadium that night seemed to have no connection with boxing. Blue, red, and amber lights shone down on the musicians' heads, and their giant shadows, bouncing on to the ceiling, were animated silhouettes over drum, bass,

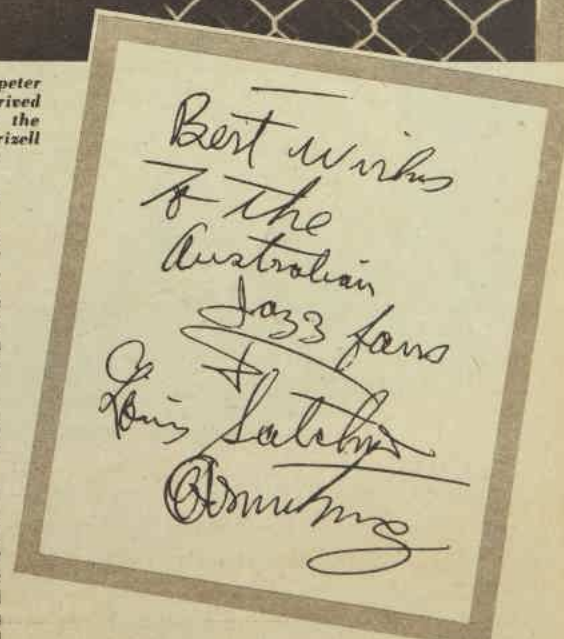
AIRPORT welcome for trumpeter Louis Armstrong when he arrived in Australia. At right is the message he gave Helen Frizell to pass on to his fans.

clarinet, piano, trombone, and trumpet.

We heard many of the old favorites—"Muskrat Ramble," "Blueberry Hill," "Margie," "Home in Indiana," "The Gipsy," and some of the Southern blues numbers, in which Louis was assisted by hefty Velma Middleton.

Louis once said: "I'm gonna keep on playing till I get to the Pearly Gates—gonna blow Gabriel a kiss."

And as far as I, previously no jazz fan, am concerned, I hope that Louis keeps Gabriel waiting. For there are plenty of us who want to hear more of his braying trumpet, and those improvised melodies which have matched the mood of this century.



Hectic tour

LOUIS ARMSTRONG'S ten-day visit to Australia is a hectic one.

He was booked for 24 concerts in the boxing stadiums of Sydney and Melbourne.

Thirteen Americans are in Armstrong's touring party. They include two women—his wife, Lucille, a former showgirl, and his vocalist, buxom, husky-voiced Velma Middleton.

Miss Middleton, bigger than Ella Fitzgerald and every bit as jovial, has been appearing with Armstrong for just on ten years.

In Australia, Wally Norman's orchestra of local musicians has been supporting the visiting jazz men.

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FESTIVITIES OF GALA CUP WEEK: Color pictures overleaf . . .



RACEGOERS at Flemington on Derby Day included Mr. and Mrs. Morris Saltman, of Toorak, Melbourne. Mrs. Saltman topped her blue-and-brown patterned silk suit with an enormous platter hat made of cream organdie petals.



MINISTER FOR IMMIGRATION, Mr. Harold Holt, with Mrs. Holt (left) and Mrs. Winton Gillespie at the Derby Eve Ball at Earl's Court.



VELVET COAT covered the cafe-au-lait Swiss embroidered dress worn on Cup Day by Mrs. Clive Carney, who is with her husband.



SUITS were the choice of Mrs. Leonard J. Plasto (left) and her sister-in-law, Mrs. E. C. Hudson, on Cup Day.

PICKING THE WINNERS are Ann Livingston (left) and Mrs. John Guest at the races on Derby Day.

DINNER-DANCE. Nola Love and Dain Simpson at the Lucky Horseshoe dance at Ciro's, Melbourne, in aid of Red Cross.



HOSTESS Mrs. Louis Nelken (right) at the Cup Eve party at her Melbourne home with Sydney guests Mrs. Nigel Smith (left) and Miss Nora Firth.



GUESTS. Sara Hordern and Peter Rose at Mr. and Mrs. Louis Nelken's party. Right: Mr. Maurice Nathan (left), Mrs. Judith Dodge, Mr. Lister Henry, and Mrs. Henry at the Derby Eve Ball in Melbourne.



MELBOURNE RACE CARNIVAL



VIVID UMBRELLA carried by Miss Jill Chapman, of Bellevue Hill, Sydney, made a bright note of color at Flemington Racecourse. Her frock was white and she added a spotted handbag. Parasols and umbrellas were one of the most popular fashion accessories of the race meeting.



HOST AND HOSTESS at a picnic luncheon-party under the elm trees on the course were Mr. and Mrs. Lionel Newton, who entertained thirty-six guests before the day's racing began.



COUNTRY VISITORS were Mr. and Mrs. Geoffrey Fairbairn, of Mount Elephant, Derrinallum, Victoria. Mrs. Fairbairn wore a slim frock of beige lace and her wide-brimmed hat was black.



SMARTLY TAILORED SUIT was chosen by Mrs. Harold Bishop, of "Bando," Gunnedah, N.S.W., who attended with her husband. She added a small hat.



HAREM SKIRT gave a new line to Mrs. Ronald Nott's elegant gown of paper-weight taffeta printed in grey and blue tonings.



EARLY ARRIVALS AT THE RACECOURSE were Sydney visitors Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Douglass (at left), who were with Mr. and Mrs. Ken Luke. They were among the many racegoers who joined a group of friends for picnic lunch under the elms. Mrs. Douglass wore a tailored suit and a small white hat and carried a large white handbag. Mrs. Luke was in a printed frock.



IN THE CAR PARK a quartet of racegoers exchanged tips before the races. They are, from left, Mrs. I. D. Hunt, of Frankston, Vic., Mrs. L. Callaway, and (in car) Mrs. J. Mann, of Mornington Peninsula, Vic., and Mrs. Tom Farrell, of Frankston. Mrs. Hunt, Mrs. Callaway, and Mrs. Farrell all wore small white hats, which were one of the big fashion successes.

Brilliant ball held on Derby Eve

Melbourne's Cup carnival began with a dinner-dance held at Earl's Court on Derby Eve, when hundreds of interstate and country visitors had a reunion with their Melbourne friends. Gay racing silks on the walls were topical decorations. Proceeds of the dinner-dance will go to the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children.



ABOVE: A tuxedo in Scots tartan was a new fashion worn by Mr. Geoffrey Hillas. With him at the buffet table are Mrs. Geoffrey Hillas (left), Mr. Edwin Spry, and Mrs. Edwin Spry.



GRACEFUL STOLES added color to the gowns chosen by Mrs. Keith Shannon (left) and Mrs. P. R. Grant Hay, who discussed with interstate visitor Mr. Rod O'Connor, of "Connerville," Tasmania, the newspaper "Raggit Times," sold to assist the funds.



LEFT: Three beautifully gowned guests at the Derby Eve dinner-dance were, from left, Mrs. John Grimwade, Miss Jacqueline Boillien, and Mrs. Desmond Deasey, all of Melbourne.



AT THE NEWSPAPER STALL in the ballroom Mrs. Tim Joshua (centre) sold copies of "Raggit Times," specially published for the dance guests. With her are Mrs. Claudia Creswick and Mr. Tim Joshua.



INTERESTED READERS of "Raggit Times" are English visitor Miss Valerie Maxwell (centre), a guest at Government House, Melbourne, Miss Kitty Synnot, and Dr. Norman Wettenhall.



BALLERINA SKIRT in red was a vivid contrast to the white guipure lace blouse worn by Mrs. R. N. Raymond, of South Yarra, Melbourne. She is with Mr. R. N. Raymond (right) and Mr. Bill Scott, of Lower Plenty, Vic. Color pictures by staff photographer Robert Cleland.

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Casuals from the shops



The gay, attractive cotton holiday clothes shown on this page were picked in Sydney stores for their smartness and adaptability. All are priced for the average budget.



LEFT: Khaki denim with anthracite striped trim is used for the suntop and pants at Cursons. The top 37/6, pants 52/11. ABOVE: Denim shirt and skirt to match the trim is used for the suntop and pants at Cursons. The shirt is priced 44/11, and the bouffant skirt is 69/11.



CULOTTE DRESS in coral-red printed cotton is new and comfortable for vacation wear. Priced 85/- at Grace Bros., it is also available in gold, blue, and green. Sizes range from S.S.W. to W. The printed cotton is fadeless.



CRUISE EVENING DRESS of emerald-and-white printed cotton is informal and pretty for summer evenings. This is priced 7 guineas at Farmers, and comes in sizes 12, 14, and 16. It is also available in Pacific-blue and white.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - November 10, 1954

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - November 10, 1954

Page 35



Double enchantment Pearl-Smooth Radiance! Bewitching Fragrance!

Superfine, because it's silk-sifted, fragrant Gemey Face Powder's velvety softness suits every type of skin. Gemey covers the face perfectly, screens tiny blemishes and complexion flaws, never feels "heavy" on the face—does not cake or streak. It is exactly what you need to keep your skin looking its loveliest and freshest—fragrant, too, with the magic of Gemey's exquisite perfume.

Gemey Face Powder Gemey Talcum

is available in seven fashion-perfect shades... Rachel No. 1, Rachel No. 2, Tan Rachel, Peach, Naturelle, Cream Beige, Tropical, each one harmonised to skin tones... 5/6

keeps you feeling fresh from top to toe, fragrantly lovely with Gemey perfume. Use it after every bath—it's absorbent but silken soft and smooth... 3/9



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DRESS SENSE by Betty Keep

• Well established as a summer fashion is the full-skirted, short-cut "formal" for theatre—dinner—dancing.

THIS item of fashion news answers a letter from one of my readers who asks for advice about a frock for summer parties. Here is the letter and my reply:

"I WANT to make myself a new frock to wear in December when I will be having quite a bit of social life. I want the frock for theatre, dinners, and dancing, but I feel the two long evening frocks I have are a bit formal. On some occasions I will be with parties when the men will wear formal clothes."

In one way you are perfectly correct about your long-skirted evening frocks, because more and more frocks in this category are

being worn only to formal dances. The short-skirted evening frock is very new, and is good fashion for the occasion when your escort wears a dinner-jacket. It is also permissible when he wears a dark lounge suit. The design I have chosen is illustrated (right). The frock has everything that is new in fashion, bared neckline, hip-flared skirt, no sleeves. It could be made in crisp sheer taffeta or cotton, and would look best worn over a bouffant petticoat. A paper pattern for the design is obtainable in sizes 32in. to 38in. bust, see below sketch (far right) for further details.

"I AM seeking your help in deciding on a style for a dress to wear to a friend's wedding. The wedding is at 6.30 p.m. and the wedding party will be wearing formal clothes. I wanted to wear brown lace, if you think it suitable, but I simply can't think up a nice style."

Certainly decide on brown lace for your frock, both the color and material are right in fashion for late day. Have the frock made ballerina length, designed with a simple bodice top finished with a wide open V-shaped neckline and tiny sleeves, plus a moder-



"WHAT sort of evening blouse can I wear with a slim ankle-length skirt? I don't want a tuck-in-style nor do I want anything bare or fussy. I wear tailored clothes mostly, and want a blouse that will be a good background for costume jewellery."

The long torso line recently shown by the Paris couturiers would be excellent. Silk jersey is my material suggestion. Have the blouse beltless and hip-length with a shirring insert at the waistline. The absence of trimming will make a perfect background for jewellery.

"I HAVE some dark green faille for a suit and would like your

D.S. 111. — Short-skirted dance frock in sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 5½yds. 36in. material. Price, 3/6. Patterns may be obtained from Mrs. Betty Keep, "Dress Sense," Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

opinion on a smart style, and a suitable blouse. I take an SSW fitting and am 5ft. 5in. in height."

A bust-length, big-collared jacket and slim, matching sheath skirt would be smart. For the blouse I suggest black, green, and white stripes. Complete the ensemble with a pleated cummerbund made in the skirt material.

"I WOULD like your advice on a separate skirt and blouse to wear at summer parties; the skirt to be ballerina length. The color choice worries me more than the style, as I want to get away from the usual pastels."

My color and material suggestion for your skirt is Spanish-green cotton or linen. Spanish-green is a deep olive shade with a hint of blue. For the design, I like the idea of a full circle skirt with deep box pleats. Have the blouse in white muslin, finished with a low oval neckline, and puffed sleeves. Wear the separates with a cummerbund belt made in pale-apricot cotton.



By Madame de Groot, well known Continental dress designer and fashion advisor.

5 THE FASHION SHAPE-MAKER

So many people are home-dressmaking with 'Vilene' interlining it makes me wonder how we ever did without it. 'Vilene' gives permanent shape but with a suppleness you'll usually find only in the most expensive tailoring. After all, 'Vilene' is only half the weight of old-fashioned woven interlinings, never shrinks, washes easily. Here's what I say when I'm asked...

Which Vilene?



A50 is the light and supple "Vilene" (cream in colour) that you'll use to give permanent shape and crisp, the edges to collars and cuffs. This weight is just right to hold the shape of fashion details like "wing" pockets, big sailor collars. Being "Vilene" never needs starch, never shrinks.

S50 is the same fabric in black.



A45 is the slightly heavier "Vilene" that builds shape into strapless bodices for evening gowns, so that they will stay up comfortably without bones. Use to interline a skirt, make a half slip, or shape a lightweight suit.

S65 is the same fabric in black.



A80 is the heavier-weight "Vilene" that gives that opulent full drape to a winter coat, or a heavier-weight suit—or to men's garments.

DON'T use 'Vilene' under pure white as the cream colour will show through.

How do I make 'Vilene' darts?

A. Cut out the dart-stitch it edge to edge to a strip of 'Vilene' and zig-zag over finished dart to keep it flat. Cut 'Vilene' slightly larger than the material, do not join them to the material.

Continuing

Ben Nevis Goes East

[from page 12]

sharply. "I was called 'But-ton' at Winchester."

"Because you had a head like a button, eh?" Ben Nevis guffawed.

"Not at all," Kilwhillie replied. "It happened once when I had a bad cold that I asked for some more button."

"I never knew buttons were good for a cold. Do you heat them or something?"

"Who on earth would want to eat buttons?"

"I said 'heat' not 'eat.' You're getting awfully deaf, Hugh. I believe Sher Khan is right. I believe if you turned your moustache up behind your ears you'd find it a help for deafness."

"I'm certainly not going to, and in any case I'm not deaf."

"I don't know. If you thought I said 'eat' when I said 'heat' for these buttons you say are good for colds . . ."

"I did not say buttons are good for colds," Kilwhillie interrupted. "I said once when I had a bad cold I asked for some more button."

Ben Nevis shook his head.

"Well, what did you do with these buttons?"

"Buttons don't come into it. I was trying to say mutton."

"Well, you don't want to use Pelmanism to remember mutton. Anybody can remember mutton."

"But mutton sounded like button when I had this bad cold."

"Did it?" Ben Nevis asked doubtfully. "Well, of course there's no knowing what anything will sound like to you Winchester wallahs . . ."

"Go on with this letter of yours," said Kilwhillie wearily. "You'd got as far as Nosy MacDonald."

Ben Nevis continued his reading.

"You met my wife a year

or two ago at the Finchamptons, but unluckily I did not get an opportunity to have a talk with you about old times forty years on."

Ben Nevis broke off to explain that this was an allusion to the Harrow school song.

"You've never missed an opportunity to tell me that, Donald. And once at Glenbogle you tried to sing it to me. It made me feel glad that I wasn't at Harrow." The Wykhamist shuddered. "Go on with your letter," he said.

"We are both older than we were when you made that grand century at Lord's."

KILWHILLIE interrupted again to say, "Isn't that rather too obvious a remark? Of course you're both older than you were over forty years ago."

"But although we are older," Ben Nevis continued, ignoring the interruption, "we still enjoy life as much as ever."

"How do you know he does? He may be suffering from an incurable disease," Kilwhillie interrupted again.

"How can he be suffering from an incurable disease when he comes all the way up here from the middle of India to spend Christmas? I wish you wouldn't keep interrupting, Hugh. Where was I? Oh, yes."

"We both enjoy life as much as ever and I hope that I may have the pleasure of a jolly good talk about the dear old school on the Hill when I was Nosy and you were Banjo."

"I want him to know that I haven't forgotten his nickname," Ben Nevis broke off to say.

"You will be interested to hear that I have seen the Loch Ness Monster . . ."

"No," said Kilwhillie sternly. "Cut out everything about the Loch Ness Monster."

"But I was going to say something about the Abominable Snowmen," Ben Nevis protested.

"Cut that out too. You don't want to give the man the idea that you're a crank."

"A crank?" Ben Nevis expostulated.

"A crank," said his companion firmly, so firmly that Ben Nevis did not argue with him but stroked out the sentence.

"Hugh Cameron and myself will be staying on at Parker's Hotel over Christmas and I very much hope that we may have the pleasure of calling on you."

Ben Nevis put down the letter.

"I don't know what the etiquette of this calling business is in India, but I don't think I ought to suggest his calling on us . . . Oh, and then I sign myself

"Yours ever,

"Donald MacDonald of Ben Nevis."

"I think 'yours ever' is too free and easy," Kilwhillie ruled. "I should say 'Yours sincerely' or perhaps 'with kind regards, yours sincerely'."

"Is that rather too formal. I want to make Banjo feel the auld lang sync spirit. I hope he'll get his friend the Maharajah of Tussore to give us a panther beat or whatever they call it."

"That can come later when you've met," Kilwhillie commented.

"Oh, I ought to say something about Hector. I'll put in a PS: 'My oldest boy Hector

is with the Glanranalds at Tallulahabad and if he is lucky enough to get a spot of leave I hope you'll let me bring him along to Rosemount sometime—Of course. That's the way to sign the letter. 'Salaams.' It's extraordinary, isn't it, how quickly I've picked up Indian? Yes, of course, that's it. 'Salaams, Yours sincerely.' He eyed the letter with satisfaction. "I'll send Balu along with it tomorrow morning."

"I'm longing to see how my Express behaves. I had a jolly good mind to put it together and have a shot at that monkey this afternoon . . ."

"I don't think you're allowed to shoot monkeys. I believe they're sacred here."

"I never heard such preposterous rubbish in my life. Well, I have as a matter of fact, because I believe its against the law to shoot a fellow at home who breaks into your house unless you're already half dead yourself because he shot you first. I don't know what the world's coming to. I really don't."

Two or three days later, after the despatch of that letter to Rosemount, Ben Nevis surged into Kilwhillie's bedroom one morning, triumphantly bearing the answer.

"Listen to this, Hugh."

"My dear Nosy,

"I was delighted to find your welcome note when I arrived at Rosemount and even more delighted that I am to have the opportunity of renewing an old friendship. I did not realise at the time when I met Mrs. MacDonald at the Finchamptons in Belgrave Square that she was the wife of Nosy MacDonald, and you had gone back to Scotland before I found out."

"Now, I can't possibly let you stay at Parker's while I'm at Rosemount where I shall be about three weeks. So will you

and your friend Mr. Cameron come along in time for tiffin."

"Two of my cars will be waiting at the usual place near the station and your bearers will know how to arrange about the luggage. Looking forward with great keenness to renewing an old friendship and with many kind remembrances."

"Yours very sincerely,

"Banjo."

"And then he's written about six names after that but I can't read one of them."

Hugh Cameron applauded the idea of staying with the Maharajah. At any rate it would give Donald less opportunity to develop this menacing friendship with Mrs. Winstanley.

Balu Ram and Sher Khan were both much gratified to hear that their masters were to be guests of the Maharajah, and the prospect of repacking and arranging for the transport of the baggage down to the motor road did not in the least dismay them. The sense of their own importance as the bearers of two such burra sahibs already acute was now twice as acute.

"It's terribly sad that you're leaving us so soon," Angela Winstanley said when the Chieftain gave her the news of their visit. "But you'll have a wonderful time at Rosemount," she added, with the faintest hint of a sigh.

Ben Nevis looked over his shoulder to see if Kilwhillie was within earshot, but seeing that he was not he said in the voice of a conspirator: "And you're going to have a wonderful time at Rosemount, too. I'm going to make it my particular business to see that you do. Did you ever hear a song called 'Say Au Revoir, but not Good-bye'?"

"I don't believe I ever did, Ben Nevis."

"No, I don't suppose you would have. But I was very fond of it when I was a young

To page 42

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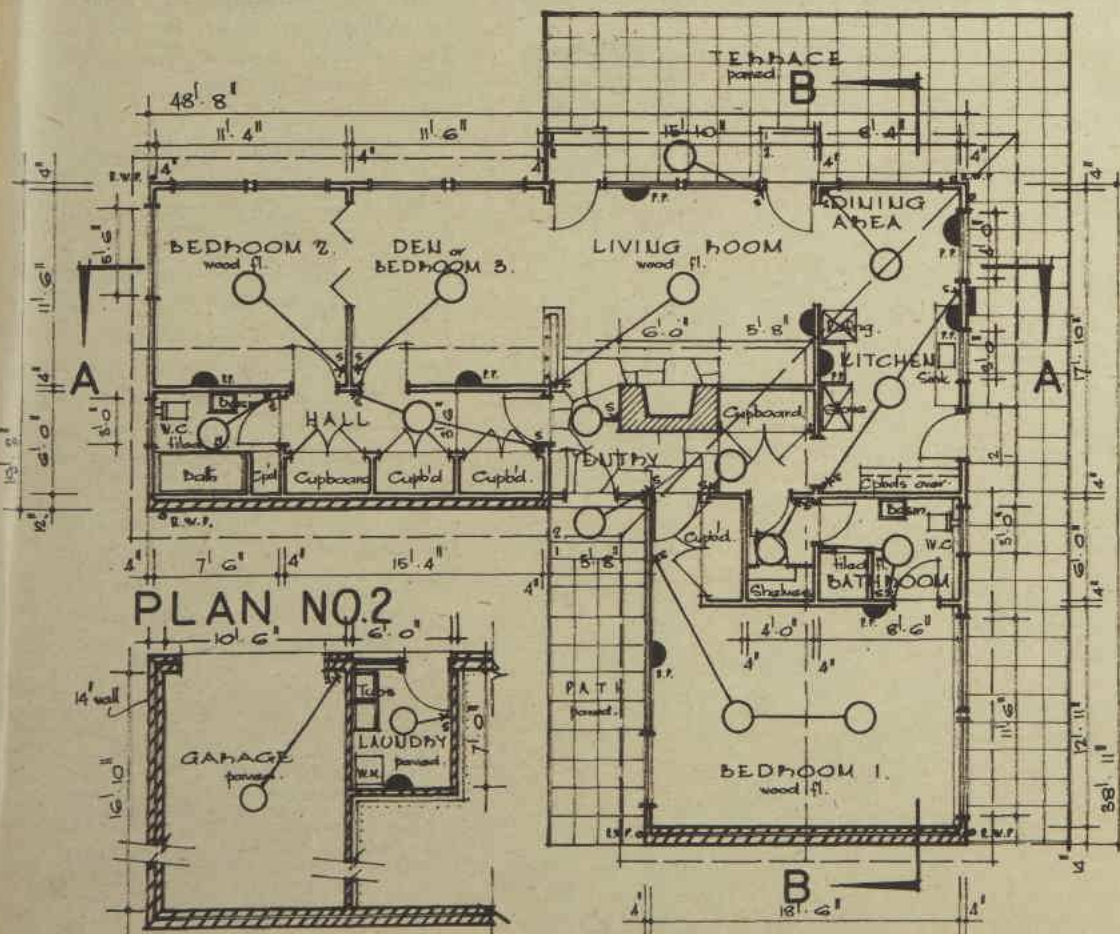
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THE DEN is separated from the second bedroom by folding doors. The decorative scheme of the living-room is continued here (see opposite picture). When the doors are folded back from the bedroom, the living space is further increased. Den and living-room merge.



LEFT. The kitchen is small but an achievement in compact convenience and attractive appearance. A wall screens it from the living-room, but it is not separated from the dining-room, thus retaining cross ventilation and attractive view.

ABOVE: In the master bedroom the unbroken stone wall makes an unusual background for a long, low built-in arrangement providing storage and surface space, plus a dressing-table, all painted the same green as the woodwork. Two walls are papered. A section of the paper is reflected in the mirror.



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not Good-bye. I can't remember any of the rest of it, but it doesn't matter, because that's the whole point of the song, if you see what I mean."

"I do see, dear friend, if I may call you that," said Angela.

"I hope you will, by Jove. Well, I must be getting along. We're going to walk down the cude to where the cars are waiting. All right, I'm coming, Hugh," the Chieftain shouted, and he turned away to rejoin Kilwhillie.

Rosemount was situated at the bottom of the slope on the other side of the ridge and a car could go right up to the main entrance at the end of a long drive. Externally it looked like a very large house built in the Tudor style at Sunningdale, and it might have served as a model for the ideal home of the successful businessman able to escape occasionally from the strain of making money to enjoy the simplicity of country life with the maximum of comfort.

There was a cricket ground where His Highness sat in judgment on the play of the younger generation. There were lawns and hard tennis courts. There was a squash-racquet court, and a floodlit hard tennis court with a pavilion along one side of it. There were lily pools, woodland walks and crazy paving, rockeries, and rhododendrons galore.

Internally Rosemount was more definitely Oriental in its decoration, but it was nowhere Oriental at the expense of comfort. There was a ballroom and

Continuing

a very large drawing-room, a gymnasium, a swimming-bath, a billiards-room and a table-tennis room.

The guests of His Highness were accommodated in an annexe built in the Scottish baronial style but considerably more luxurious than any of its prototypes. Between the guest-house and the rest of Rosemount was a picture-gallery, the walls of which were covered with pictures from the exhibitions of the Royal Academy during the last decade of the nineteenth century.

When the car with his two guests was approaching the house along the drive the princely host was waiting to welcome them on his threshold, and the driver turned round to tell them that the figure standing there was Maharajah Sahib himself.

Ben Nevis gasped in the nearest he could get to a low voice. "He's the size of an elephant. He was almost as slim as my little finger at Harrow. Extraordinary!"

"Not at all extraordinary," Kilwhillie contradicted. "You're a good deal bulkier yourself than you were forty years ago." The car reached the steps leading up to the door of Rosemount before Ben Nevis had time to argue with Kilwhillie about his physical development.

At the head of the steps stood His Highness the Maharajah of Bangapatam, wearing a black silk jacket with jewelled buttons, beaming a welcome. In spite of his size, His Highness seemed younger than his sixty years and carried his weight with a dignified grace and no little agility.

"My dear friend Nosy. I am really so glad to see you again," he exclaimed, shaking the Chieftain's hand warmly. "My house is yours."

"My dear Maharajah, I'm jolly glad to see you. The last time we met was at Jimmy's on the last night of the Varsity match. You made a lot of runs against us for Oxford and if we hadn't had Ranji we should have been for it. This is my friend Hugh Cameron of Kilwhillie, who hadn't the good luck to be at Harrow. He's a Wykehamist wallah."

"He is already speaking our language very fluently, isn't he?" said His Highness, with a twinkle in his dark eyes.

Ben Nevis chuckled with a touch of complacency.

"Well, I'm picking up a bit here and there, you know. But, by Jove, what a job I had to remember your name. I had to use Pelmanism at last. I could only remember 'Bang' and 'Banjo'."

"Well, 'Banjo' is pretty easy," said His Highness. "I think we will go back to 'Banjo'. I shall feel quite young again when you call me that."

By this time they had passed through the hall into the smoking-room where half a dozen nymphs and goddesses in marble assisted mutely as the smoking-room conversation carried on from deep armchairs covered in crimson morocco leather.

"What will you have before tiffin? A gimlet? Or would you prefer some of your own Scotch?"

The guests both declared for whisky.

"You'll forgive me, please, if I do not join you," said His Highness. "But my doctor is trying to keep me down to twenty-two stone. Poor chap, he does not find it at all easy."

"I've never thought of giving up whisky," said Ben Nevis. "And I'm only just under seventeen stone myself."

"Tell me now, you were never called Ben Nevis at Harrow."

Ben Nevis Goes East

from page 37

When Lord Finchampton told me that Mrs. MacDonald was the wife of Ben Nevis it never occurred to me that it was my old friend Nosy MacDonald."

"Ah, my elder brother Hector was still alive then. I wasn't Younger of Ben Nevis in those days."

"You have given me quite an idea, Nosy," said His Highness. "If you are Ben Nevis, which is quite a small mountain, I think . . ."

"Oh, it's not so small as all that," its namesake protested.

"Yes, if you are Ben Nevis I think I shall ask my friend the Maharajah of Nepal to let me call myself after one of his Himalayas."

"Jolly good," Ben Nevis guffawed. "And I say, Banjo, this is a wonderful whisky. What's the brand?"

"It is Stag's Breath."

"Ah, that is a wonderful whisky. We can't get it in Scotland of course. It's all for export. However, I'm glad you've got hold of some of it. I thought it was all being drunk by these American wallahs."

After lunch His Highness asked his guests to excuse him until tea-time as he had to drive over to see his friend the Maharajah of Tussore.

"Tussore will be dining with us on Thursday night and I shall tell him he must arrange a good panther shoot for you. Did you bring a rifle?"

"Yes, I brought my Express, but Hugh Cameron didn't bring a rifle."

"That's easy. I have plenty here."

"Did you ever meet a Piffer called Lindsay-Wolseley?" Ben Nevis asked.

"Oh, I know him well. A very nice chap. He was in the Frontier Force Rifles."

"Well, he's come to live in Inverness-shire. So Hugh and I are rather anxious to make his mouth water with our—now wait a minute, what's the word . . . it's chicory in Pelmanism . . . shikari! Yes, we want to come back as a couple of shikaris and make Lindsay-Wolseley's mouth water."

"Speak for yourself, Donald," Kilwhillie put in. "I've no desire whatever to make Wolseley's mouth water."

"You'll like Tussore," said their host. "He always has a great Christmas party at the Palace. You'll like that, too. By the way, do you play table-tennis, Nosy?"

"I never heard of it," said Ben Nevis.

"Of course you have, Donald. They were playing it on the Taj Mahal," Kilwhillie reminded him.

"Oh, ping-pong?" the Chieftain exclaimed. "No, I've never played that."

"It's the only game I can play nowadays," said His Highness. "I have a Czech professional here, and if you'd like to play Klopceok will be only too glad to coach you."

When the Maharajah had gone off to pay his visit to the ruler of Tussore, Ben Nevis and Kilwhillie, after taking a stroll in the garden, retired to the guest-house.

"You know, I can't do this sort of thing at Glenbogle, Hugh," said the Chieftain looking round the sitting-room provided for them. "Three boxes of Havana cigars—Partaga, Punch, and Upmann. Turkish, Virginian and Egyptian cigarettes. Champagne, whisky, brandy, gin, vermouth, and what's this? Pernod? I never heard of it."

"That's absinthe," Kilwhillie told him.

"I've a good mind to taste it. Isn't that what they drink in France? Have you ever tried it, Hugh?"

"Never, and don't intend to." "I'm going to try it. Now wait a minute. I know how to do this. Ko hi!" he bellowed.

Simultaneously from different doors appeared Balu, Sher Khan, and a couple of the Maharajah's attendants.

Ben Nevis explained that he wanted to try the bottle of Pernod. Balu translated his wants to the house-servants, one of whom uncorked the bottle, while the other produced glasses from the sideboard.

"How does one drink this stuff?" Ben Nevis asked.

Kilwhillie shook his head. "I don't know at all."

Ben Nevis took the bottle and smelt the top.

"It smells like cough-mixture. Do you think it tastes like cough-mixture?"

He poured some into a tumbler and added water.

"Something's gone wrong with the stuff, or else it's a mouth-wash. It's turned cloudy, and I had a mouth-wash that did that."

Ben Nevis poured a five-finger dram from the bottle into another glass. Then he picked it up and tossed it off like a dram of whisky.

For a moment he had that look of surprise which a boxer has just before his eyes glaze and he goes down for the count.

"I never tasted anything so absolutely foul in my life," he spluttered. Then he seized a bottle of whisky and poured himself out a hefty dram in the

To page 44

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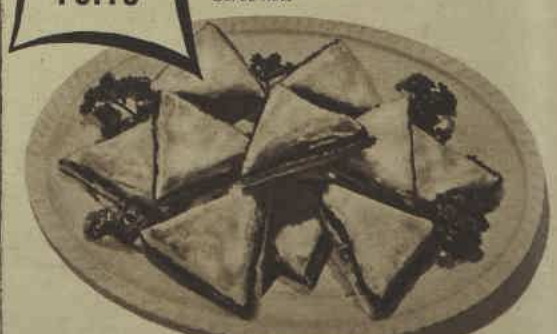
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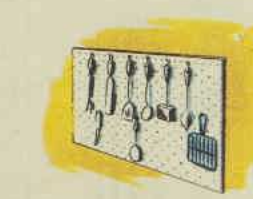
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hope of obliterating the taste of the absinthe.

"That's better," he declared. "But I think I'd better have another."

Two powerful whiskies would normally not have affected the Chieftain more than two dewdrops, but when those two powerful whiskies were mixed with about twice as much neat absinthe as a Frenchman sips much diluted for about an hour, the fumes mounted rapidly to his head.

"I must do something about this, Hugh," he said with the deliberation of a man who expects to trip over each word. "I repeat I must do something about this, I tell you."

"I think you'd better go and lie down."

The servants had left the room, but with instinct of the perfect bearer for his master's well-being, Balu came back into the room at that moment.

"Master like sleep a little," he suggested.

"Balu's right. You'd better lie down," Kilwhillie agreed.

"Sleep?" the Chieftain exclaimed. "Did you say sleep, Hugh? I never heard a more preposterous suggestion in my life. I have no desire whatever to sleep. None. And if I did I wouldn't, if you see what I mean. No, no. I'm going to get a jigsaw, a jigsaw, I should say, and ride up to the post-office in it. Yes. And when I get to the post-office I'm going to send a wire to Rose-Ross in Tal—in Tal—well, you know where I mean. And I'm going to ask him to let Hector come up for a spot of leave. Mind you, I don't say that Angela will accept him. No, I'm far from saying that. But what I do say is I think he ought to be given a chance for her to say 'No.'"

"And suppose she says 'Yes'?" Kilwhillie asked in tones of icy disgust.

"If she says 'Yes' I shall welcome her to Glenbogie as a lauter-in-daw."

"If by that you mean daughter-in-law," Kilwhillie said in grave rebuke, "I can only suppose that your mind has been affected by the Indian climate."

"What is more . . . what is more, Hugh," the Chieftain went on without paying the faintest attention to his friend's condemnatory frowns, "What is more, I shall tell Angus MacQuat to compose a pibroch called Mac 'ic . . . Mac 'ic . . . he strained at the name like a machine-gunner whose weapon has jammed. . . . 'Mac 'ic Eachainn's Nutbrown Bride'."

"I am not going to argue with you in your present state," Kilwhillie began, but the Chieftain broke in.

"My present state is A1 at Lloyds," he affirmed.

"Your present state is disgraceful," said Kilwhillie. "In fact, you are not responsible either for your actions or for your words. I dislike having to say such a thing to a man older than myself, but I should be no friend of yours, Donald, if I allowed myself to shirk my duty. Instead of making a public exhibition of yourself in a rickshaw you should go and lie down on your bed, which Balu has prepared for you."

"I refuse to lie down. I must have some exercise," Ben Nevis insisted.

"You won't get any exercise in a rickshaw. If you want exercise I noticed a stationary bicycle in the gymnasium. Sit on that and pedal as hard as you can for half an hour."

"But if I'm in the state you think I'm in, Hugh, I shouldn't be able to steer a bicycle properly."

All characters in the serials and short stories which appear in The Australian Women's Weekly are fictitious, and have no reference to any living person.

Ben Nevis Goes East

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"You don't have to steer a stationary bicycle. It doesn't move."

"But if it doesn't move, how should I get the exercise I feel I must have? I want to get into good health for this panther shoot. And look here, Hugh, you've got to take part in this shoot."

"I will take part in this shoot on one condition," said Kilwhillie. "If you will go and lie down until you know the difference between a jigsaw and a rickshaw, I will agree to take part in this shoot."

"Ko hi!" Ben Nevis bellowed. And Balu Ram, who had been listening at the door to the argument, slipped quickly into the room and said: "Master's bed ready for lie down if Master come."

Those who have drunk a very strong, neat absinthe followed immediately by two powerful whiskies will know whether a kind of stupor succeeds the desire for violent action it induces at first. At any rate, Ben Nevis followed Balu into his bedroom and a few minutes later his deep regular snores told Kilwhillie that the crisis had been successfully weathered.

IT was not long before a second crisis developed. Indeed, it developed the very evening after dinner when the Maharajah was sitting in the smoking-room with his two guests. Perhaps it was the mute reproach of those marble nymphs and goddesses that made His Highness suddenly aware of the lack of feminine society at Rosemount.

"My Christmas guests won't be arriving till next week," he said. "I'm afraid it's very dull here for you both with only an old man like myself for company," he said apologetically.

The Maharajah was feeling his age because Klopcezk, the Czech professional, had beaten him in every set of table-tennis before dinner.

"Not at all," said Kilwhillie quickly. "I'm a bachelor, and I find women rather exhausting about the house."

Any effect this quiet tribute to celibacy might have had was destroyed at once by Ben Nevis.

"I wonder if you ever met a Mrs. Winstanley, Banjo? She's the wife, or at least she was the wife of the British and Oriental Bank—I mean the Manager of the Jumbulpore branch. I believe there was some domestic something or other, and they're now divorced."

"No, I don't remember ever meeting a Mrs. Winstanley," said His Highness.

"Well, I met her in Tallulahabad, and when we came up to Pippa I found she was staying with a friend at Parker's Hotel."

The Maharajah immediately assumed that his guest was interested in Mrs. Winstanley, and his natural hospitality prompted him to oblige Ben Nevis by giving him an opportunity to cultivate that interest.

"I shall ask her to dinner when Tussore comes here to dine on Thursday."

"Oh, that's very good of you. It would be a kindness. I thought she and her friend Miss . . . Miss . . . dash it, I've forgotten what her friend's name is. Do you remember the name of Angela Winstanley's friend, Hugh?"

"I believe it was Lambert," Kilwhillie replied as frigidly as he could because he was afraid that the Maharajah would jump to the conclusion that he was interested in Miss Lambert.

"Mrs. Winstanley and Miss Lambert," His Highness repeated to himself as he noted their names with a gold pencil.

"I shall send an invitation to them tomorrow morning."

"I'll take it along to Parker's," the Chieftain volunteered.

"They might feel timid about the etiquette of the whole business. They're very simple folks."

"But Mrs. Winstanley managed to get divorced," His Highness said, twinkling.

"Oh, there wasn't any kind of scandal," Ben Nevis assured him. "It was a case of what they call income . . . income . . ."

"Income Tax?" His Highness laughed.

"No, no, no. Income . . . income . . . What it is, Hugh, when two people can't agree? It's a long word."

"I suppose you mean 'incompatibility,'" Hugh Cameron suggested wearily.

"And Mrs. Winstanley went off with somebody more compatible?" His Highness asked with a smile.

"No, no. She divorced her husband. And she's just waiting quietly now for what they call the decree nisi. She comes from Canterbury. In fact, she's what they call . . . ha-ha-ha . . . a Canterbury Belle."

Ben Nevis laughed so much at his own verbal felicity that his sporan came unbuckled. Kilwhillie did not know whether to feel more pained by the undignified behaviour of a Chieftain's sporan or by what he considered the vulgarity of the Chieftain's joke.

"Now we ought to have two more ladies to make the party right," said His Highness. "Let me see, I'll ask old Lady Pinfield. She's a widow of a judge who has a charming little house not far from Parker's. And then . . . Oh, yes, of course, Maud Nutting."

"Who's she?" Ben Nevis asked.

"Maud Nutting, the literary light of Pippa. You must have read some of her novels about life in India."

Ben Nevis shook his head. Nor did Kilwhillie seem any wiser.

"I shall certainly give you each one of Miss Nutting's novels to read before you meet her," His Highness promised.

"I've heard these novelist wallahs have a habit of putting people into their books," Ben Nevis said. "I hope your friend Miss Nutting won't put me into a book. I don't know what I'd do if I found myself in a book. Not that I read a great deal, of course."

Later that evening when Kilwhillie and he were sitting in the guest-house over a last whisky the Chieftain opened "Tooth and Claw" by Maud Nutting.

"Good lord, Hugh!" he exclaimed.

"What's the matter now?"

"Listen to this! 'Sher Khan glided behind the pillar, knife in hand, as Hugh Cameron seated himself at his desk, but the revengeful Pathan had forgotten Rover. With a low growl the retriever sprang at the throat of Hugh's faithless bearer and received the deadly blow intended for his master's heart.' She's put you into a book already, Hugh," the Chieftain gasped.

"How can she have put me into a book when she's never met me, Donald?"

"But she has. Hugh Cameron, Sher Khan. The only thing she's got wrong is Bonzo's name. She calls him Rover. I'm going to be jolly careful what I say in front of Miss Maud Nutting. I shan't open my mouth all through dinner."

"It's a pity you didn't make that resolution before you persuaded the Maharajah to invite Mrs. Winstanley to dinner on Thursday. Do you realise that you've introduced her to Pippa society?"

"That's exactly what I want to do," Ben Nevis replied. "I

thought she seemed very lonely yesterday, poor little woman, when we went off and left her."

"Do you realise, Donald, that the Maharajah was evidently under the impression that you were personally interested in Mrs. Winstanley?"

"So I am."

"I mean in an unpleasant way."

"Unpleasant?"

"I believe he supposes that you are having a love affair with her. I dislike criticising a man whose hospitality I am enjoying, but, after all, we have to remember that his point of view is Oriental, however well he may have played cricket for Harrow and Oxford. He imagines that you have the same point of view about women as himself."

"I don't believe old Banjo thinks anything of the kind," the suspected amorist declared. "And if he does he'll soon see that my interest in Angela is the interest a father takes in his daughter, if you know what I mean. In fact, I shall take him into my confidence and tell him about Hector."

"That would be most unfair on Hector. However, I'm getting tired of giving you good advice to which you pay not the slightest attention. I tell you frankly, Donald, that if the sea is rough on the way back I shall bitterly regret having upset my whole winter by coming out here with you."

"I think you're making a molehill out of a mountain, Hugh."

"You'll probably confide in Miss Maud Nutting next," Kilwhillie went on. "And if you do, she will put you into a book. Now I'm going to bed."

The next day Ben Nevis, leaving Kilwhillie to write letters at Rosemount, was driven to the end of the motor road in one of the Maharajah's cars but declined the pressing offers of the rickshaw-coolies to convey him up to Parker's. By the time he reached the hotel, after taking several wrong turnings among the maze of narrow paths winding up the khud, the Chieftain was feeling he had had a longer walk than he intended.

"It's these vile trousers," he muttered to himself. "If I'd worn trousers all my life I should be an old man by now."

ANGELA WINSTANLEY'S welcome made Ben Nevis forget all about the discomfort of a steep uphill walk in trousers.

"Ben Nevis! Why, how sweet of you to call on two lonely females so soon. Maisie dear, isn't it sweet of him?"

"I've come on behalf of His Highness, Angela," the Chieftain announced. "He wants you and Miss Lambert . . ."

"Oh, please, call me Maisie, Mr. . . . I mean, ought I really to call you Ben Nevis?" Maisie Lambert asked.

"That's absolutely right, Maisie," the Chieftain assured her. "Yes, the Maharajah wants you and Maisie to dine at Rosemount on Thursday. He'll send the car for you and I suppose you'll find some rickshaw wallahs to take you down the cud. The Maharajah of Tussore will be there, and Lady Pinfield, and an extraordinary novelist called Maud Nutting, who's apparently put Hugh Cameron into a book without knowing it."

"Ben Nevis," Angela breathed in an ecstasy, "you're the most wonderful man that ever lived."

"I remember Lady Pinfield when I was at school in Pippa," said Maisie Lambert. "She came one year to give away prizes. We girls were awfully frightened of her because her husband was a judge."

"We had a judge once shooting with us," Ben Nevis put in. "He couldn't hit a bird. I

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Can't understand why they ever made him a judge. I said to him, 'Look out, Judge, or you'll be trying yourself for manslaughter.' But he had no sense of humor, poor chap."

"And fancy meeting Maud Nutting," Maisie went on. "I think her books are so very interesting. Some people are shocked by them."

"I'm not surprised," Angela commented sarcastically.

"The only one I've looked at is called 'Tooth and Claw,'" said the Chieftain. "That's the one with Hugh Cameron in it. And Sher Khan his bearer."

"I don't think I've read that one," said Maisie.

"As far as I can make out it's about an Indian Army officer called Hugh Cameron who falls in love with the daughter of an Indian Rajah in the first chapter, and then I went to sleep."

"Mr. Cameron fascinates me," said Maisie Lambert.

"Does he? I must tell him that. It will be rather a new experience for old Hugh."

"Please, please, Ben Nevis," Maisie Lambert begged, "please don't tell Mr. Cameron what I said. I should sink into the ground next time I saw him. What I mean is he has such a mysterious far-away look in his eyes as if when he's talking to you he was in another world."

"Yes, I know what you mean," said the Chieftain. "I think it's liver. He's always had a weak liver. He's over ten years younger than me, but he is really my most intimate friend. He can say things to me I wouldn't allow other people to think, let alone say."

"I hope you didn't ask the Maharajah to invite us to Rosemount," said Angela suddenly.

"Not at all. It was entirely his idea. I think his friend the Maharajah of Tussore likes feminine society."

"So I've always heard," Angela observed pensively. "I saw a picture of him once in the 'Illustrated News of India.' He's very handsome."

"That's more than I can say for my old friend Bangapatam," said Ben Nevis. "And he was quite good-looking as a young man. Now he's about the size of St. Pancras. Well, you'll see for yourselves on Thursday."

"I can't say how much I'm looking forward to Thursday," Angela murmured half to herself. "And it's all thanks to you. Dear, dear Ben Nevis," she exclaimed suddenly, her dark eyes in a glow.

The Chieftain made some amiable rumbling noises in his throat.

"Have you heard from Hector?" Angela asked.

"No, but the Maharajah says he's going to write a personal letter to Hector's Colonel to ask if he can have two or three days' leave up here at Christmas. Apparently the Maharajah of Tussore gives a terrific party every year, and no doubt we shall all be asked to it."

"I hope it will be all right for Hector to come. We mustn't do anything to interfere with his military duties, must we?" Angela pointed out with an almost maternal solicitude which, however much it might impress Donald MacDonald of Ben Nevis, would have been by no means agreeable to Hector MacDonald, Younger, of Ben Nevis.

"Well, I must be getting along back to Rosemount," said the Chieftain. "And His Highness' car will be waiting for you on Thursday at a quarter to eight."

"I feel like somebody in one of the stories in the 'Arabian Nights,'" said Angela Winstanley on that Thursday, when she and Maisie Lambert were seated in the Maharajah's car bound for Rosemount. "I feel this might lead to anything."

"You will be careful, Angela, won't you? That's just what I felt when Gerry Ripwood gave

Continuing

me those two brandy Macs. And it led nowhere. Nowhere at all," Maisie Lambert repeated with a sigh.

Angela shivered luxuriously under the fur rug.

"To anything," she repeated without paying the least attention to her companion's plea for prudence. "There was a moment when the lawyers were being so tiresome that I began to wish I'd never divorced Herbert. Poor old Herbert. I expect he's working late at the bank tonight. He always worked late on Thursdays."

This time she shuddered luxuriously. "But, thank goodness, I did divorce him. We should never have been going out to dinner with two Maharajahs if I hadn't. I know one thing I'm going to do if Hector gets that leave. I'm going to tell Mr. Cameron that I have made up my mind not to marry Hector."

"But have you absolutely made up your mind?" Maisie asked.

"I shall have by the time he arrives in Pippla," Angela replied.

"But why are you so anxious to tell Mr. Cameron, Angela?"

"Because it will set his mind at rest and he won't try to keep Ben Nevis and me apart."

Maisie turned round to her friend in perplexity.

"Angela! You're not going to flirt with Ben Nevis?" she asked incredulously.

"It depends on what you call flirting. We've been having a sort of spiritual flirtation already."

"Angela, I sometimes simply don't understand what you mean."

"I'm not going to try and tempt Ben Nevis to make love to me if that's what you're afraid of."

"I must admit you did rather frighten me for a moment."

"And then of course there's John Tucker," Angela went on. "He'll be there in a few days, and I think John Tucker is going to have a surprise. He'll find that I'm not quite so stranded as he supposes. At the moment he thinks he can have all the fun he wants without the slightest threat to his unmarried security. John Tucker will find the competition rather more than he bargained for."

"It's funny that we're going to meet Maud Nutting tonight," Maisie reflected.

"Why?"

"Because you're talking exactly like one of her characters in 'The Golden Horizon.'"

"I never read it."

"It's about the daughter of an officer who gave some wrong order and caused a lot of trouble and had to leave the Army and she was planning how to escape from the depressing life she was leading, looking after her father."

"And did she escape?"

"No, she didn't. She got into a frightful lot of complications and in the end she jumped out of a houseboat in Kashmir and drowned herself. She made the most wonderful plans and everything went wrong. I enjoyed the book because there was another character in it who was awfully like Gerry Ripwood. Hugo Champneys was his name and he was in the Guides."

"Perhaps you'll find yourself in Maud Nutting's next book," said Angela. "Perhaps we all shall."

Miss Maud Nutting was already in the drawing-room when her prospective victims arrived. She was a plump rosy woman of about fifty with untidy faded fair hair and an amber necklace that seemed as weighty as a mayor's chain. Nobody could have been less like the authoress of the passionate tales of life in India which she had been writing with such

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successful fertility for more than twenty years.

The Maharajah of Tussore was talking to her when Angela and Maisie were announced, and he turned quickly to look at Angela in the way that a good judge of a horse will sum up its points in one quick glance.

Ben Nevis came forward with exuberant geniality.

"Ah, here you are, and here's your host. His Highness the Maharajah of Bangapatam."

"It was very kind of you to give me the pleasure of dining with you at such short notice, Mrs. Winstanley."

"It was much kinder of Your Highness to give us the pleasure of dining with you. This is my friend, Miss Lambert."

"How do you do, Miss Lambert," said the Maharajah. "Are you any relation of Mr. William Lambert of the P.W.D.?"

"He's my father, Maharajah Sahib."

"Is he, indeed? Well, give him my kind regards. He did some great work for us in Bangapatam about five years ago. And now I want to present you to His Highness the Maharajah of Tussore."

THE Maharajah of Tussore was a tall and handsome man of about forty who, unlike so many of the Indian princes, was still almost as slim as he had been when he had served during the Great War in an Indian cavalry regiment. In his own small but rich State he maintained the ceremony and dispensed the lavish hospitality of a princely ruler, but outside its confines he liked to dress and behave like any British officer in mufti.

He had been twice married, but both of his wives were dead, and as each had left him possible successors he had not taken another wife.

"Where have you been hiding yourself all this time, Mrs. Winstanley?" he asked, and managed to convey the suggestion that he had been looking for her.

"Oh, Calcutta and Jumbulpore and Tallulahabad and—er—Canterbury," she replied with a smile that managed to convey the suggestion that only now had she realised what absurd places they all were.

"Canterbury, eh?" said the host. "What fun we used to have there in the cricket week." And then he turned aside to welcome Lady Pinfield, whose arrival made the party complete.

In private the Maharajah of Bangapatam was wont to allude to Lady Pinfield as the Grenadier. With the determined tread of her not small feet; with her high pompadour, the color of which had changed in some twenty-five years from light-brown to grey, while the coiffure remained exactly as it was when King Edward VII ascended the throne; and with her big aquiline nose and those large teeth dear to French caricaturists of Englishwomen, Lady Pinfield justified the nickname.

When Sir Lawrence died, his widow stayed on in Pippla, where his vacations had been spent for so many years, and none of the other British women would have ventured to contest her primacy.

"How are you, Maharajah Sahib? It's a fine clear night, but there's a nip in the air," she said in that gruff, jerky voice which had decided the social fate of so many. "I'm glad to meet you, Mrs. Winstanley. Are you going to reside in Pippla?"

"Oh, no," Angela replied. "This is just a quick visit. I shall be going back to England in the spring."

"Oh, yes?" said Lady Pin-

field. "To what part of England?"

"To Canterbury."

"Indeed, to Canterbury? Have you met the Archbishop?"

"Not the new Archbishop," said Angela, by which Lady Pinfield was at liberty to suppose that she had met his predecessor.

"And this is Ben Nevis," the host announced, obviously taking a good deal of pleasure in making the Grenadier get out of step for a moment.

"I didn't quite catch the name."

"Ben Nevis," His Highness repeated.

"How d'ye do, Mr. Nevis?" said the Grenadier.

"No, no, Lady Pinfield, he's not Mr. Benjamin Nevis. He is Ben Nevis, a great Highland chief, MacDonald of Ben Nevis," His Highness explained.

"How d'ye do, Lady Pinfield? How d'ye do, how d'ye do?" Ben Nevis woofed.

The Chieftain in his own garb was a sufficiently impressive figure to make Lady Pinfield realise that she had been less successful in asserting her primacy in Pippla society that she had come to accept as axiomatic.

"Of course, I don't really know Scotland at all," she said rather lamely.

"And this is Kilwhillie," His Highness went on.

"Another Highland chief?" Lady Pinfield inquired with a kind of arch condescension.

"Oh, this is quite a gathering of the clans," the host said. "MacDonald of Ben Nevis and Cameron of Kilwhillie."

"And wasn't it dreadful, Lady Pinfield," exclaimed Maud Nutting. "I used Mr. Cameron's name in a book."

"What book was that, Maud?"

"Tooth and Claw."

"Ah, I didn't read that, as you know," said Lady Pinfield. Fond as she was of Maud Nutting, the Grenadier always refused to read those of her books which she heard were advanced; literary taste in Pippla still considered Rudyard Kipling's story of the Gadsbys rather daring.

"I've started to read it," Ben Nevis announced. "But I'm rather a slow reader because I never can remember where I've got to in a book and so I expect I read a lot of pages over twice, and even three times."

Two khitmatgars opened the doors of the drawing-room to show that dinner was served.

"Now, I want you to take the other end of the table, Nosy," said the host. Lady Pinfield looked a little puzzled for a moment, but recovered complete equanimity when His Highness asked her to sit on his right. "Mrs. Winstanley, will you sit on my left? Tussore, I'm putting you next to Mrs. Winstanley, and Miss Nutting, will you sit next His Highness? Miss Lambert, will you sit on the left of the Chief? Kilwhillie, you're between Lady Pinfield and Miss Lambert."

"And how are you enjoying your visit to India, Ben Nevis?" asked Miss Nutting.

Before he could reply the sound of pipes was heard and into the dining-room came two ex-pipers from one of the Dogra regiments playing "Wi' a Hundred Pipers and a'" while they followed up with "The Road to the Isles" as they marched round and round the table.

"Oh, jolly good, Banjo," Ben Nevis bellowed in a voice that rang out above the skirling of the pipes. "Jolly good!"

Lady Pinfield fancied nervously that her pompadour might at any moment be blown from her head by this blast of sound, but feeling that the reputation of the British Raj was at stake she courageously

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Hair colour, without a doubt, is the beauty feature people notice most. That's why it is so important to every woman. If your hair colour is not all it should be—greying, dull or faded—my advice is for you to take advantage of Napro's wonderful selection of Hair Dyes. You'll be thrilled when you see your hair radiant with the new youthful colour that Napro Hair Dye imparts. You'll be delighted, too, with Napro's glorious true-to-life tonings—they're as fresh and subtle as Nature's own and completely defy detection. And, equally important for that "natural look," Napro leaves your hair beautifully soft, glossy and easy to manage. Thousands of women have proved the marvelous efficiency of Napro Hair Dye, and how easy it is to use. Remember, too, it does not stain the scalp, it is permanent (the colour is developed inside the hair and never wears off), and it takes a perfect perm.

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — November 10, 1954



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Continuing . . . Ben Nevis Goes East

[from page 45]

tried to tap a not small foot in time with the music. The other guests in the formidable noise seemed to be cowering like a picnic-party under a tree in a thunderstorm. Even Kilwhillie was blinking.

"Jolly good! Jolly good!" Ben Nevis bellowed enthusiastically. "I must have a dram with the pipers."

His Highness called for whisky.

"Slahnjervaw," said Ben Nevis, raising a glass of Stag's Breath.

"Salaam, Sahib," said the pipers, before they drained their glasses like veterans.

"Wonderful," Ben Nevis boomed solemnly in the hush that succeeded. "Don't know when I've been so much moved. Wonderful."

"Do you play the bagpipes, Ben Nevis?" Angela Winstanley asked.

"No, I'm not really musical at all," he replied. "But Hector plays rather well."

"Oh, he does?" Angela murmured. She had by now definitely made up her mind to refuse Hector's hand. And the prudence of this resolve was confirmed by hearing that Hector played the bagpipes.

"You are not fond of music, Miss Winstanley?" the Maharajah of Tussore asked.

"I love music," Angela exclaimed indignantly. "At one time I was going to study the piano with the idea of becoming a professional pianist."

The Maharajah was obviously surprised and pleased.

"Indeed? I am passionately fond of music," he told her. "I wonder if I can persuade you and your friend, Miss Lambert, to pay me a visit at Tussore? I can offer you a choice of pianos."

Angela turned round and looked directly into his dark eyes.

"Who is your favorite composer?" she asked.

"For the piano?"

She nodded.

"That depends on the time and the place and the player. But always I can surrender to Chopin."

"If I come to Tussore I will play Chopin to you," Angela promised.

"But of course you will come to Tussore. You know that we are much further down than Pippla."

"It will be warmer," said Angela.

"Very much warmer," the Maharajah agreed.

From the other side of the table Lady Pinfield was studying the newcomer to Pippla. She must find out from her host after dinner just exactly who she was. Apparently she had not met Tussore before this evening, or she would have suspected that Bangapatam had invited her to please him. Indians, however well bred, were capable of doing that kind of thing.

Nevertheless, unless an elaborate game of "let's pretend" was being played, Mrs. Winstanley and the Maharajah of Tussore had never met before this evening.

"And are you enjoying your visit to India?" Lady Pinfield turned to ask Kilwhillie, her right-hand neighbor.

"I'm not disliking it so much as I expected," he replied.

"You expected to dislike India?" Lady Pinfield exclaimed. "I never heard of anybody who expected to dislike India nowadays. We've done so much for them. Mind you, it's not easy to know India. I've lived here for over thirty years, and I don't consider that I really know India."

"Don't you, Lady Pinfield?"

her host put in, twinkling.

"No, and my late husband who as a judge had a very wide experience was always being surprised by unexpected be-

haviour which did not seem to surprise Indians at all."

"Have you been surprised by Indian behaviour yet?" His Highness asked Kilwhillie.

"Not nearly so much as I have been by the behaviour of British people out here," Kilwhillie replied, looking steadily at Ben Nevis, who at this moment was urging Maud Nutting to visit Inverness-shire and write a book about it.

"I was just telling Miss Nutting she ought to come and write a book about Inverness-shire, Hugh. You'd like her to visit you at Kilwhillie, wouldn't you?"

"I'm afraid my bachelor establishment wouldn't give Miss Nutting much to write about," said Kilwhillie. "A little fishing and a little shooting is all we have."

"Ah, that reminds me," said the host to the Maharajah of Tussore. "Ben Nevis is very anxious to shoot a panther. Couldn't you arrange a beat?"

"With the greatest pleasure," the Maharajah of Tussore replied. "That can be arranged for Saturday. Your Christmas guests won't be arriving till next week, will they, Bangapatam?"

"That's agreed," said the latter. "We'll start from here about half-past ten and reach Tussore in time for an early lunch."

"That will be excellent," the Maharajah of Tussore turned to Angela Winstanley. "Have you ever seen a panther shoot?"

he asked her.

"Never."

"Would you like to?"

"I'd love to."

THE Maharajah of Tussore turned to his host. "You'll bring Mrs. Winstanley and Miss Lambert, please," he said. "And you, Lady Pinfield?" he went on, diplomacy putting the brake on desire. "And of course Miss Nutting?"

"It's most kind of you, Maharajah Sahib, but though I used to accompany my late husband on shikari . . ."

"I know what that means," Ben Nevis burst in.

Kilwhillie looked at his friend as the owner of a large dog might look at it for jumping up suddenly and upsetting a tea-table.

"I've never done so since he died," Lady Pinfield concluded. "I'd love to come," said Miss Nutting. "I've never seen a panther shoot."

"You wrote a very elaborate account of a panther shoot in one of your books, Maud," she was reminded by Lady Pinfield, with a touch of acerbity.

"Yes, I know. It's in 'Freckles'. Freckles was a subaltern in Bulger's House," his creator told the company. "Guy Harford was his name."

Maisie Lambert was on the verge of saying something, but she caught Angela Winstanley's eye and refrained.

"Several kind friends corrected the details," Miss Nutting went on. "And one or two reviewers picked out the panther shoot as one of the best things in the book."

"Then you shall see on Saturday how well your imagination worked," the Maharajah of Tussore told the novelist.

When they were drinking their nightcaps in the guest-house, Ben Nevis asked Hugh Cameron if he had noticed how much interested Tussore had seemed in Angela Winstanley.

"I never notice that kind of thing," his friend replied distastefully.

"Well, when she was playing the piano after dinner I started to say something," the Chief-tain said. "Somebody playing the piano always makes me want to say something. And Tussore looked at me and said

"Hush.' You could have knocked me down like a feather. I know these Maharajah wallahs are quite important people in their own country. But even so it's extraordinary for somebody to say 'hush' to somebody in somebody else's house when somebody is playing the piano. It never happened to me before. I was absolutely staggered. However, as he's arranging this shoot for us I didn't like to do anything about it. So I said nothing."

"Which is what he wanted you to say," Kilwhillie commented.

"Still, it was a very jolly evening," the Chief-tain admitted. "Old Lady Pinfield was a bit stupid, I thought. Fancy having to explain to a judge's wife that I wasn't Benjamin Nevis. But I liked the novelist woman, I shan't mind a bit if she puts me into a book. Trixie might be a bit annoyed, but I shan't mind. And if she gets the description of my dress wrong you could help her to get it right. I mean, I wouldn't like to appear in a book wearing my sgian dubh on the wrong leg or being described in kilts. I think if she does want to put me in a book I must get her to come to Glenbogle."

"And, by Jove," he added, "if she can write a good account of a panther shoot without ever having seen one, think what a wonderful account she could give of the Monster. Well, I think we ought to go to bed, Hugh. You mustn't keep me up talking. I'm going to ask old Banjo to find me a place where I can have some practice with this Express rifle of mine. So you mustn't keep me up talking, Hugh."

The next day Kilwhillie was roused by Balu's bringing him his morning tea.

"Where's Sher Khan?" he asked.

"Master take Sher Khan for shoot and tell me bring Cameron Sahib his chota hazri."

"Shoot?" Kilwhillie repeated. "Shoot what?"

Balu Ram gave a propitiatory shrug to indicate his ignorance of the quarry.

"What clothes I put for Sahib?" he asked.

Kilwhillie found the ministrations of the little Dogra soothing and efficient; apart from a faint anxiety about what Ben Nevis was up to, he did not in the least mind having his own bearer taken away from him without warning.

"Where's Nosy?" the Maharajah asked when he and Kilwhillie met at breakfast.

"Apparently he's gone out shooting and taken my bearer with him."

The Maharajah chuckled. "I bet he's determined to carry off the honors tomorrow. I wonder what he's shooting at. Not your bearer, I hope?"

For a moment Kilwhillie thought his host was serious, but realised that he was not in time to be able to smile faintly.

"You're going to take part in the shoot tomorrow, of course?" the Maharajah went on.

"I'm afraid I didn't bring my rifle with me."

"I can lend you Gibb's Metford, which is excellent for panther. I'm using a Holland and Holland myself."

"But I've never done any panther-shooting," Kilwhillie demurred.

"Nor has Nosy," the Maharajah reminded him. "But we must give Miss Nutting a chance to see more than one gun in action."

"What is the exact procedure?"

"We shall leave here about half-past ten and get to Tussore in time for an early lunch. Then we shall drive to wherever Tussore has arranged for



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PMH 73

To page 55

You don't have to be Rosemary Clooney to have a movie-star complexion!

But you do have to use
a **WHITE** soap...
a **PURE** soap...
LUX TOILET SOAP

Lovely skin isn't a Hollywood prerogative... although the best in the world is seen there. That's because the stars are perfectionists — they *have* to be. Ask them how they manage to keep their complexions looking radiant through long days of filming, renewing make-up, interviews... they'd have just one answer... Lux Toilet Soap.

Movie star or not, every woman wants a smooth, lovely complexion — you included. Formula? That white, pure soap the stars insist on — Lux Toilet Soap. Lux Toilet Soap is gentle, mild and pure as pure — perfect for every skin. So why not begin making *yours* lovelier right away.

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If you haven't heard of **Rosemary Clooney** you've heard her! She's one of Paramount's loveliest young singing stars, soon to be seen in their **Vista-vision** film "White Christmas." Look at her radiant complexion! How does she do it? "I use Lux Toilet Soap," she says, "it leaves my skin so dewy fresh, satiny smooth."

* In Technicolor



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Moira Shearer



Film Fan Fare CONDUCTED BY
M. J. McMAHON

● Copper-haired ballerina Moira Shearer, one-time star of the Sadler's Wells company, is now concentrating on a career as an actress.

MOIRA captured the hearts of movie-goers a few years ago with her performance in the ballet film "The Red Shoes."

British producer Alexander Korda launched Moira on her new career as a "straight" film star with a splendid—and exacting—four-character role in one of his top 1954 movie ventures, "The Man Who Loved Redheads."

This film, a comedy in color, is adapted from the stage play "Who is Sylvia?" by Terrence Rattigan. In it 28-year-old Moira plays four widely different characters, ranging in age from a girl of 16 to a woman of 65.

Their names are Daphne, Olga, Colette, and Sylvia.

In keeping with her expressed wish not to give up dancing entirely, Moira has an opportunity to show her artistic skill in the film's seven-minute ballet sequence in which she dances Aurora in "The Sleeping Beauty."

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ELEGANT Greer Garson is pictured arriving at a Hollywood social function accompanied by her agent, Johnny Maschio.

Talking of Films

By M. J. McMAHON

★★ **Personal Affair**

TELLING how public opinion almost results in an innocent man being arrested on a murder charge, "Personal Affair" (B.E.F.) mingles subtly drawn character studies in a plot of mounting suspense.

A compassionate, but indiscreet, teacher in an English county school (Leo Genn), his handsome American wife (Gene Tierney), a lovesick 17-year-old pupil (Glynis Johns), and her middle-aged journalist father (Walter Fitzgerald) are the principal characters.

The adults are all articulate folk who are apt to talk somewhat fancily. The girl still

OUR FILM GRADINGS

★★★ Excellent
★★ Above average
★ Average
No stars—below average or not yet reviewed.

lives in the daydream world between childhood and young womanhood.

Sensing that his pupil has a crush on her teacher-husband, the wife, with the best motives in the world, sets the scene for drama by attempting to talk over the situation with the girl.

That night she disappears, the distracted parents put the matter in the hands of the police, and the teacher becomes the chief murder suspect when it is established that he was the last person to see her alive.

In an atmosphere of foreboding the tension mounts as the search continues and the weight of public indignation against the helpless suspect grows.

Glynis Johns does well in the role of the 17-year-old schoolgirl, but Walter Fitzgerald as her father is probably the most interesting character in the film.

Megs Jenkins and Pamela Brown play main supporting roles effectively.

In Sydney—Embassy.

★★ **The Lovers of Verona**

FRANCE'S skilled, controversial movie-maker, Andre Cayatte, presents a film of more than ordinary interest in "The Lovers of Verona."

Telling of a modern Romeo and Juliet, the story has tenderness and beauty, if not true passion.

The waterways of Venice, and old Verona, where the tomb of Shakespeare's Romeo and Juliet is said to stand, are the film's backgrounds; the movie industry provides the springboard for the drama of ill-fated young love.

The lovers (Anouk and Serge Reggiani) meet when they are hired by a Venice film studio to stand in for the stars during the filming of Shakespeare's "Romeo and Juliet."

It is a case of love at first sight. The girl, a delicate and radiant teenager, is the daughter of decadent Italian nobility. The young man, from the glass-blowing community of Murano, is a blithe philanderer.

The strange romantic tribulations which beset them during the remainder of the picture involve the lovers in incidents with complex characters whose complicated relationships are not too clearly explained.

Inevitably, their experiences culminate in Shakespeare's tragic finale.

Pierre Brasseur, Louis Salou, and Marcel Dalio work hard at roles that are not quite believable.

In Sydney—Paris.

ANNE CRAWFORD'S playwright husband has just finished writing a comedy called "Dry Rot." To celebrate it they moved into a new flat in Hampstead. And found it full of—dry rot.

CITY FILM GUIDE

Films reviewed

CAPITOL.—★★ "The Miami Story," crime thriller, starring Barry Sullivan, Adele Jergens, Luther Adler. Plus ★★ "Sabre and the Arrow," technicolor Civil War drama, starring Broderick Crawford, Barbara Hale.

CENTURY.—★★ "Act of Love," romantic drama, starring Kirk Douglas, Dany Robin. Plus featurettes.

EMBASSY.—★★ "Personal Affair," romantic drama, starring Leo Genn, Gene Tierney, Glynis Johns. (See review this page.) Plus ★★ "The Oracle," comedy, starring Robert Beatty, Virginia McKenna.

ESQUIRE.—★★ "Martin Luther," religious biography, starring Niall MacGinnis. Plus "Welcome to Wales," with Donald Peers.

LIBERTY.—★★★ "Gone With the Wind," technicolor Civil War drama, starring Clark Gable, Vivien Leigh, Leslie Howard, Olivia de Havilland. (re-release.)

LYRIC.—★★ "Dead End," melodrama, starring Humphrey Bogart, Sylvia Sydney. Plus ★★ "Raffles," crime adventure, starring David Niven, Olivia de Havilland. (Both re-releases.)

PARIS.—★★ "Lovers of Verona," French-language romantic drama, starring Anouk, Serge Reggiani, Martine Carol. (See review this page.) Plus ★★ "Beneath the Seven Seas," underwater documentary.

PLAZA.—★★ "Garden of Evil," CinemaScope technicolor Western drama, starring Gary Cooper, Susan Hayward, Richard Widmark. Plus featurettes.

REGENT.—★★ "Broken Lance," CinemaScope technicolor Western drama, starring Spencer Tracy, Robert Wagner, Jean Peters, Richard Widmark. Plus featurettes.

STATE.—★★ "Genevieve," technicolor comedy, starring Dinah Sheridan, John Gregson, Kay Kendall, Kenneth More. Plus ★★ "The Voice of Merrill," murder thriller, starring Valerie Hobson, Edward Underdown.

SAVOY.—★★★ "Les Enfants Du Paradis" ("Children of the Gods"), French-language tragi-comedy, starring Pierre Brasseur, Arletty, Jean-Louis Barrault. (Re-release.)

ST. JAMES.—★★★ "Seven Brides for Seven Brothers," CinemaScope musical in color, starring Jane Powell, Howard Keel. Plus featurettes.

VARIETY.—★★ "The Blue Mask," German operetta in color, starring Marika Rokk, Paul Christian. Plus featurettes.

VICTORY.—★★ "Human Desire," murder drama, starring Glenn Ford, Gloria Grahame, Broderick Crawford. Plus ★★ "El Alamein," post-war drama, starring Scott Brady, Rita Moreno.

Films not yet reviewed

LYCEUM.—★★ "War Arrow," technicolor period Western, starring Jeff Chandler, Maureen O'Hara. Plus "Ricochet Romance," comedy, starring Marjorie Main, Chill Wills.

MAYFAIR.—★★ "Calamity Jane," Western musical in color, starring Doris Day, Howard Keel. Plus featurettes.

PALACE.—★★ "Phantom of the Rue Morgue," melodrama in color, starring Steve Forrest, Patricia Medina, Claude Dauphin. Plus "Target," Tim Holt Western.

PRINCE EDWARD.—★★ "Money From Home," technicolor comedy, starring Dean Martin, Jerry Lewis, Pat Crowley. Plus featurettes.



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FRUIT JUICE

Warns Against Harsh Detergents in Shampoos



Popular model Virginia Gray uses Colinated Foam Shampoo. "I find it perfect for our sunny climate," she says.

If you wish your hair to show at its very best—to bring out all the hidden beauty of wavy highlights—you can't be too cautious in washing it! Shampoos containing harsh detergents ruin nice hair with their drying, chemical action. Especially with such things there is often the risk of solid matter not dissolving properly, and so burning the hair and "flattening" out the wave. That's why thousands of society women—who value beautiful hair—use only Colinated Coconut Oil Shampoo.

This pure, positively neutral, greaseless shampoo—free from all harsh detergents—cannot possibly injure or change colour of hair. A couple of teaspoonsful cleanses hair of every sign of dirt, dandruff, or excess oiliness—from roots to tips—completely. Its lather rinses out easily. Your hair dries quickly and evenly—coming out thick, silky, brilliant, glossy, wavy—and far easier to dress and "set."



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- CHECKS PERSPIRATION SAFELY
- AND SO EASY TO USE

63



1. **BOOKMAKER** Clarence Fritton (Alastair Sim), centre, arrives at St. Trinians with his racing associates to prevent the racehorse Arab Boy, which trains nearby, from going to the course.



2. **SIXTH FORM** gang, led by Arabella Fritton (Vivienne Martin), centre, persuades Clarence, who has heavily backed Blue Prince, to let them kidnap more fancied Arab Boy.



3. **STEALING** the horse is simple, but the Fourth Form, which has backed Arab Boy with all its pocket money, finds out and re-steals him.

LIVELY COMEDY

THOSE awful schoolgirls of artist Ronald Searle hit the highspots again in the new Launder-Gilliat comedy "The Belles of St. Trinians."

The screenplay deals with a typically lively spring term at St. Trinians, the famous fictional school for young ladies, where the girls become involved in horse-racing activities.

Alastair Sim plays a dual role in the film—that of unorthodox, redoubtable Miss Fritton, the headmistress, and Clarence, her dubious bookmaker brother.



4. **DISCOVERING** the horse, headmistress Fritton (Alastair Sim) must help the Fourth, having bet school funds on him.



5. **INTERFERENCE** is encountered from Clarence and his boys, who rush to aid the Sixth; from the games mistress (Joyce Grenfell); from visitors; and from an education official.



6. **INVADED** by belligerent Fourth Form members, the Sixth Form dormitory at St. Trinians is the scene of a battle royal. Even Miss Fritton and her staff take part.



7. **SMUGGLED** out of the school grounds in a milk-float, Arab Boy reaches the racecourse in time to take his place in the line-up of horses competing for the coveted Cheltenham Gold Cup.



8. **LISTENING** to the race broadcast, school-girls and Flash Harry (George Cole), their go-between, hear Arab Boy win the race. Miss Fritton's big win retrieves the bankrupt school.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — November 10, 1954

AS I READ THE STARS by Eve Hilliard

Your Sign Your Luck Your Job Your Home Your Heart Socially

<p>ARIES The Ram MARCH 21—APRIL 20</p> <p>★ Lucky number 3. Important days, November 10 and 12. You can attract success in a business matter by wearing a spray of lilac or a touch of mauve just now.</p>	<p>★ There is the possibility of a little extra money in the pay envelope, or you might be suddenly called upon to start on a slightly different kind of work.</p>	<p>★ Buying or selling property could bring gain to your pocketbook. Leases signed now may have clauses which are deceptive, so make sure or get advice.</p>	<p>★ Do you feel that love has become dull or tarnished through monotony? Suggest an unusual outing. Although long married, you can be young in heart.</p>	<p>★ There is the probability that you may combine business with pleasure either through a joint enterprise, such as raising funds for community purposes, or privately.</p>
<p>TAURUS The Bull APRIL 21—MAY 20</p> <p>★ Lucky number 9. Best days, November 11 and 14. Soft shades of rose will help to make personal relationships harmonious in the next few days.</p>	<p>★ Co-operation is essential to success just now. Your best tactics may be to remain in the background and work indirectly through other people, giving them credit.</p>	<p>★ Make no changes in your domestic set-up without consulting your husband or wife. Their help may be invaluable in choosing a major piece of home equipment.</p>	<p>★ Small attentions are flattering to a man's vanity, and to a woman compliments are never amiss. If you're generous with praise you'll find love sails along serenely.</p>	<p>★ A faster tempo may set you going on the social merry-go-round. More invitations than you can cope with; many of you may be busy buying a wedding present.</p>
<p>GEMINI The Twins MAY 21—JUNE 21</p> <p>★ Lucky number 1. Best days, November 9 and 13. You can increase your prestige or gain through your career by wearing golden-yellow.</p>	<p>★ Any business enterprise which brings you into contact with the public has a special appeal; quick decisions are characteristic and usually more fortunate for you.</p>	<p>★ Should you be asked to do a job about the house, get on with it, and finish it as quickly as possible. It may bore you while working on it, but your morale will rise.</p>	<p>★ If the one you love is popular with the crowd, don't try to monopolise him or her, but rejoice that others admire and respect the one you have chosen above all.</p>	<p>★ Activity may be easing off so far as big occasions are concerned, but a number of small, after-work parties are likely to be enjoyed with members of your own sex.</p>
<p>CANCER The Crab JUNE 22—JULY 22</p> <p>★ Lucky number 4. Best days, November 10 and 15. Modern prints, odd shades, unusual designs may attract sudden good fortune now. Don't forget touches of white.</p>	<p>★ Should your occupation take you about on short journeys they will stimulate your imagination and provide you with new ideas having a cash value.</p>	<p>★ You may be called upon to plan a children's party or to entertain young people. Hold the affair outdoors or remove fragile objects from places of danger.</p>	<p>★ Your natural reserve may act as a barrier, and hurt pride may cause you to appear cold or indifferent. Go out of your way to show your affection and friendship.</p>	<p>★ Every kind of entertainment is under favorable influences, but it will take you away from home and be apt to cost more than you usually spend.</p>
<p>LEO The Lion JULY 23—AUGUST 22</p> <p>★ Lucky number 2. Important days, November 10 and 14. A touch of white will bring good fortune through members of the family or women friends just now.</p>	<p>★ Ambition is excellent, but you must be prepared to do a certain amount of drudgery in order to harvest the reward. Weigh the work involved before setting a price.</p>	<p>★ Family reunions can be made enjoyable if you play up to older members of the group, while elderly friends may find a visit or an invitation from you a joy.</p>	<p>★ You are apt to be reckless, impulsive in matters of the heart. Should a misunderstanding arise before long, do not hit out blindly. Await an explanation.</p>	<p>★ Nobody can be a better host or hostess, and right now you can pay your social debts happily. Hospitality is the order of the day, but keep it simple.</p>
<p>VIRGO The Virgin AUGUST 23—SEPTEMBER 23</p> <p>★ Lucky number 6. Best days, November 9 and 13. Almost any shade of blue will help you in the direction of pleasant social contacts at present.</p>	<p>★ You could readily become bogged down in a mass of detail and believe that unfair demands are made on you. Take a broad view and try to finish on time.</p>	<p>★ It is probable that you will be "out" a great deal during the next few days. In order to enjoy your jaunts, plan meals ahead which have been partly prepared before.</p>	<p>★ Some of you may be taking the beloved too much for granted. A down-to-earth, matter-of-fact attitude can be crushing to romance. Put yourself in the other's place.</p>	<p>★ Outings, little week-end jaunts are your best bet at present, both for the young and the young in heart. Plan in detail; try adding new features to your trip.</p>
<p>LIBRA The Balance SEPTEMBER 24—OCTOBER 23</p> <p>★ Lucky number 3. Best days, November 11 and 14. If you wear amethyst jewellery or a touch of mauve in your dress you may gain extra money soon.</p>	<p>★ A sporting sense might lead you into a mild speculation which might bring thrills, sudden gains or losses. You'll have your money's worth, but don't get in too deep.</p>	<p>★ Blissful couples starting house-keeping, happy families settling into new homes, amateur interior decorating with help or criticism from others, make a colorful week.</p>	<p>★ Fancy-free subjects of Libra may meet with sudden romance or love at first sight. You may be brought together through sport or common interests.</p>	<p>★ Everything is going to have a practical value, so, whether you like it or not, you may become part of a working bee and vote that it was good fun after all.</p>
<p>SCORPIO The Scorpion OCTOBER 24—NOVEMBER 22</p> <p>★ Lucky number 8. Best days are November 12 and 13. By choosing the paler shades of blue you may attract good fortune through the opposite sex.</p>	<p>★ That dashing, adventurous attitude towards financial matters must be tested in the light of cold facts before taking action. Conservative Saturn is in your sign.</p>	<p>★ Should you be obliged to live alone and like it for the next few days, comfort yourself with the thought that there is less work and you can eat what you like.</p>	<p>★ With Venus in your sign at present, you cannot escape love, and you are serious about it as is no other sign. Do not let jealousy spoil the biggest thing in your life.</p>	<p>★ You seem unable to separate romance from purely social interests; don't consider the evening a total loss if the "one and only" isn't there.</p>
<p>SAGITTARIUS The Archer NOVEMBER 23—DECEMBER 20</p> <p>★ Lucky number 5. Most important days are November 11 and 15. Silver-greys will give the right vibrations for ingenious solutions of present problems.</p>	<p>★ A long, steady pull early in the week could lead to your blossoming out along new lines whether you work at home or abroad; you'll find new interest in the job.</p>	<p>★ While having friends in for the evening is enjoyable, don't let it be spoiled for you by elaborate arrangements which exhaust you. Keep it simple and still be popular.</p>	<p>★ The outdoor type, who adores tennis or hockey, may find it difficult to become adjusted to a record-playing enthusiast. Try to meet his or her interests fifty-fifty.</p>	<p>★ People will not go out of their way to seek you out. You must take the initiative at times and persuade them to co-operate with your plans for group activities.</p>
<p>CAPRICORN The Goat DECEMBER 21—JANUARY 19</p> <p>★ Lucky number 3. Best days are November 10 and 14. Ivory or parchment-white have a romantic appeal just now and can do much to enhance your popularity.</p>	<p>★ You'll solve more than one business problem by shrewd judgment and careful planning during the next few days. Personal satisfaction will be high.</p>	<p>★ If you are fortunate enough to have a certain amount of spare time, have you considered learning a skill which you could pursue at home as a sideline?</p>	<p>★ A wonderful new project which you can both share, whether a sport, a hobby, or a study, will bring you closer together. This is sound technique for lovers.</p>	<p>★ The desire to help others, perhaps accompanied by much sacrifice of time and energy on your part, will produce spiritual satisfaction and practical results.</p>
<p>AQUARIUS The Waterbearer JANUARY 20—FEBRUARY 19</p> <p>★ Lucky number 1. Best days for action are November 11 and 15. The wearing of golden-browns or sunny-yellows could further your ambitions now.</p>	<p>★ Should you lose your job you'll shortly find another which suits you better. Beware of petty jealousy or silly and utterly stupid gossip among your associates.</p>	<p>★ Plan a holiday for this summer. Get books, folders, explore possibilities, cost, etc. If you get away, even for a short while, home will look wonderful on your return.</p>	<p>★ Your little world is a stage, and if you wish to please your "public" you must use the brilliant imagination and the artistic gifts your sign bestows. Follow your intuition.</p>	<p>★ A little quieter now, so use this breathing space to get set for the hectic time ahead. You may receive a letter or a visit from friends at a distance.</p>
<p>PISCES The Fish FEBRUARY 20—MARCH 20</p> <p>★ Lucky number 5. Excellent days are November 13 and 15. A suggestion of leaf or grass green would favor holiday or travel plans in the next few days.</p>	<p>★ Trusting to inspiration, putting your heart and soul into your work accomplishes much, but Pisceans often fall to last the distance. Go slower and stick at it.</p>			



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Those who travel widely, for business or for pleasure, must have observed how frequently **BENSON and HEDGES** Super Virginia cigarettes, made from the finest of fine tobaccos, are called for to distinguish any special occasion when only the best will do.



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"They go from two to 22!"—is how Mr. and Mrs. S. Murray, of Alexandria, describe their healthy family of nine. Pretty teenagers, young working men, energetic schoolboys and a rollicking two-year-old make plenty of washing for Mrs. Murray.

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Rinso is the only product recommended by the makers of all leading washing machines



beaters to ring the pan-
 One usually takes up a
 on a platform to get
 shot as the beasts break
 over and cross the open
 ground. By the way, you'll
 want to remember that they
 moving much faster than
 seem to be moving."
 The Maharajah went on for
 while with reminiscences of
 one sport and then said sud-
 denly: "Tell me, do you think
 was upset by the attention
 Mrs. Winstanley was receiving
 Tussore last night?"
 Kilwhillie looked at his host
 in bewilderment, the piece of
 machinery he was about to put
 into his mouth remaining upon
 the fork in suspension. "Why
 would he be upset?"
 "Ah, well, I suppose he's
 learned philosophy by now and
 can face calmly the disillusion-
 ment of age," said the Maha-
 rajah. "We all have to come
 to it. Klopczok beats me every
 other time now at table-
 tennis. That's what it means
 to grow old. Mind you, she's
 very, very attractive little
 woman, and I can well under-
 stand what Nosy feels about
 her. Yes, yes, we can be as
 philosophical as we like, but all
 the same it hurts."
 "I'm afraid I must seem very
 dull," said Kilwhillie, "but I
 really don't understand where
 philosophy comes into it."

Continuing

Ben Nevis Goes East

[from page 47]

"You think he's deluding
 himself, eh?" the Maharajah
 went on. "Yes, that happens
 to us all too often when we get
 past sixty. I haven't seen Nosy
 for many years, but he has
 changed very little in essentials
 from what he was in his early
 twenties, very little indeed. In-
 deed, he's no different from
 what he was when he was at
 school."

"I suppose he was pretty
 noisy, eh?" Kilwhillie asked.

"Noisy? I never heard any-
 body make so much noise. I
 remember once when something
 pushed him into the swimming-
 pool he made as much noise as
 ever, bubbling and blowing un-
 der the water. It was an ex-
 traordinary effect. Well, I
 hope he won't let himself be
 upset too much over Mrs. Win-
 stanley."

"Oh, I think he feels less
 worried than he did," said Kil-
 whillie, who supposed from the
 last remark that Ben Nevis
 must have been confiding in
 the Maharajah about Hector.

"I'm glad of that. I thought
 he must have learned philoso-
 phy by now. After all, my dear
 fellow, nobody can escape grow-
 ing old. And once we start
 trying to think we can cheat

age by indulging in the follies
 of youth we're bound to suffer
 for it."

By now Kilwhillie had de-
 cided that the Indian approach
 to a domestic problem was from
 an angle so remote from the
 British approach that Ben Nevis
 had made another of his im-
 pulsive mistakes in confiding
 to the Maharajah his anxiety
 over Hector.

At the same time the Maha-
 rajah himself was supposing
 that Kilwhillie, with the notori-
 ous inability of the British to
 face facts, was refusing to face
 the fact of his friend's infatu-
 ation with Mrs. Winstanley.

At this moment the subject
 of this discussion at cross-pur-
 poses came into the breakfast-
 room, looking curiously sub-
 dued.

"Good morning, Banjo. Good
 morning, Hugh," he said. "I'm
 afraid I'm rather late for break-
 fast."

"Oh, breakfast is a movable
 feast at Rosemount," his host
 assured him. "I hope Kilwhil-
 lie and I have left you enough
 after your shooting exercise."

Ben Nevis looked round from
 the side table where he was
 helping himself from the hot-
 plate.

"You didn't hear what hap-
 pened?" he asked keenly.

"We've heard nothing at
 all," the Maharajah replied.
 "Not even a shot," he added
 with a chuckle.

Ben Nevis took his seat at
 table and started upon the kid-
 neys and bacon.

"That is very good bacon,
 Banjo," he said presently. "Do
 they go in much for bacon
 here?"

"Not the Muslims,"
 the Maharajah said.

"I was thinking more about
 the British residents."

"They most of them eat
 plenty of it," the Maharajah
 told him.

"Yes, I realise that," the
 Chieftain said. "What I really
 meant was 'Do any of them go
 in for keeping pigs?'"

"I don't think I ever heard
 of them keeping pigs in Pippa,
 but for all I know some of

them may keep pigs. Why do
 you ask?"

"Oh, no reason in particular.
 Just curiosity," the Chieftain
 replied with a rather too much
 accentuated unconcern to seem
 quite natural. "By the way,
 I owe you an apology, Hugh,
 for borrowing Sher Khan this
 morning, but I thought he'd be
 more up to what I wanted to
 do than my own bearer. I hope
 Balu looked after you properly."

"What did you want to do,
 Nosy?" his host asked.

"I wanted to try this Ex-
 press rifle I bought in Inver-
 ness before we left. It's a new
 kind of shooting for me."

"And what did you practise
 on?" the Maharajah asked.

"What did I practise on?"
 Ben Nevis repeated.

KILWHILLIE
 looked at his friend in surprise.
 Ben Nevis sounded embar-
 rassed, and in all the years Kil-
 whillie had known him he had
 very rarely seen him sound em-
 barrassed.

"Well—er—" Ben Nevis
 went on, "Sher Khan pulled
 along a plank which he got
 hold of somewhere by a long-
 ish rope. I asked him last
 night if he thought he could
 do this for me. And it worked
 very well. We got down by
 that rocky slope at the bottom
 of your garden, Banjo, because
 Sher Khan told me that pan-
 thers like to lie up among
 rocks."

"I know where you mean,"
 said the Maharajah. "Just
 above old Major Crumble-
 holme's place."

"Crumbleholme? What an ex-
 traordinary name!"

"Not Crumplehorn. Crum-
 bleholme."

"Well, that's an extraordi-
 nary name too. Who is he?"

Ben Nevis asked.
 "He used to be in Campbell's
 Sikhs, but he retired before the
 war. He must be over seventy
 now. He's been living in Pippa
 for years. And how silly of
 me! You asked just now if

any of the British residents
 kept pigs. Why, Major
 Crumbleholme keeps pigs."

"Oh, he does?" Ben Nevis
 muttered gloomily. "Of course,
 he would, being a Campbell."

"He's not a Campbell, Don-
 ald," Kilwhillie put in. "The
 Maharajah said he was in
 Campbell's Sikhs. It's a regim-
 ent."

At this moment one of the
 servants came in and said some-
 thing to the Maharajah.

"Well, here's a coincidence,"
 the latter exclaimed. "We are
 talking about Major Crumble-
 holme and he has come to call
 on me on a matter of business.
 I wonder what the old boy
 wants?"

Ben Nevis cleared his throat.
 "Well, I think before you see
 this wallah, Banjo, you'd better
 hear exactly what did happen
 about an hour ago. The whole
 business was an unfortunate
 accident, but this is how it hap-
 pened. As I told you, Sher
 Khan was dragging this plank
 along the rocks just beyond
 your grounds. I had a couple
 of shots with my Express, both
 of which hit the plank plumb in
 the middle. I was rather pleased
 about this because, though the
 plank wasn't moving at the
 pace of a panther, a plank is
 a good deal smaller than a
 panther."

"Well, then Sher Khan car-
 ried on with the plank and I
 had another shot, and when I
 went down to see where I'd
 hit it, Sher Khan was looking
 at a dead pig, which apparently
 I'd shot. You see, just as I
 fired at the plank this con-
 founded pig must have been
 lying asleep in front of it. Sher
 Khan apparently doesn't like
 pigs. All he said was something
 about it's being a dirty animal,
 and, in fact, he seemed de-
 lighted I'd killed it. I'm bound
 to admit that it did look very
 like a domestic pig, but it
 wasn't until I was eating that
 excellent bacon of yours, Banjo,
 that it occurred to me it might
 really be a pig belonging to
 somebody."

He ended, looking really wor-
 ried. "That's why I asked if
 anybody kept pigs in Pippa.
 And now I can't help feeling
 this—this Major Crumple . . ."

"Crumbleholme," said the
 Maharajah.

"This Major Crumbleholme
 —I never heard a more pre-
 posterous name in my life —
 yes, I can't help feeling this
 Major wallah may be the owner
 of it. What's the best thing
 for me to do? It's most awk-
 ward, isn't it? What would
 you do, Hugh?"

"There's only one thing you
 can possibly do," Kilwhillie
 told his friend. "You'll have to
 apologise to Major Crum-
 bleholme for shooting his pig and
 offer to make good any damage
 you've done."

"Naturally, I'm prepared to
 do that," Ben Nevis said with
 as much dignity as a man who
 has shot a neighbor's pig can
 muster. "All the same, if people
 leave pigs sleeping about among
 rocks they oughtn't to be sur-
 prised if something happens to
 them. I've always said that
 about chickens. If you let your
 chickens go dashing about in
 the middle of the road you
 oughtn't to be surprised if one
 of them gets run over by a
 motor-car. What sort of wallah
 is this Major wallah?"

"I don't know him at all
 well," said the Maharajah.
 "He's been in here once or
 twice. He collects butterflies."

"Collects butterflies?" the
 Chieftain echoed in amazement.
 "But I thought you said he'd
 retired from the Army before
 the war. He must be a man
 of seventy, at least. And he
 collects butterflies? Look here,
 Hugh, I wish you'd go and
 see him and explain that shoot-
 ing this pig of his was an acci-
 dent and say I shall be de-
 lighted to pay any price he
 cares to put on the animal."

"No," said Kilwhillie firmly.
 "You shot the pig and you
 must explain to the owner of
 it what happened."

Ben Nevis turned to the
 Maharajah, but His Highness
 was by now shaking like an
 enormous jelly with laughter.

"You'll have to go yourself,
 Nosy," he managed to gasp,
 and then went on shaking.

"Well, if I must I suppose I
 must," the Chieftain said. "I

To page 58



JOINT PAINS

"A sufferer for years... now I feel quite young again..."

ONLY those who have suffered the constant nagging pain of rheumatism can know the full blessing of the relief experienced by Mrs. R. W.; read what she says, in her own words: "... what a lot of good your wonderful Kidney and Bladder Pills have done for me. I have been a sufferer for years. . . . A friend recommended me to try your pills and I have not yet finished a small bottle. My pains have vanished . . . I feel quite young again."

(The original of this letter can be seen at our Melbourne office).

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EASIER SNAP FIT CONNECTIONS. Cleaning tools for chairs, curtains and all "above-floor" cleaning, snap on in a second — and stay locked so that none of the powerful suction is lost.



FRAGRANT AIR DEODORANT PAD. Your whole room is fresh and fragrant after you use this new Hoover because it has a special deodorant pad which filters air, helps to remove tobacco smells and mustiness.



A TOOL FOR EVERYTHING. Included with the tools for curtains, upholstery, etc., are a polishing mop and a spray gun for paint or insecticides. Tools and cleaner are so easy to store.

SUMMER GARDENING



BEAUTIFUL LAWNS, which show the results of proper watering, are shown in the garden of Mr. and Mrs. Leonard Darling's home in Toorak, Melbourne. The garden with its deciduous trees and shrubs was designed to give a decorative effect all year round with the minimum of labor.

Summer months are difficult for the gardener. Hot, scorching days play havoc with lawns, shrubs, and plants which must be given extra care with watering.

IT is an important thing to know how to make the best use of the available water supply.

If ample water is on hand, it is just a matter of finding time to move sprinklers, but there are many areas where there isn't plenty of water, and there are many people who haven't much time.

The first step in the problem is how to apply water. The answer is a deep, long drink.

It is far better to soak established plants thoroughly once a week than to give them a superficial sprinkle daily.

Sprinkling encourages shallow root growth, which will readily die if the soil dries out between waterings.

Watering

FREQUENCY of watering depends on the type of soil.

Sandy soil has a low retentive capacity and so needs water more often than clay or heavy loam, the small individual particles of which hold water more readily.

However, clays have the disadvantage of setting hard, especially in hot weather. It is advisable to stir the surface each time before watering.

Early morning or late afternoon is the best time to water, as there is less evaporation at these times than when a hot, midday sun is blazing.

Some type of sprinkler or one of the newer types of plastic soakers gives best results, because they do not damage soil structure and give a gentle, even distribution.

Weeding is especially important in summer, because weeds take as much water from the soil as garden plants, to say nothing of the plant nutrients they remove.

There are some specially troublesome summer weeds, and the rampant growers—like

summer grass—really take over if they get a hold.

They look so inoffensive when tiny that it is easy to disregard them.

But they are easy to destroy when small, so waste no time in getting down to this dull chore of weeding.

One of the most valuable summer practices is mulching, as it also helps to conserve water.

The best mulch is made of well-decayed stable manure or compost, because it has a nutritive value as well as being a moisture saver.

A mulch is spread on the surface and not dug in. This is particularly important when it is of undecayed material.

Bacteria responsible for decomposition need nitrogen for the job, and if it is not added as fertiliser they will take it from the soil, causing a soil deficiency, at least temporarily.

That is why it is always better to let plant refuse decay in a compost pit.

However, mulches made of undecayed materials are quite safe, if kept in their right place—on the top of the soil.

Mulching should be about two inches thick and should be applied to damp soil, which has been lightly stirred.

Care of lawns

A BEAUTIFUL lawn is a wonderful asset in summer. There is nothing difficult in its upkeep, the most important feature being regular and thorough watering, applied slowly to avoid waste.

It is essential to be sure that the water is penetrating, because lawns often become root bound, developing a mass of fibrous roots near the surface through which water does not easily penetrate.

The root layer should be disturbed by forking, which enables water to get through. A lawn planted with summer-

growing grasses like couch, buffalo, or kikuyu can be fertilised now, if a dressing was not applied in spring.

A suitable mixture is 3lb. sulphate of ammonia, 2lb. superphosphate, and 1lb. sulphate or muriate of potash. It should be applied at 6lb. to 8lb. per 1000 square feet.

If necessary, a dressing of sulphate of ammonia, using 3lb. per 1000 square feet, can be applied in January.

Distribute fertiliser evenly, using sand as a filler to assist in even spreading. Sulphate of ammonia will burn grass if not handled properly. As soon as applied it should be washed in with a good watering.

Top-dressing lawns with soil does not feed them unless compost is used. A sandy top-dressing is only useful for filling in holes. Fertiliser must be used in addition.

Soft, herbaceous weeds like lamb's tongue, dandelion, and cud weed can be controlled in summer with 2, 4-D weedicide, but hormone-type killers do not kill grasses.

Paspalum, Parramatta grass, and other troublesome types will have to be pulled out by hand.

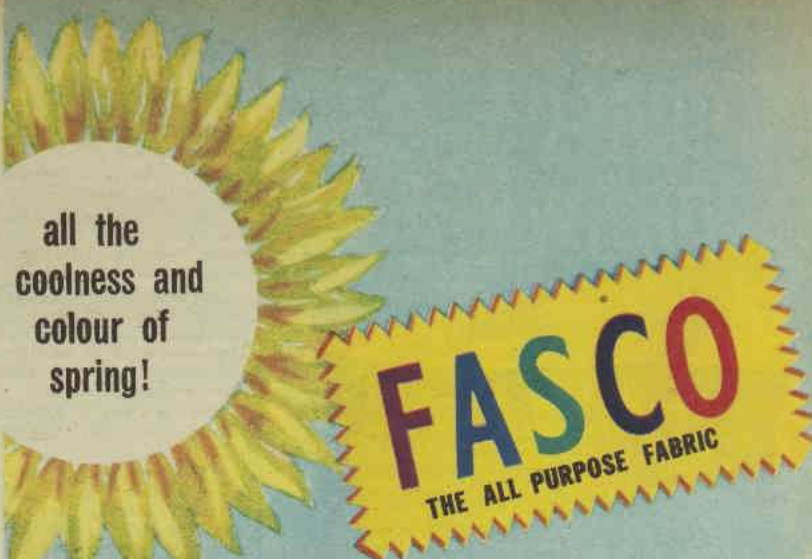
Holiday hints

IT is heart-breaking to go away for a summer holiday and come home to a withered garden.

Hours of planning and hard work can be undone in a couple of weeks, if no provision is made to cope with hot sun and blustering winds.

Though there is nothing like constant care for a garden, these tips should prevent complete ruin.

- Soak your garden thoroughly just before setting off.
- Have plenty of hoses, each with a fixed sprinkler, and ask the children next door to turn the taps on while they are playing at weekends.
- Leave a weedless garden, so there is no unnecessary sharing of water.
- Spread a liberal mulch over all beds.



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Continuing

must get his name right though."

"Crumbleholme," Kilwhillie repeated slowly.

"I'll think of sweetbread," the Chieftain announced.

"Oh, Nosy, Nosy," His Highness wheezed in a paroxysm of mirth, "why on earth are you going to think of sweetbread?"

"It's Pelmanism. You think of crumbs and bread, and then you think of home, sweet home. Then you think of sweetbread and remember that this wallah's name is Campbellholme."

"But it isn't," Kilwhillie pointed out. "It's Crumbleholme."

"Yes, that's what I meant, but he was in a regiment called Campbell's Sikhs. You know, these Campbells are absolutely impossible people. Not content with getting everybody out of Argyll except themselves and then trying to put the Kinlochleven Aluminium works on the Argyll rates, which fortunately for us in Inverness-shire was stopped by Lochiel . . . what was I saying? It makes my blood boil when I think of that attempt to bag Kinlochleven for the Argyll rates . . . yes, and now here they are in India collaring everything too. Jute and Sikhs and . . ."

"And a place called Campbellpore," the Maharajah added.

"You don't mean to say they collared a whole town in India? It's staggering. It really is."

And the misdeeds of the Campbells so preyed upon the mind of Ben Nevis when he was on his way to interview Major Crumbleholme that when he saw a wizened little man in a tweed suit standing in the Maharajah's drawing-room he said, "Major Campbell, I believe?"

"No sir," the little man rapped out sharply. "My name is Crumbleholme."

"That's what I mean," Ben Nevis barked. "I believe you've come about a pig."

"A pig? What pig?" the Major snapped. "I've come to ask His Highness for a subscription to the Pippa branch of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals."

"But I thought you kept pigs," Ben Nevis said.

"So I do, sir. Have you any objection to my keeping pigs?" Major Crumbleholme snapped.

"Have you missed one of your pigs lately?"

"Why should I miss one of my pigs?" the Major asked. "I don't keep my pigs as pets, sir. I keep them in order to have decent bacon. I'm very fond of bacon, but I like good bacon. And by keeping my own pigs I get good bacon."

"Well, I'm afraid I shot one of your pigs this morning."

"You shot one of my pigs, sir?" the little Major exclaimed. "How dare you shoot one of my pigs?"

"Yes, I was trying out an Express rifle before we go on a panther shoot with the Maharajah of Tussore tomorrow, and I happened to shoot one of your pigs."

"It's very difficult to mistake a pig for a panther, sir."

"I didn't think your pig was a panther. I thought it was a plank."

"My pigs bear no resemblance whatever to planks, sir," the Major said angrily. "My pigs are well fed and well looked after."

"This pig wasn't well looked after," Ben Nevis declared. "It was lying about in the rocks beyond the Maharajah's grounds."

"That is my land, sir, and my pigs are entitled to use it. They like sunning themselves, and it does them good to sun

Ben Nevis Goes East

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themselves in winter time. And let me add, sir, that you were no more entitled to shoot planks on my land than pigs. I don't know who you are, sir, but unless you're a socialist you ought to know that a man's property is his own."

"My name is MacDonald—Donald MacDonald of Ben Nevis."

"Where's that?"

"Ben Nevis is the highest ben in Great Britain," said the Chieftain grandly.

"A mere pimple!" the Major scoffed.

"A mere what? Did you say a pimple?" the Chieftain gasped.

"To those of us who like myself are familiar with the Himalayas," the Major added.

In happier circumstances Ben Nevis might have asked Major Crumbleholme if he had ever seen any Abominable Snowmen, but his Highland pride had been too deeply wounded for him to surrender either to curiosity or to credulity.

"I don't think there's any reason to prolong this interview," he said with dignity. "If you will let me know how many—er—chips I owe you for this pig I shall be glad to pay at once."

"The value of a pig at the present moment is 150 rupees and I shall be glad if you will take steps to have the carcass removed. I do not want to have my night's rest ruined by jackals," said the Major.

THRUSTING his hand into his pocket, Ben Nevis, with stately precision, counted out the sum in notes.

"Good-morning to you, sir," said Major Crumbleholme. "I shall not trouble the Maharajah of Bangapatam for a subscription. It would be ironical, sir, to ask His Highness to subscribe to the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals when he is apparently unable to prevent his guests from killing harmless pigs upon his neighbor's land."

Major Crumbleholme swung round and marched out of the room.

"And this wretched little dried-up butterfly collector the size of a peanut had the insolence, Hugh, the infernal insolence to say that Ben Nevis was a pimple. I've not been in such a rage with anybody since the secretary of the Hiker's Union came mincing up to me on Drumcockie last Twelfth. Crumb is what he ought to be called, for that's what he looked like. Well, the Campbells can have him! Ko hi!"

Balu Ram hurried in to the sitting-room.

"Bring me a burra burra burra peg," Ben Nevis told his bearer. "A moth-eaten bug-hunter calling Ben Nevis a pimple," he growled.

"Laugh and grow fat," says the adage, but the Maharajah of Bangapatam was so fat already that laughter probably had a slimming effect. At any rate, he had not been so active at table-tennis for a long time as he was that evening before dinner after laughing at intervals about Ben Nevis and Major Crumbleholme's pig throughout the day.

Klopcoz, his Czech professional, who had been winning every other set recently, was beaten in four sets, and what is more was so obviously piqued by his employer's victories that nobody could have supposed that he was letting him win for diplomatic reasons.

His Highness came into the smoking-room before dinner in a mood of rich benevolence; he was so full of good humor that

he allowed himself one or two pre-prandial gimlets, and at dinner drank three or four glasses of champagne.

Kilwhillie, under the influence of Major Crumbleholme's pig, was almost debonair, and amused his host by telling him the story of the hikers who had been imprisoned by Ben Nevis in the dungeon at Glenbogle Castle.

"Do you remember Lord Buntingdon at Harrow, Maharajah? He's the President of the National Union of Hikers and he really was an extremely comical figure in shorts."

"I knew him well," the Maharajah replied. "He was Ouse in those days and was always known as Ozy. He collects tortoises. You ought to have gone to Ouse Hall, Nosy, and shot one of his tortoises."

But the Chieftain did not respond. The comparison of Ben Nevis to a pimple seemed in retrospect more outrageous than when it fell from the thin lips of Major Crumbleholme. He had been brooding over it ever since.

"Shall I invite the Major to come with us tomorrow?" the Maharajah suggested. "You might have a chance to shoot him, Nosy."

"Ha-ha-ha," his guest laughed with the melancholy sound of the Atlantic in the depth of a cave at the base of a cliff in the farthest Hebrides.

"Never mind, my dear Nosy," His Highness consoled him. "I shall arrange a pleasant surprise for you tomorrow."

This pleasant surprise proved to be the despatch of Ben Nevis in one car with Mrs. Winstanley while he and Kilwhillie escorted Miss Nutting and Miss Lambert in the other.

"But won't that make rather too many in your car, Maharajah? Hadn't I better go with Donald and Mrs. Winstanley?" Kilwhillie suggested.

"Now, don't be a spoil-sport, my dear Kilwhillie," said His Highness. "You are quite as bad as the Major."

"What has the Major been doing?" Miss Nutting asked. "You know, we poor novelists are always looking for copy."

"Then you shall sit by me, and we'll put Kilwhillie and Miss Lambert in front of us."

The Maharajah had been right in thinking that the arrangement would please Ben Nevis. Seated beside Angela Winstanley on the way to Tussore, the spirits of the Chieftain returned. "Do you know a wallah called Major Crumbleholme?" he asked.

"No, I've never heard of him," she replied. "What does he do?"

"He breeds pigs and collects butterflies. A most unpleasant type. He was in Campbell's Sikhs, if you've ever heard of such a regiment."

"Indeed I have," said Angela. "It's rather a crack regiment."

"I wouldn't pay much attention to that. The Campbells always make out they're better than anybody else. I mean to say, you'll hear some boobies claim the Argylls are as good as the Clanranalds, which of course is utter nonsense. By the way, His Highness is writing to ask Hector's Colonel if the boy can spend Christmas up here at Rosemount."

"You told me, that will be very jolly," Angela said.

"Yes, I thought you'd be pleased."

Yet an observer who had noticed the way that the bow of Angela's mouth had grown suddenly taut might have wondered if she was really as pleased as she declared she was.

"Yes, I've been thinking over

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Continuing

Ben Nevis Goes East

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things since I came up to Pippla," the Chieftain went on. "The air here is much clearer than it was in Tallulaghabad and I've been wondering whether a father has any right to try and interfere in the private affairs of his son."

"That rather depends on the son," Angela said.

"Oh, yes, quite so. I agree with you absolutely. But Hector is very like me in many ways and when I found how very much I took to you at once I said to myself, 'Supposing you were the same age as Hector, wouldn't you feel you were entitled to marry the girl you wanted to marry?' Look here, Angela, I'm going to be quite frank with you. I came out to India under the impression that Hector had got himself tangled up with a designing woman, if you know what I mean."

"I do indeed," Angela murmured.

"Instead of which I find you'd been grossly . . . what's the word? . . . grossly . . . er . . . maligned. Yes, that's it. Maligned. I don't mind telling you that I began to suspect as much when I was drinking cocoa with your late husband on board the 'Taj Mahal.' In fact, I said to my friend, Hugh Cameron . . ."

"Who doesn't approve of me at all," Angela interposed.

"Oh, well, dear old Hugh. He doesn't approve of anything. He was at Winchester, you know, and they have what they call notions, and one of these notions is that if you're not a Wykehamist you don't know anything about anything at all. Curious people, very. But you mustn't be put off by this stiff sort of manner he has. He's a splendid chap, always back to back with me. That's why he came out to India, of course. He had a wrong impression of you too."

"And still has," Angela said.

"Yes, but you must remember Hugh hasn't got my quick mind. He can't change his mind in a flash as I can. He's got into the habit of hanging on to that moustache of his and stroking it, and if he isn't stroking his moustache he's stroking Bonzo."

"Bonzo?"

"That's his dog. Now, I never stroke anything, and so I know my own mind. But I'll tell you this, Angela. If you married Hector, in another two years or so you'd find that Hugh Cameron would be absolutely devoted to you. I'm sure of that."

Angela Winstanley looked out of the car at the landscape swiftly passing. They had just turned off the corkscrew road down to the plains and were driving through a country of low wooded ridges intersected by stony glens.

"We must be getting near to Tussore," she said. Then she turned to Ben Nevis. "You needn't worry about Hector and me. He's too young for me."

"You're not much older than he is."

"Oh, in actual years only one, but in reality I'm a very great deal older than Hector. Even older than you, dear Ben Nevis. India is not a country to keep people young. You didn't realise, did you, why the Maharajah put you and me together in this car? I do. He thought he would give you an opportunity to make love to me, because he is quite sure that you wouldn't have suggested inviting me to Rosemount unless you were interested in me."

"Well, I am interested in you."

"Ah, yes, but not in the way

the Maharajah supposes." She put her slim ringless hand for a moment on the back of his. "You dear big innocent," she murmured.

"But it would never enter my head to try and make love to you," the Chieftain protested.

"Of course not. But it would never enter the Maharajah's head that you wouldn't."

"Extraordinary!" the Chieftain ejaculated.

"But I'm very grateful to him for that mistake. If he hadn't made it I shouldn't have been invited to Rosemount and I shouldn't have had a chance of being invited to the Maharajah of Tussore's Christmas party. I should just have been one of the people staying at Parker's until I went back to Tallulaghabad to wonder about the future. Oh, and that reminds me. John Tucker is coming up to Parker's for Christmas and it would be kind if you'd get him an invitation to Rosemount. He has been very kind to me and he's most hospitable."

"I know. I went round to his place, and he gave me some jolly good whisky. Young Duncan Robertson took me round there one evening. Hector wouldn't come. I liked him very much."

"He's another of the lovers that the mem-sahibs of Tallulaghabad have allotted to me."

"Good lord!" Ben Nevis ejaculated.

FOR a few moments Angela was silent, then she said, "Now I'm going to tell you something seriously which I told you before half jokingly. Just before you arrived in Tallulaghabad I'd practically made up my mind to refuse absolutely to marry Hector. I said to myself that he would be sure to become boring as he grew older, and that he would also become stuffy and ugly. And then when you came to call on me that first evening you looked so marvellous in your kilt—yes, Hector has taught me not to say kilts—and so handsome in a fierce kind of way that I began to wonder if after all I shouldn't like to marry Hector and go back to that house he talks about—lodge he called it."

"I wonder which one he was thinking of. We have rather a nice lodge by Loch Hoch."

"That's the one."

"I think you'd be very comfortable there, Angela," said the Chieftain.

"Dear Ben Nevis, dear, dear Ben Nevis," she said. "You know as well as I do that it wouldn't work. I was never meant to be the wife of a Highland Chief, any more." She quickly added, "than I was meant to be the wife of a bank manager or of a clergyman. Look," she said suddenly, "that must be Tussore we can see."

Angela was right, and a few minutes later the car drove under the great portico of the Maharajah's palace, where two sentries in uniforms of brilliant blue presented arms as Ben Nevis and Mrs. Winstanley walked up the marble steps to be received by the salaams of what seemed an army of attendants.

"Welcome to Tussore," said His Highness the Maharajah, who was waiting to receive his guests in the colonnaded marble hall of the Palace.

Hardly had he shaken hands with Angela Winstanley and Ben Nevis than a fanfare of trumpets announced the arrival of His Highness the Maharajah of Bangapatam. The Princes greeted one another with a ceremoniousness that seemed to

call for the most elaborate robes of satin and bejewelled turbans.

On the way to the comfortable and cosy room where drinks were being served before an early tiffin the Maharajah pointed out one or two of the treasures in his famous palace.

"And this is my music-room, Mrs. Winstanley," he said, opening a door and gesturing inside. She saw a concert grand piano and a smaller grand, cluster of music stands, the huge horn of a gramophone, cabinets packed with gramophone records, a large Persian carpet on the inlaid floor, and on the white walls many silk Persian rugs.

"Which piano will you play?" he asked.

"I don't think your other guests will want to listen to music before tiffin, Maharajah Sahib," she said.

"But I want to hear you play," His Highness insisted.

"Your Highness means you want to hear how I play in the cold light of morning," Angela said with a smile. "I shall try not to disappoint you some other time."

A quick frown passed between the Maharajah's dark eyes; he was not used to refusal. However, it was but a momentary displeasure and he bowed his acceptance of it.

After lunch, when the guests were preparing to get into the three waiting cars, the host met with a serene refusal when Angela, instead of getting into his car, said she thought the ladies should keep together. So the host had Ben Nevis as his companion and the Maharajah of Bangapatam had Kilwhillie.

"Mrs. Winstanley seems very anxious for feminine company," said the Maharajah of Tussore to the Chieftain. "I do hope you didn't frighten her, Ben Nevis, on the way down from Pippla."

"No, no, no, we were discussing her future plans," said Ben Nevis. "You know, of course, that she's waiting for her divorce to be over and done with?"

"Yes, I had heard that. She is a very attractive woman," said the Maharajah.

"Oh, most attractive. And so natural. That's what I like about her. I should welcome her as a daughter-in-law."

"As a daughter-in-law?" the Maharajah repeated in amazement.

"I meant to say, if she decided to marry my boy Hector. He's in the Clanranalds down in Tallulaghabad. But it looks to me as if she were going to refuse him. But you never know."

The Maharajah of Tussore was silent for a minute or two. So this was the explanation of his guest's interest in Mrs. Winstanley. Bangapatam had been wrong.

"My own opinion, for what it is worth, is that Mrs. Winstanley intends to marry this wallah Tucker," Ben Nevis announced.

"Who's he?" the Maharajah asked quickly.

"He has a brewery in Tallulaghabad. I believe he's coming up to Pippla in a few days."

"He is, is he?" the Maharajah muttered.

Ben Nevis, who had realised that the Maharajah was attracted by Angela Winstanley, was determined not to let him think that she was going to be his for the asking.

"And mind you," he went on, "I wouldn't be at all sure that she and her former husband won't come together again."

"What?" the Maharajah exclaimed.

"As a matter of fact I met him on the 'Taj Mahal.' Quite a good chap and very fond of

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Listen to the Constant Invader

To page 61

"... but what caused it, Doctor?"

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*Kill flies
as soon as they
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cocoa. Mind you, I don't think he was the right husband for Angela, but she might feel that it would save a lot of bother if she went back to him. He's a quiet sort of wallah, and if he didn't drink too much of this cocoa I believe they might settle down together again quite happily."

Ben Nevis said no more about Angela Winstanley's prospects of matrimony; he felt that he had got his own back for that "hush" with which the Maharajah had rebuked him for conversation while Angela was playing the piano at Rosemount.

After a drive of about twenty miles the cars stopped beside a low hill and all walked down to take up positions on a low platform at the head of a glade between stretches of scrubby woodland.

"Not a sound above a whisper," the Maharajah of Bangapatam warned all the novices at the panther beat.

"I can't whisper properly," Ben Nevis croaked. "So I shan't say a word. My head stalker always insists on that at home."

"Miss Nutting, please," the Maharajah of Tussore whispered, "I'm afraid you must take off your hat. It is too bright and might make the panther turn off when he comes this way."

"Oh, dear," Miss Nutting whispered in a flutter of agitation. "I ought to have left it in the car. Why didn't you warn me?"

Everybody said "Hush," and Miss Nutting became so agitated that she might have stepped backward off the platform if Kilwhillie had not grasped her arm. She smiled at him so gratefully that he very nearly let go of her arm. However, the offending hat was successfully removed and sent back to the car by a bearer.

Then the noise of the two hundred beaters who had ringed a couple of panthers started.

"Well!" Ben Nevis ejaculated. "I don't know why we're all whispering. I can hardly hear myself speak at the top of my voice above that yelling. We don't yell like that when we're beating for grouse."

Continuing

"Hush!" everybody hissed. After a quarter of an hour of yelling the female panther came lolloping along toward the platform.

"It's your shot, Nosy," cried Bangapatam.

Ben Nevis fired without making the panther change her course. Then the Maharajah fired, and to the manifest delight of Ben Nevis also missed.

"Here comes the male," cried Tussore, firing as he spoke. The panther went bounding on.

"I can't help feeling glad that the panthers got away," said Angela. "They are so like large cats, and I love cats."

"Oh, do you, Mrs. Winstanley?" Miss Nutting asked her reproachfully. "I like dogs so much better than cats. I had a darling Scottie once and he was carried off by a panther. So I have no pity on panthers. Poor Mac! He was an absolute angel. I just had to say 'Cats' and he was after them in a flash."

"Until a big cat gobbled him up," Angela observed.

"We shan't see the female again," the host said. "But we'll go on a bit to the tower and we may get another shot at the male."

Miss Nutting asked why the female would not be seen again.

"The beaters don't want to lose her," the Maharajah replied. "They like to have panthers about because it keeps woodcutters from poaching their wood."

"I wish we had a few panthers in Glenbogle," said Ben Nevis. "I doubt if we should see a single hiker, even in August."

The top of the tower, which was some twenty feet high, was reached by wooden steps round the outside. It stood in a space of open ground about a hundred yards square which the panther had to cross when it broke cover. The yelling of the beaters began again. After about twenty minutes the male panther appeared in the open, moving at speed but seeming almost to amble along toward the cover beyond.

Ben Nevis fired and missed.

Ben Nevis Goes East

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"Nosy, Nosy," Banjo murmured, but he too missed.

And it was Kilwhillie who to everybody's surprise and above all to his own hit the quarry. Moreover, his bullet killed the panther stone dead.

The congratulations were warm, the applause was loud. The marksman stroked his moustache in embarrassment.

"You must have it stuffed, Hugh," the Chieftain declared, "and take it back with you to Kilwhillie."

"I'm not going to cart a stuffed panther about with me," said the hero of the afternoon. "It would mean an endless argument with the Customs. But I'll take the skin back with me and hang it up in the gunroom."

KILWHILLIE'S panther was measured, and when it was pronounced to be seven feet eleven inches over all the victor received fresh congratulations on having killed an animal of unusual size.

"I shall tell Macfarlane when I get back that I'm very disappointed with this Express he sold me," Ben Nevis announced.

"I don't think that's fair, Nosy. What about the pig you shot yesterday morning?"

And at the recollection the Maharajah of Bangapatam began to shake once more with inextinguishable laughter.

"A wounded pig can be a pretty tough customer," the Maharajah of Tussore observed.

"But it wasn't a wild pig," the other Maharajah managed to wheeze. "It was one of Major Crumbleholme's pigs."

"Oh, you didn't shoot one of the Major's precious pigs?" cried Miss Nutting. "Oh, how too utterly marvellous!"

The Maharajah of Tussore decided that enough had been said about the pig. He did not want his guest to suppose that he was enjoying the story in retaliation for what he might suppose he himself had been told about Mrs. Winstanley

during the drive to the beat.

"I shall see that your panther will be ready for you when you leave India," he told Kilwhillie. "Will you drive with me now to the Palace?"

The ladies drove back together again. Ben Nevis was with the Maharajah of Bangapatam.

"I don't think you and I had better go and listen to Mrs. Winstanley playing," said the Maharajah, "because if we begin to laugh in the middle of the music Tussore will be absolutely furious. He has no sense of humor at all when he is interested in a woman. And I think he is very interested in Mrs. Winstanley. I hope you're not annoyed about that."

"My dear Banjo, it's nothing to do with me. It's my boy Hector who's in love with Angela."

"Oh, that's it, is it? Ah, now I understand. Oh, we must certainly get him up here for Christmas. Well, that's most amusing. I thought it was you who were interested in little Mrs. Winstanley. And I wouldn't blame you. All the same, when we get to our age, Nosy, it's wiser not to surrender to these infatuations."

When after tea the Maharajah of Tussore asked Angela to play to him for a little before they drove back to Pippla the ladies accompanied him to the music-room where, for nearly half an hour, Angela played nocturnes, etudes, and impromptus of Chopin to her host.

"Yes, you play Chopin much better than any woman I ever heard," the Maharajah told Angela. "I hope you and Miss Lambert will come and spend Christmas with me here. We shall have a big party on Christmas night."

"Your Highness is more than kind, but a friend of mine, Mr. John Tucker, is coming up to spend Christmas at Parker's Hotel and we can't leave him to amuse himself all alone in Parker's."

The Maharajah frowned for a moment.

"But you will come to dinner

and stay to dance afterwards?" he asked.

"If we may bring Mr. Tucker we shall be delighted. He will have his car."

"I shall send an invitation to Mr. Tucker," the Maharajah said. "He runs the Golden Lion Brewery in Tallulahabad, doesn't he? A plump little man?"

"Plumpish," Angela admitted.

"Perhaps you and Miss Lambert would give me the pleasure of lunching with me on Tuesday and of giving me a long afternoon of music. My new military adviser will be arriving in Pippla on Tuesday morning and a car can bring you and him to Tussore."

"That would be lovely, Maharajah Sahib," said Angela. "What is the name of your military adviser?"

"Captain Gerald Ripwood of Bulger's Horse," the Maharajah replied.

The breathless squeak emitted by Maisie Lambert was muffled by the gurgle of joy from Maud Nutting.

"Oh, how too topping," she cried. "Freckles, my favorite character of all, was in Bulger's Horse. Good-bye, Maharajah, Sahib, and thank you again for an absolutely marvellous day. I can't say how much I'm looking forward to your Christmas party."

Maisie Lambert thought the drive back from Tussore was the longest she had ever taken, for she was palpitating to talk about what to her seemed the world-shaking news so quietly announced by the Maharajah.

The nervous tension was not relaxed by having to listen to Miss Nutting talking all the way to Pippla about the astonishing coincidence of hearing on the very same day as she had seen a panther shoot that an officer of Bulger's Horse was going to arrive almost immediately in Tussore.

"You see, when I was writing about Freckles, I really fell in love with Guy Harford myself. You haven't read 'Freckles,' have you, Miss Lambert?"

I shall send a copy round to Parker's this evening. You'll see how very like a real panther

shoot is to the one I described in my book, except, of course, that Guy Harford himself shot three panthers and he could have shot a fourth but he wanted his friend Dick Carstairs to show Kitty Kenderdyne what a good shot he is. Kitty is the daughter of the Governor and Dick is madly in love with her, but I mustn't spoil the story by telling you beforehand what happens."

"No, you mustn't do that, Miss Nutting," Angela said earnestly.

An hour later Maisie Lambert was at last able to ask the question which she was longing to ask.

"Oh, Angela, what am I to do?"

"I don't know why you're letting yourself get into such a state, my dear Maisie. I'm quite sure Gerry Ripwood will be asking what he is to do when he presents himself here next Tuesday and finds who it is he has to escort to Tussore. But we'll talk about it after dinner. I want to have a bath. And you'll be in a better condition to discuss the future after a bath."

So it was not until after dinner that Maisie was able to say once more to her friend, "But, Angela, what am I to do?"

They had gone up to Angela's bedroom, where the fire had been lit. As they sat down on either side of it there was a noise like stage thunder above their heads.

"What's that?" Maisie exclaimed in affright.

"It's the monkeys chasing one another on the roof," she was told with a laugh from her friend. "They're probably quarrelling about love. Monkeys have their complications too."

"I don't know what I shall do when Gerry arrives on Tuesday," said Maisie. "I haven't seen him for three years. Who would have dreamed that he would have come to Pippla like this?"

"My dear girl, he is going to be much more embarrassed than you. That's a sure thing. It's much worse for a man who has walked out on a girl to

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Continuing

Ben Nevis Goes East

[from page 61]

meet her after three years than it is for the girl who's been walked out on, if you see what I mean, as my dear Ben Nevis says."

"Yes, but suppose he feels that he treated me badly and wants to marry me now?"

"Wishful thinking, Maisie, my dear. Just wishful thinking."

Maisie shook her head sadly.

"You're awfully cynical, aren't you, Angela?"

"No, not cynical, Maisie. Merely practical."

"You know, sometimes I think you're absolutely heartless, Angela."

Angela flicked the ash from her cigarette into the fire.

"Yes, Maisie," she assented with a sigh. "Sometimes I think the same."

"I wonder if he's changed much," Maisie speculated.

"One of the tragedies—no, not tragedies, that's too pompous a word—one of the ironies of life is that men change externally less than women and more inwardly, whereas with women it is just the reverse."

"You mean he'll think I look older?" Maisie asked anxiously.

"Of course he will. You can't be jilted in India and spend three years fretting about it without looking older."

"And so I suppose he'll say to himself how right he was to break off our engagement," Maisie sighed disconsolately.

"It may not be quite as simple as that. It may depend on what happens at Tussore," Angela told her.

"But what could happen there that would have anything to do with Gerry?"

"Quite a lot."

"As for instance?"

"As for instance if the Maharajah asked me to marry him," Angela said slowly.

"Angela! You're not talking seriously?"

"Quite seriously. You heard me refuse to stay at Tussore?"

"Yes, but that was because of John Tucker."

"That was the excuse I made, but Tussore himself knew perfectly well what the real reason was," Angela said.

"What was the real reason?"

"That I wasn't prepared to be his mistress. So now he has to think again and decide how much he wants me. He may, of course, decide that he doesn't want me enough to ask me to marry him. We shall see."

Maisie stared at her friend in awe.

"If anybody else but you had said that to me I should have laughed," she declared. "But somehow when you say it it sounds as if it really might happen."

Angela bent over and stirred the logs with a poker until the flames began to dance in the grate.

"Let us suppose that Tussore does ask me to marry him. What do I say? He is not much over forty. He is still slim and certainly very handsome. He is genuinely devoted to music. I think music is what people call a ruling passion. He has had two Maharajahs. Both are dead, but each presented him with a possible heir. So he hasn't got to worry about that. I don't want to live in England. I love India. Even the dull life I've spent so far in India hasn't destroyed a particle of that love. I can imagine nothing better than life in India with all the money you want."

ANGELA paused reflectively, then went on, "Yes, I think if Tussore asks me to marry him I shall say 'Yes,' but John Tucker might ask me to marry him, and I might have to make up my mind which of the two I would accept. John Tucker could also give me all I wanted."

"And Hector MacDonald? You've quite decided about him?" Maisie asked.

"Oh, I never seriously contemplated marrying poor Hector. It was amusing to find that I was upsetting the memsahibs of Tallulahabad and to know that Hector's father was being summoned out to India to rescue his son from a designing female. And it was rather sweet revenge to know that Papa would be quite pleased now if I did agree to marry his son. But once I knew that, I realised that nothing would induce me to do so."

"Nevertheless, I'll admit, Maisie," she continued, "that when I first saw Ben Nevis I did wonder if perhaps I might not marry Hector. However, I very soon faced the acid fact that Hector would not be like his father for another forty years and I couldn't see myself putting up with Hector even for the next ten years."

Maisie, who had listened patiently, as indeed she always did, to Angela talking about herself, thought she might venture to bring the conversation back to Gerry Ripwood.

"You haven't advised me yet what I am to do," she reminded her friend.

"Do you want to marry Gerald Ripwood?" Angela asked.

"I think I'm still in love with him," Maisie replied. "That's why it was such a shock when the Maharajah said he was coming to Tussore."

"Then if you want to marry him," Angela said, "you must hope that Tussore will ask me to marry him and that I shall say 'Yes.'"

"But what has that to do

with Gerry?" Maisie asked in bewilderment.

"Why, if I know anything about Gerry Ripwood . . . and I know of nothing except to his disadvantage . . . I fancy you will begin to look very like the knife that helps him to spread the butter on the right side of his bread. In other words, if he thinks he can establish himself comfortably at Tussore he will keep in with me."

"But, Angela, I wouldn't like to think that Gerry was marrying me for that reason. I mean to say, after the way he treated me I should want to feel that he felt he had made a mistake and that he wanted me because he loved me."

Angela was going to say something, but Maisie went on quickly, "You mustn't blame Gerry for what happened. I was weak, and if a girl is weak she must not put all the blame on the man. Gerry may have thought that if I was weak with him I might be weak with other men after we were married."

"Maisie, Maisie, please don't talk such blithering nonsense. Ripwood behaved like a cad and there was no excuse for the way he let you down. However, if you think you'll be happier married to him I'm quite willing to help you find out if you're right. But you'd better make up your mind that the only reason why Gerald Ripwood will marry you is if he thinks it will help his future career."

She went on firmly, "Hector told me he's not one of the most popular characters in the Indian Army and I should imagine that he has taken this job at Tussore in the hope of its leading on to a permanent job with one of the Princes. And now as I've answered your question . . ."

"But you haven't answered it, Angela," Maisie protested. "What am I to do when Gerry comes here on Tuesday?"

"Be calm and cool and collected."

"But I don't think I can. You've no idea how my heart was beating all the way from Tussore, and when the Maharajah first said that about Gerry Ripwood coming to be his military adviser I nearly screamed."

"Well, go to bed now and start preparing yourself to be apparently quite indifferent. Remember you have the advantage because you know that you're going to meet Ripwood and he doesn't know that he's going to meet you. You've had your shock. He hasn't had his yet. So go to bed. I want to go to bed because I have a lot of hard thinking to do."

"About what, Angela?"

"About my future. Early next month I shall be absolutely free, and I have to decide what I want to do with my freedom."

"I wish I could be as calm as you are," Maisie said wistfully. "I do so admire your poise. I think you're wonderful."

"Go to bed," Angela told her friend.

"I shan't sleep a wink. Do you think I ought to tell my father that I'll be meeting Gerry again?"

"Oh, for heaven's sake, Maisie, what's it got to do with your father? Captain Ripwood isn't a job for the Public Works Department. He's a job for you, and you alone. With a little help from Angela, perhaps, and I shall find it amusing to handle Captain Gerald Ripwood. And for the last time, go to bed, Maisie."

The monkeys were running about again over the corrugated iron roof of Parker's Hotel as Maisie went out of Angela's bedroom.

To be concluded

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Continuing . . . The Berringer Inheritance

belief: "... my faith in the men for whom I must vouch."

Slowly dissolving, that image faded into the recollection of linked memories—the morning when he had crossed the Camden bridge to come to the Research Centre for the first time, leaving behind the squalor of a childhood spent in his foster parents' slum shack home, entering the polished bronze doors of the Research Centre, savouring the immaculate cleanliness, the considerate silence, the imperturbable order, everything blending into the miraculous materialisation of his most cherished fantasy.

But above all else there had been Dr. Joseph Berringer. In the first moment of that first meeting Tony Carmine had seen Dr. Berringer as a man above and apart from other men. Even his great reputation had proved an inadequate measure of the man himself.

It was only when he had met him face to face that Tony had felt his surpassing strength of character and his tough-fibred dedication to a way of life. Subconsciously, but wholeheartedly, Tony Carmine had accepted the status of a disciple, ready to follow Dr. Berringer's fearless footsteps.

Suddenly, Tony Carmine's hand whipped up. The capsule of MK1144 was in his mouth. The gulp of water brought on a momentarily uncontrollable fit of coughing.

Instantly, the door flew open. Miss Benton said, "Dr. Carmine, are you all right?"

Still coughing, he managed a nod, but before he could clear his throat to speak she had said, "I'm sorry," and the door had closed again.

He was so startled by Miss Benton's appearance, an unmeasured moment slipped by before he remembered to check his watch. Grimacing, he estimated a lapse of fifteen seconds and made the first entry on the blank page of his ever-present notebook: 4:09:15 p.m.—0.5 gr. of MK1144 orally.

Hurriedly, he reached for the report file, shuffling papers

until he found Weinstock's forecast of the drug's effect, re-reading the significant paragraph of summary: When administered orally, an 0.5 gr. dose of MK1144 should noticeably relax nervous tension within ten minutes, although a somewhat slower reaction may be anticipated in a highly neurotic patient.

Well, that gave him ten minutes, he thought; might as well use it to go over the budget revision again—still 20,000 dollars of the savings that the accountants had asked him to make.

He spread the yellow work sheets over his desk, but found it difficult to concentrate—too big a job to get started on, anyway. . . . only ten minutes . . . nine now . . . and he'd have to be on his toes the last minute or two . . . probably be difficult to observe the relaxed nervous tension when there was so little tension to relax. Or was he a little tense this afternoon?

No, not now . . . only for a minute or two back there . . . falling into his old error of letting his memories get the upper hand . . . kid stuff . . . hero worship . . . the way he'd felt about Doc Berringer until he finally got wise to the fact that he didn't rate as high down at the main office as the lab. gang had always imagined he did.

It had been George Calhoun, director of sales, who had finally set him straight that afternoon after Tony had attended his first meeting of the executive committee as the new director of research.

"Tony, I know how you feel about old Doc—natural, I guess, you being one of his boys—and I'd be the first to admit that the old guy was probably a great scientist. But you've got to realise, Tony, that when it came to managing the Research Centre he was strictly a pain in the neck."

"As far as Dr. Berringer was concerned, the world ended right there at the Research

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Centre's gate. The rest of the company just didn't matter. No more sense of business than a new-born babe.

"He'd spend five years and a small fortune researching some off-beat project and all we'd get out of it would be some little item that wouldn't sell enough in ten years to pay for the cost of printing the labels."

"Tony, we've got to have products that are going to sell—and in real volume. And we've got to get 'em first, not after our competitors have beaten us to the cream jug. That's what we're counting on you to give us out there, Tony—breadth, business point of view, a real sales-minded research programme."

The revelation that Dr. Joseph Berringer had been held in such low regard had been a shock doubled in intensity by Tony Carmine's realisation that he himself was vulnerable to precisely the same criticism.

He, too, had been living only in the small world of the Research Centre, no more than vaguely aware of the other planets in the company's solar system—the strange, outer-space worlds of sales, advertising, merchandising, market analysis, packaging, finance.

They were never-never lands peopled with odd creatures like George Calhoun who exhibited a fantastic preoccupation with such oddly diverse and uninteresting subjects as percentage of profit to net capital employed, ratios of sales by territories to the buying-power index, golf scores at Pine Valley, precocious children, and wives who demanded a telephoned explanation every time a home-ward train was missed.

But, no matter how strangely incomprehensible they were, those men were management—the "President's Office"—the inner circle that really ran the company while Ian McKendrick, the fourth-generation family president, sat by in dignified acquiescence, usually as silent as the portraits of his ancestors on the walls of the directors' room.

George Calhoun had made it plain enough that what the President's Office wanted was "less Berringer and more action," and Tony had done his best to give them what they wanted, starting with the man-driving development of MK1144—the new drug that should, in two or three minutes now, begin to dull the responses of his nervous system.

The MK1144 project had been launched at Tony's second executive committee meeting—when Dr. Alex Trombley, the medical director, had produced an outline of the characteristics that a group of West Coast psychiatrists had suggested as being desirable attributes of a new drug to be used in narcoanalysis.

George Calhoun had whooped it up for the idea, pointing out that psychiatry was the fastest-growing branch of the medical profession, and that a drug to tap that market would have a tremendous sales potential.

Tony, asked whether he thought the Research Centre could develop such a drug before some competitor, had seen no alternative except to reply that he'd turn heaven and earth to win the race, an answer that had prompted George Calhoun to shout, "That's my boy! Now we're really getting somewhere!"

Back at the Research Centre, Tony had hurriedly reshuffled priorities, giving the new project a top-ranking AAI. He had shelved a half-dozen other long-range development programmes in order to clear the best men available for the big drive to develop and test the new psychiatric sedative.

Fortunately, there had been a lucky break right at the beginning. A file search had turned up a compound, synthesised years before, that had shown marked sedative properties; but, like so many of the

Beauty in brief:

TAN SKIN FLATTERY

By CAROLYN EARLE

● It is a mistake to try imitating suntan by using dark face-powder, but when the natural complexion takes on a sun-warmed tint you will need a darker powder to flatter it.

THE idea of mixing your own powder as you go along is not exactly new, but if you don't already know it do give it a trial.

Two boxes of powder are needed for this—one in your ordinary pale toning and a second in a shade of deep, rosy tan.

Gradually, as your face becomes darker with exposure, mix more and more suntan powder with the pale shade. Eventually, when you are thoroughly tan, use the suntan color only over a warmly tinted foundation, and you will look radiantly healthy.

Always take extra care in applying dark face-powder, which tends to look darker still under the eyes and around the nose and mouth.

Remove any excess with a piece of clean cottonwool.

other compounds that had been developed under Dr. Berringer's management, it had simply been stored away and forgotten. With that start, the MK1144 project had been driven through to a successful conclusion in record-breaking time.

Now, only ten months afterwards, the refined drug was ready for clinical testing, and the vastly complicated machinery of marketing was standing by, all set to roll. Tonight, the west-bound mail plane would carry the first lots of MK1144 to the big-name psychiatrists whom the medical director had lined up to handle the clinical test.

Frank Wellman, from Professional Relations, would fly out next week to help co-ordinate the results and push through the writing of the all-important "paper." Tom Buckley was already at work pulling the strings that would ensure fast publication in the Journal. Ad-

vertising had got approval on a name to replace "MK1144." Labels and cartons were designed and ready for the printers.

George Calhoun's office looked like the staff room of an army, the walls covered with maps outlining the strategy of the big drive to detail every practising psychiatrist in the country within eleven working days.

And the production department was standing by to make good on its promise that it could stock the nation's drug-stores within thirty days after the final go-ahead was given.

All that was needed now was the signature of Dr. Anthony Carmine on the canary-colored release form that Miss Benton had filled out for him earlier in the day. He pulled it towards him now.

Actually, he thought, there was no point in waiting to sign

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BREAD 'N JAM!

school's out!
energy needed...

JAM gives it!

Remember how you used to make straight for that big slice of bread and jam when you got home from school. Melon and lemon! Blackberry! You never knew—or cared—that the jam on your bread was packing 100 calories into you! Fuelling you up with energy. Let your youngster celebrate "school's out" the way you did. It's the snack they love. It saves you time. Jam saves you time with so many things.



JAM IS PACKED WITH ENERGY



BUY JAM IN ANY SIZE

It stays usable. Buy an extra flavour or two this week to have variety. Tins, jars or cartons—so you can buy jam in every size.



HOT SCONES AND JAM

For afternoon tea! Have you been making scones lately? Hot from the oven with strawberry jam . . . or apricot or apple jelly. That wonderful hot scone smell on a chilly day is heaven. Umh!



JAM ON ICE CREAM

Heat some blackberry or raspberry jam in a saucepan and pour it over ice cream. Delicious. Or use it straight from the container.

* Remember how you loved bread and jam or jam tarts when you were a youngster?



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chapping.
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and fingers.



Your hands need the rich,
protective oils that neutralize
the drying effect of harsh
soaps and detergents and the
chapping caused by wind
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Use fragrant creamy
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see how your hands
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Keep your hands
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It's handier in a tube . . .
keep it handy!

Small, Large,
Economy Sizes.

HAND BEAUTY CREAM

Continuing . . .

The Berringer Inheritance

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it. This taking of the first dose was only a formality, an old Berringer ritual—meaningless—a waste of time.

Tony looked at his watch. The minute hand had travelled with astounding speed—almost nine minutes had elapsed since he had taken the capsule. He ought to be feeling at least the start of a reaction.

What if nothing happened? Suppose there was no reaction? . . . MK1144 a failure! His first major project as director of research turned into a flop!

His hand found a mist of perspiration on his forehead. Getting warm—open the window—

But he found the window already open. He caught a glimpse of his face reflected in the glass of the top sash and leaned forward to examine the pupils of his eyes. There was no dilation.

His pulse was normal. Respiration was normal, too. Of course, this was what Weinstock had predicted: no observable physiological reaction other than the lessening of general nervous tension.

But he wasn't even feeling that . . . nothing. Reaching for his notebook, he made the second entry, writing on the ledge of the window-sill: 4:20:45 p.m. No reaction.

Looking down, he saw that azaleas bordering the quadrangle of lawn had burst into bloom . . . strange that it should have happened so quickly . . . no flowers when he came to work this morning. Probably because of the sudden change in the weather . . . beautiful day . . . the first really nice day all spring.

The sky was a deep cobalt-blue, and white clouds floated lazily away from the smoky veil that hung over the distant city. Downstream, all but lost in the haze, he could see the bridge to Camden. Yes, that had been a day like this, that day when he'd come across the bridge to meet Dr. Berringer for the first time.

A buzzing sound invaded his consciousness. Could this be the start of the MK1144 reaction—the typical tinnitus manifestation of many of the sedative drugs?

He slumped, grinning sheepishly, aware now that the sound was coming from a power mower on the lawn. He inhaled deeply, anticipating the pleasant odor of newly cut grass.

Instead, startlingly, his nostrils caught a flowery scent. Azaleas? No, azaleas were odorless. Could MK1144 be causing some sort of an olfactory hallucination?

There was a faint sound behind him, and he turned to see Miss Benton watching him from the doorway. "He's here!" she said. "That's his car."

"Car? Whose car?" "Mr. McKendrick's. I just happened to look out and I saw it."

He glanced out and down. Yes, there it was, the presidential limousine as miraculous materialised as the blooms on the azaleas. Mr. McKendrick must be in the building now, Tony thought, coming up in the elevator.

Tony Carmine braced himself to resist the clutch of terror that had always choked his throat whenever he faced the prospect of meeting the president of McKendrick and Company. But now, astoundingly, his mind remained clear.

"What are you going to do?" Miss Benton asked.

"Do?"

"You can't talk to him now." He blinked at her. Where had she got the idea that there'd be anything difficult about talking to Mr. McKendrick?

"You're all full of dope."

"Dope?" he asked.

"Well, whatever it is—that stuff you've taken. You said yourself that you'd be woozy for the next hour or so."

"Woozy?"

She was looking at him like a little girl attempting to decide whether or not she was being teased.

"Honestly, Mary, I—"

An expression of triumph flashed to her face. "That proves it!"

"Proves what?"

"You called me Mary!"

Mary? Wasn't that her name? Of course—what was so strange about—

Her hand was shaking his arm as if she were attempting to awaken him. "You are woozy. You'd never have done that if you were normal."

"Normal? I've never felt so normal in my life."

She stared at him. "Are you sure?"

"Of course . . ." But his voice trailed off. Perhaps all of this wasn't quite as normal as he'd thought: the way she was looking up at him, the way her lips parted as if she were waiting for him to . . .

No, this was normal, what he had wanted to do for so long.

He was saved from the consequences of normality by the sound of footsteps approaching the open door.

Mr. McKendrick stood in the doorway. His eyes followed Mary as she slipped past him, giving Tony a badly needed moment to adjust to the rather astounding way that Mr. McKendrick had changed since the last time he had seen him.

George Calhoun had said a few weeks ago that the old man was beginning to show signs of mellowing, but Tony had never imagined that the change would be so easily observable. The president seemed at least a half-head shorter, and his gaunt, patrician face was now a warm and waxy pink.

"A new secretary?" the president asked.

"No, I've had her for almost a year now," Tony heard himself say, so strangely relaxed that he could hardly believe he was hearing his own voice. Maybe Mary was right; perhaps he was a little woozy.

Mr. McKendrick murmured a wordless sound, obviously approving.

"Well, this is an unexpected pleasure," Tony's uncontrollable voice bubbled on, picking up from somewhere a heartiness

that made him sound vaguely like George Calhoun greeting a big wholesale druggist. "Been wondering how long it was going to take me to get you to pay us a visit."

An expression of surprise settled on the president's face. "I know, Tony. Should have got over here before. Hope this isn't inconvenient, my dropping in on you now like this?"

"Not at all."

"Good," the president said with an out-of-character sigh of relief, taking out his little black notebook as he sat down. "Won't hold you up long, Tony. On my way to the airport. Flying down to White Sulphur, you know. Industry meeting. Wanted to clear this before I left."

Watching the president's fumbling search of his notebook,

Special schools for crippled children

TO some children the first days at school are the beginning of a big and almost hazardous adventure.

These are the badly crippled—the cerebral palsied, the victims of polio or of accidents at birth which have injured some part of their brains and robbed them of control of hands, speech, feet, head. Others are crippled by congenital abnormalities or by accidents.

To educate these children the N.S.W. Society for Crippled Children conducts three highly specialised schools.

They are described in an illustrated article in the November 9 issue of A.M.

Tony felt a peculiar loss of orientation—it was he rather than Mr. McKendrick who was in command of the situation.

"Oh, yes," the president whispered to himself. He snapped the notebook shut and pocketed it quickly. "Tony, I've been a little concerned about you lately."

"Concerned about me? Why?"

"Well," the president began,

"I couldn't help noticing you at the last executive committee meeting. Seemed to me that—well, somehow I got the impression that you were getting a little jumpy."

"Jumpy?"

"Something a man has to watch, you know—nerves. Lot of pressure in this job of yours. Just want to be sure you aren't letting it get you down. Probably should have had a word with you about it before. How are you feeling?"

"Feeling?" Tony repeated.

"Never felt better in my life."

"Sleeping all right?"

"Of course."

The president squinted uncertainly. "Well, I may have got the wrong impression. Possible, of course. I'll have to agree that—well, to be honest about it, Tony, I must admit that you do seem relaxed enough now."

Tony let a tight-lipped smile suffice, accepting the advice of his subconscious mind that a spoken reply would be an unnecessary gamble.

The president still seemed unable to banish the last of his uncertainty. "It may have been Calhoun who threw me off. Came in after the meeting and told me what a sales-minded director of research you were turning out to be. Yes, perhaps that's where I got the idea—George calling you sales-minded. Made me suspicious. Thought maybe he'd been giving you some trouble."

"Trouble with Mr. Calhoun? No, nothing like that."

Mr. McKendrick's expression created the suspicion that he was debating whether or not to go on. "Forgive me, Tony. Getting to be an old man, you know. When something happens that isn't in the pattern, I start imagining that there's something wrong about it. Just caught me off guard, that's all—the director of sales tossing a bouquet at the director of research. Never had anything like that happen in the old days, of course. Calhoun and Berringer were always at each other's throats."

"I know."

"Really put on some battles, those two," Mr. McKendrick said with a reminiscent chuckle. "George would always start out by calling Berringer a long-haired scientist with no more sense of business than a newborn babe—and Berringer would crack back by accusing

To page 68

THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

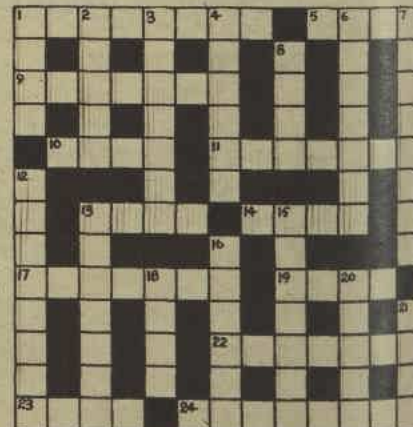
ACROSS

- Rating is frigid inside though outwardly it can sing (8).
- Shah Jehan built there a famous tomb (4).
- Flower which has one name (7).
- Jagged projection produced by nags (4).
- Makes effort to hear that fifty in several times half a score (7).
- Good fruits to crack (4).
- Juggling trick which seemingly belongs to fathers (4).
- Temporary order given by a Cockney woman to bury her male relative (7).
- Not very good (2-2).
- A landed estate on the bottom of shallow water (7).
- Spoken in the Scottish Highlands (4).
- Stack-stands which a holy man muddies (8).

Solution will be published next week.

OLD AGE PENSION
C A A E M O
T P A N A C K E P N
A S P A K D R A P E
V L I T H E C T E
E E T T A G E T E
M A S T E R S V D S
A A P I E C E P
N A M E S L L B A R
I P O V E R S E A A
A A L E T W
C O N D E M N E D C E L L

Solution to last week's crossword.



DOWN

- "It gives a very echo to the where love is 'throned' (Shakespeare, Twelfth Night) (4).
- Poem on a classical theatre or a modern picture palace (5).
- The centre is rough and the whole is dryness (7).
- "My learn must stop, for every drop hinders . . . and thread." (T. Hood, The Song of the Shirt.) (6).
- Devices which a pointed tool obtains (7).
- Giving counsel containing the means to shield the eyes (8).
- Notices with ease inside the steamer (4).
- Name a bird wrapped in a letter (8).
- Pinda fault, but if Jack is inside it makes loads (7).
- Made safe with a donkey in the lead (7).
- Make known the devil with skill (6).
- "To business that we love we . . . belime. And go to 't with delight." (Shakespeare, Antony and Cleopatra) (4).
- When Hamlet said, "Alas, poor Yorick!" he had it in his hands (5).
- Does it make poems? (4).

Cool... Sparkling...

JELLIES

Your most economical desserts!

Tell a good jelly by its flavour...

So easy, so good, so tempting—all desserts made from jelly crystals or tablets are delicious Summer foods... Remember how good and good for you jellies are. Remember, too, that jellies make life easier for you. And, remember, tell the better jelly by its real flavour and perfect set.

ENJOY THESE NEW FLAVOURS and OLD FAVOURITES:

Raspberry, strawberry, loganberry, red currant, black currant, port wine, lemon, lime, orange, mandarin, grapefruit, apricot, pineapple, fruit salad, vanilla.



... Set them for Summer!

So Easy!
PREPARED IN A TWINKLING
So Good!
REFRESHING & WHOLESOME
So Tempting!
COLOURFUL & FLAVOURSOME

Marshmallow Dessert

2 jelly crystals or tablets (any flavour), 1 white of egg, 2 tablespoons sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ pint water (use 8 oz. for tablets).

Add crystals or tablet and sugar to cold water in a large saucepan, stir until boiling, boil for 10 minutes. Remove. Cool. Beat until very thick, gradually add the white of egg, continue beating. Place in a serving bowl.

Quick Bananas in Jelly

1 lemon or lime jelly crystal or tablet, 3 bananas.

Prepare jelly mixture according to directions. Leave until thickening. Peel and slice bananas; carefully stir through the jelly and place in a mould or serving bowl.

Raspberry Cream

1 raspberry jelly crystal or tablet, $\frac{1}{2}$ tin unsweetened evaporated milk.

Dissolve jelly in hot water to make up to $\frac{1}{2}$ pint—if necessary, stand in basin of hot water to dissolve completely. Cool. Add evaporated milk. Place in a mould or serving bowl.

INSERTED BY DAVIS GELATINE (AUSTRALIA) PTY. LTD. IN THE INTERESTS OF THE MANUFACTURERS OF AUSTRALIAN JELLIES

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — November 10, 1954

Page 67

Issued by Kelvinator Australia Limited —
pioneers of refrigeration throughout the world — and makers of the first
Australian-built refrigerator — built in 1937.

A helpful guide to all who are thinking of buying a new refrigerator this coming Summer . . .

This advertisement is planned to help you buy not only a good refrigerator, but one that will suit your family needs best.

Naturally your first thought is what size refrigerator you will need. In the past, a refrigerator had to look really big to give you big capacity. That is not so today. The new "Space-saver-Seven" illustrated below, gives cold "clear to the floor" — that is, from top to bottom. It is a new type of refrigerator which gives a full and true capacity of 7.75 cu. ft. — yet takes up less kitchen space! This new design has since been copied — but Kelvinator created it.

Which are the most important features to look for? The most important features are the ones you use most. They are: the Frozen Food Chest, the Meat Tray and the Fruit and Vegetable Crisper.

THE FROZEN FOOD CHEST must be really big. It should hold at least 24 lbs. of frozen foods and make 50 ice cubes or three big trays of ice cream. The FULL-WIDTH Frozen Food

Chest of the "Space-saver-Seven" shown below holds 27 lbs. of frozen foods, makes 63 ice cubes at a time — or 3 trays of ice cream.

THE MEAT TRAY. Two things are most important here: capacity and correct refrigeration at all times. The FULL-WIDTH meat tray shown below gives extra cold storage for 11 lbs. of meat and fish. Keeps steaks and chops fresh for up to 10 days.

THE FRUIT AND VEGETABLE CRISPER. The best crisper is big, full-width — a complete unit so there's no need to cut up bulky vegetables. The FULL-WIDTH crisper shown below will take 18 lbs. of fruit and vegetables. It will keep salad greens moist and fresh — and you can store a really big cauliflower inside without having to chop it up.

Apart from these special features, what is the most important single feature to look for — inside the cabinet?

The answer is TRUE refrigeration. By that we mean that your cabinet interior must maintain — at all times — the temperature you set on

your control dial. If the temperature goes above it, then your foods can spoil. If it drops below it, you can "dry out" the vitamins and other values of your foods.

The Kelvinator "Space-saver-Seven", illustrated below, gives you better refrigeration in every graceful line. Every inch of cabinet space provides the right degree of temperature and moisture, to preserve those precious vitamins and food values — all year 'round.

What does Temperature Control mean? What do you have to do to make sure that you get the right temperature at all times?

Temperature control automatically shuts off the motor and saves your electricity when the refrigerator is cold enough.

Right above the Frozen Food Chest in the Kelvinator "Space-saver-Seven" you will see the simple temperature control dial. It gives you the correct setting for every temperature you will ever need. It includes "Defrosting", "Off" and a special "Vacation" position. So simple — yet so very effective at all times.

Which is best — a right hand door or a left hand door?

A refrigerator which opens with the left hand leaves your right hand free. You don't have to change over in order to open the door. Another Kelvinator "first".

Is there any difference in the way refrigerator cabinets are constructed?

Yes! Some cabinets are welded together, some made from a single piece of steel. Every Kelvinator starts as a sheet of fine-grained steel. This is bent into cabinet shape — in one piece.

No welded seams to catch dirt. There are sturdy cross members — and heavy braces at all four bottom corners.

Every Kelvinator is braced like a steel truss bridge. Because of this, a Kelvinator will never twist out of shape. The door will always close squarely and tightly — so that warm air will never leak into the cabinet to increase running time and operational cost.

How important is the Sealed Unit? Are some better than others?

Your refrigerator (regardless of size, price and features) is only as good as the sealed unit inside. Today, some refrigerator manufacturers build their own sealed units — but the majority make only the cabinets and then buy a unit to go in it.

Kelvinator has always made its own sealed unit — the POLARSPIHERE. It is found in no other refrigerator. And, as refrigeration experts will tell you, Polarsphere is the model sealed unit — the most perfectly engineered sealed unit of all.

See your nearest exclusive Kelvinator retailer and have this brilliant new "Space-saver-Seven" demonstrated. Inspect the full range of four beautiful models — priced from as low as £137/5.

See the new Kelvinator-6, the new Kelvinator-5 and the big "De-Luxe-1" Model.

For FREE illustrated pamphlets giving full details of all models write to the Kelvinator address in your State:

Kelvinator, 138 Euston Rd., Alexandria, Sydney.
Kelvinator, P.O. Box 4576, Melbourne.
Kelvinator, P.O. Box 1347, Adelaide.
Kelvinator, Box 41, Broadway P.O., Brisbane.
Western Appliances, Box 52, G.P.O., Perth.
Max Geeves Pty. Ltd., P.O. Box 281C, Hobart.

The POLARSPIHERE Sealed Unit has enough reserve power for five ordinary refrigerators, yet costs no more to run than an ordinary refrigerator. You could have a scorching hot day — 100, 110, 120 degrees — but it would make no difference to your Kelvinator. That POLARSPIHERE is hermetically sealed and permanently self-lubricated in a bath of oil for smooth, silent power. Costs only a few pence per week to run.

MORE ABOUT THE MIGHTY POLARSPIHERE SEALED UNIT



CHOOSE

Kelvinator

FOR BETTER LIVING

PRECISION BUILT BY KELVINATOR AUSTRALIA LIMITED

Continuing The Berringer Inheritance

from page 66

George of being a dollar-grabber with a pocketbook where his heart ought to be."

The president's voice bubbled in Tony Carmine's ears, like the draining away of a narcotic hallucination. He thought: The MK144 ought to be wearing off by now; I'll be able to think clearly again — but this still wasn't making any sense; Mr. McKendrick couldn't possibly be saying . . .

"—and I always let them battle it out. Bad management, I suppose — not the way the books say a corporation should function — but somehow it always seemed to work out.

"Sort of a check-and-balance system, you might call it — Calhoun always fighting for a product that we could sell right then and there, but Berringer such a good scrapper that he never let George side-track him. He was a great man, Tony."

"I know that, sir."

"Stubborn, unco-operative, impractical, a starry-eyed dreamer — everything that they say a good corporation executive shouldn't be, but I never look at an operating report without realising how much we owe him.

"Half of our best products today came out of research projects that I tried my best to force him into dropping. I've often wished — there was a catch in his throat — "that there was some way I could apologise to him for causing him all the trouble I did."

"I don't think he ever felt that way, sir," Tony said.

The president nodded. "No, I don't suppose he did. No one ever really bothered him. He never let anyone stop him from living his own life." He paused reflectively. "Not a bad epitaph for a man, is it?"

"No, it isn't."

"It takes a big man to deserve it."

"I know." And now he did know, not as some new-found truth, but as the recognition of something long known but deeply buried — a slum kid from across the bridge hungry for the kind of friends he'd never had.

That was why he had tried so hard to please Calhoun, upsetting the whole long-range programme of the Research Centre just to push through one project, shelving a half-dozen others that might turn out in the end to be far more important.

He'd been weak and small-minded, afraid to pay the price that had to be paid — the Berringer price: loneliness, never the centre of a laughing group, always the man apart, knowing what was said behind your back — dreamer, impractical, no sense of business . . . But it was worth it!

There were thousands upon thousands of people all over the world who were alive and well today because Dr. Joseph Berringer had been courageous enough to be that man apart.

Tony closed his eyes for an instant, searching for the special memory of the little clucking sound that always accompanied the old man's forgiveness of failure and the granting of another chance.

But it was Mary's voice that he heard and he looked up to see her standing in the doorway, relaying a warning from Mr. McKendrick's chauffeur that they'd have to leave at once.

The president was on his feet. "Tony, just one more word. Meant to bring this up before, but it didn't occur to me. This new sedative, is it the kind of product that we can be proud to have in the line?"

Dr. Anthony Carmine took

a slow breath, fighting for mastery of his voice, groping for exactly the right words. "Yes, sir, I think it will prove highly efficacious in certain types of psychiatric treatment."

"Good. That's all I want to know. By the way, want to compliment you, Tony. Fast work, driving it through in ten months."

Tony shook his head. "Not ten months — eight years. All we did was pick up some work that Dr. Berringer did back in nineteen forty-six. Remember the project on analogues of sodium Amytal?"

The president's eyes narrowed. "Yes, I recall some talk about it, but it was never authorised. Calhoun didn't think it offered much chance for a pay-off, so we killed it in executive committee." A slow smile broke. "Apparently Berringer went ahead anyway?"

Tony nodded, and for a moment there was an odd illusion that Mr. McKendrick was smiling acknowledgment of something that Tony was sure he hadn't said aloud.

And then the president was gone, and his having been there seemed a hallucination. But there was nothing questionable about the reality of Mary.

She was so close now that he could — if he only dared — reach out and prove her reality by touching her hand.

"Are you all right?" she asked.

"Of course."

He reached out for the release form and signed it, vouching for the fact that there were no undesirable after-effects as a result of oral administration of an 0.5 gr. dose of MK144.

That was true; there was an after-effect — a definite acceleration of his heart action — but no one could possibly call it undesirable.

Mary was grinning at him. She glanced down and Tony realised that he had closed his hand over hers, crumpling the blotter that she had offered him.

"Mary, I —"

"You're still dopey," she laughed.

"Maybe I am," he said. "Have been for a long time."

Her laughter was as magically sudden as the blooming of the azaleas. "I've thought so, too," she whispered.

He stared at her, startled. Didn't she know that a secretary shouldn't say things like that to the director of research? No, she probably didn't, and there was no use trying to teach her — sheer waste of time; she'd be married too soon.

And he'd never be lonely again.

(Copyright)

SUPERFLUOUS HAIRS HOME TREATMENT

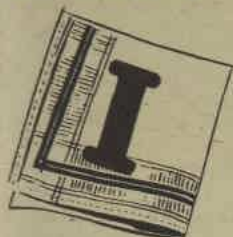
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spring."

Continuing . . . Stowaway

from page 9

called to Trevor. "He's got a rope on him. We'll just pull him in."

When the cook was hauled aboard, he gasped out how some of the crew had tied him to a line and tossed him overboard.

Trevor reported the matter to the captain and indignantly suggested appropriate punishment.

"Why?" growled Toby. "Because they tied a line to that so-called cook! They shoulda weighed him down with his own biscuits! It's only a matter of time before he kills us!"

Trevor gave up. That night he was on watch when a Scots greaser came stumbling up the ladder and poked his head over the level of the bridge.

"Well?" Trevor demanded. "Nothin', surr," replied the greaser, "only I just found a stowaway in the engine-room tunnel."

"Oh, fine!" cried Trevor. "Throw him over the side, too!" "But I canna do that, mun," objected the greaser. "It's a lass."

"A what?" "A lass. A gurril."

"Where is she?" "At the foot of the ladder." Trevor sighed heavily. "A female stowaway! That's all we need on this crazy ship! Bring her up."

He went into the chart room and waited. He hoped she was ugly, but she wasn't. She was a beauty.

When she appeared in the chart room doorway, Trevor could only stand there and stare at her. She was an exquisite girl, with enormous velvety brown eyes, taffy-blond hair, pert nose. Her urchin-cut hair was tucked under a cap, with the peak turned up in front, and she was wearing a turtle-necked sweater and slacks.

The girl, who had been returning Trevor's stare, was the first to speak.

"Boin-n-ng!" she said softly.

"What?" said Trevor.

"Fizzle-mizzle!" said the girl.

Trevor glanced at the greaser, who was standing behind the girl. "Doesn't she speak English?"

"Of course I speak English," she said. "American, anyway. What would you like to know?"

"Well," said Trevor, "we might start with your name."

"Judy Prescott."

"Look here," he said, "would you mind telling me where and how and why you got on this ship?"

"Not at all," said Judy. "Where? At Cairns. How? I looked over the ships in port and picked out the Slaphappy—it's such a lovely happy-go-lucky looking ship—and then walked aboard and hid myself. Why? I must get to England."

"Now," she went on briskly, "I realise what I did wasn't quite the right thing, but you don't need to worry. I'm quite prepared to work for my room and board."

"Oh, sure," said Trevor, bitterly. "And are you prepared to face a court of inquiry with me while I explain how I allowed you to simply walk on board and hide? This ship is carrying important cargo and I was supposed to maintain strict security, instead of running around Cairns looking for a cook!"

Judy's briskness turned to compassion. Impulsively, she moved closer to Trevor. "I'm so sorry—I didn't know that. She brightened immediately. "But it'll still be all right. My father'll fix everything—he's Henry Prescott."

"Who's Henry Prescott?"

"He's Henry Prescott, of New York. He owns all kinds of things—banks, buildings, mines, oil wells, maybe even this ship."

"The line that owns this ship," Trevor said stiffly, "is strictly British. Besides, if your father is so wealthy, why do you have to go around stowing away on ships?"

"It does seem a little funny, doesn't it?" Judy agreed. "You see, it was like this. Dad wanted me to be a bright young thing in New York society, but I wanted to go on the stage. So we made a deal. I was to try my luck on the stage for a year. If I could get through that time without calling on Dad for help, he agreed to give me an independent income and let me go my way. If not, I had to go his way."

"Well," Judy went on, "the year is just about up. Dad will be in London next month and I'm dying to see him. That's why I stowed away on your ship."

"Yes," said Trevor, "but what were you doing in Australia?"

"Oh, that. Well, a bunch of us went to Korea to entertain the troops. Then, later, some of us formed a troupe to tour Australia with dramatic recitals," Judy sighed. "It seems Australia isn't keen on dramatic recitals. We went broke in Cairns."

Trevor took a step backwards to compose himself.

JUDY misunderstood the gesture. She wrinkled her nose and said, "I do smell a bit of bilgewater, don't I?"

"It's not that," Trevor said, uneasily. He glanced hastily over her sweater and slacks. "Haven't you anything to wear besides those?"

"Oh, sure," said Judy. "I could do with a wash, too."

"There's a shower in my cabin," Trevor said.

The greaser whispered to Judy, "I'll bring your things, Miss," and hurried back down to the engine-room.

Her "things" turned out to be three big suitcases and a portable gramophone.

"You smuggled all that on board?" he demanded.

"Well," she admitted, "I had to make a couple of trips."

Slightly dazed, imagining this evidence being given to a court of inquiry, Trevor wandered back to the bridge.

After a while Judy joined Trevor on the bridge. It was past midnight now and a big yellow moon was shining high in the pale blue sky. Moon-glow spun a soft golden mist about Judy's hair as she came out of the night to Trevor. She was wearing a silk frock, nylons, and high heels.

Trevor retreated backwards as she came towards him.

"I'll have to take you to the captain," he said in the sternest tones he could manage.

He left Judy outside when he went into the captain's cabin.

"We've found a stowaway," Trevor said.

Toby told him how to treat stowaways.

"But she's a lady," Trevor explained.

Toby jerked upright on the bunk, peered around the bulkhead at Judy, and then poked Trevor jocularly in the ribs.

"Why, you sly young rascal!" he whispered. "I didn't think you had it in you! Where'd you get her?"

"I didn't bring her aboard!" Trevor expostulated.

Toby took another peek at Judy.

"Blinkin' marvellous," he mused. "Loveliest stowaway I've ever seen in me life. And just when I'm leavin' the seal! Come in, m'dear!" he called to Judy.

She came in smiling.

"Now I just couldn't stand

it if you were angry with me," she said to Toby.

"Angry?" said Toby gallantly. "M'dear, I have only admiration for the charm and beauty you have brought to my ship!"

That was too much for Trevor. "I would like to point out," he cut in, "that this woman is a stowaway."

They both ignored him. "May I offer you a drop of whisky?" Toby asked Judy.

"Oh, thank you, but I'm so tired. I wonder if I could have a place to lie down and sleep?"

"Of course, m'dear. Ordinarily I would gladly offer you my own quarters, but it's difficult for me to move at the moment. You can have Mr. Trevor's cabin."

Trevor made a choking noise and Toby glanced at him. "You're on watch, anyway."

In stern silence, Trevor escorted Judy back to his cabin. He pointed to the key in the door. "That's the lock. Be sure you use it."

He slammed the door shut and stood outside until he heard the key turn in the lock, then hurried back to the captain's cabin. He found Toby lying dreamily on his bunk.

"Did it ever occur to you," Trevor asked him, "that this woman's presence on board is likely to have an awful reaction on that bunch of cut-throats you call a crew? She's—well, she's too provocative!"

Toby glanced at him sharply. "You always think the worst, son," he said. "Better get back to your watch."

Trevor went back to the bridge but he was uneasy. Every ten minutes or so he patrolled the area of his cabin to make sure no one was trying to break the door down. Even when O'Hara took over the watch, Trevor kept up his patrol. Just before dawn he finally stretched out on a bench.

He awoke to the echo of cheers. The sun was well up and shining brightly. Trevor leaped from the bench and rushed outside. What he saw made him clasp his hands to his head in dismay.

"Oh, no!" he groaned.

On the poop deck, gaily fluttering in the sunshine like so many flags, flew a bright array of women's underwear, stockings and blouses. Judy, in white shorts and a sweater, was adding to the collection, while down on the lower deck the crew cheered lustily.

Trevor nearly broke a leg scrambling down from the bridge.

"Get those down!" he yelled at Judy.

She smiled at him.

"Oh, hello," she said. "I'm doing a little washing. Is there anything I can do for you?"

"Just get those things down!" he shouted.

Judy showed a sudden stubborn streak. "Listen," she said, "you're the first mate, aren't you?"

"That's right."

"Well, I got permission to hang washing here from the captain!"

Trevor rushed off to the captain's cabin. "She's out there hanging her washing on the poop deck!" he screamed at Toby.

"So what?" said Toby. "You're always yammering about cleaning the ship up!"

"But it's her underwear!" Trevor exclaimed. "And she's standing up there in front of the whole crew in her bare legs!"

Toby glanced at Trevor. "Wait just a minute, son," he said, "and we'll have a little talk."

It was then that Trevor first noticed what Toby was doing. He was standing in front of a mirror neatly trimming his beard. His hair had been

To page 71

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Page 69

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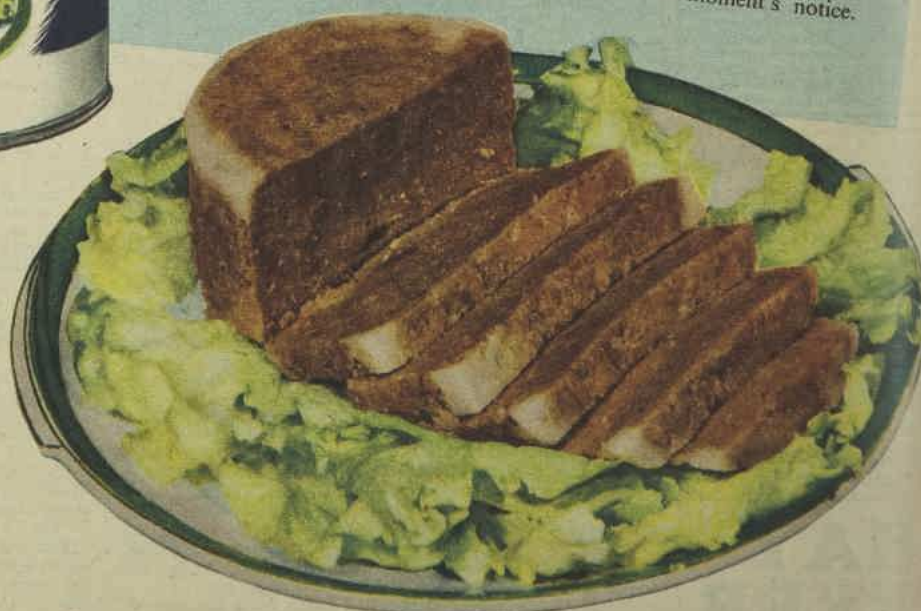
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carefully combed and he was wearing an immaculate white uniform.

"I thought you couldn't walk," Trevor said.

"Oh," said Toby, "I just discovered I can hobble about a bit."

He finished trimming his beard, adjusted a gold-braided white cap on his head at a jaunty angle, picked up a cane, and motioned for Trevor to follow him outside. On deck, Toby leaned against the rail, lit a cigar, puffed thoughtfully for a few moments, then said, "Now, son, as I understand it, you're a mite worried about the effect this girl will have on the crew."

"A mite worried!" gasped Trevor. "There'll be mutiny! They'll run riot!"

Toby shook his head. "No, son. You may be right about them being a tough, bad lot. But let me tell you somethin' about bad men. They're usually the first to recognise and respect goodness. And Judy is a good girl — a very nice girl — and those men know it."

He waved his cane at the energetically working crewmen. "Look at them this morning. They're doing work that doesn't need to be done. They're showing off like a bunch of boys when a good-lookin' girl appears around the corner. Their morale has improved. Judy has done that."

Unbelieving, Trevor looked closer at the crewmen. All were freshly shaven. Most were wearing clean shirts.

"Now," Toby went on, tapping Trevor gently on the arm, "don't worry any more about our lovely little stowaway."

Trevor was left pensive but unconvinced. In the days that followed, although he rarely spoke to Judy, he was never far away from her. He kept expecting the worst but it never seemed to happen.

In fact, as the ship moved

up into tropical waters, life aboard became as bright and pleasant as the weather. Judy took over the cooking, did the men's washing and mending and put on impromptu concerts and dances with her gramophone.

At night, up on the bridge, Trevor would watch the dancing down on the lower deck. Jealously, he kept count of the number of times each man danced with Judy, and it soon became obvious that big, handsome O'Hara was holding her in his arms more than anyone else.

Bitterly, Trevor blew up a couple of times to the captain over what he called the "carousing" on the lower deck. Toby was concerned only to the extent of his own inability to participate in the dancing.

"If I had both me legs in action," he said, "I'd be the head man down there — not O'Hara." He glanced significantly at Trevor. "And if I was a good-lookin' first mate, I'd not be leavin' the second officer steal such a gem of a girl right out from under me nose! Why don't ye get some of that stuffin' out of yer shirt, Jack, an' a little starch in yer backbone!"

Trevor could only sputter, "You're a crazy old man!"

By now the Slaphappy was nearing Pulo Weh, where it was due to refuel. But one of the Malay firemen became ill and requested to be paid off at Singapore. Toby ordered the ship into Singapore for refuelling.

When they dropped anchor in the harbor, O'Hara took the fireman ashore, along with the official log book and necessary articles. Less than an hour later, O'Hara came back in a launch.

He scrambled aboard and reported breathlessly to Toby and Trevor on the bridge. "The Shipping Master saw the entry about Judy! He's hopping mad an' says she's got to come ashore

an' get what's comin' to her as a stowaway!"

Toby never hesitated a second. "Pull anchor!" he roared.

"We're gittin' outta here," Trevor stopped him.

"We've got no clearance papers," he pointed out, "and very little fuel. We'd have a dozen police boats around us before we moved a mile."

"Get the girl!" Toby ordered O'Hara. "We'll let her decide."

When Judy came up on the bridge, Trevor explained the situation to her.

"There's really nothing to it," he said. "You simply go ashore, appear before a court and probably get off with a fine." He hesitated, then added awkwardly, "I'll — we'll — lend you the money — or give it to you."

Judy stood there, gazing thoughtfully at Trevor for a full moment. "You're human," she finally said softly.

Trevor pretended not to have heard her.

"Now," he went on crisply, "if you'll just get your passport."

"Oh, dear," said Judy, "do I have to have a passport? I'm afraid I've lost mine."

"You held on to three suitcases full of clothes and a gramophone!" he yelled. "And yet you managed to lose your passport! How?"

"It was so small," Judy said.

Trevor went completely to pieces. "I knew you were brainless!" he shouted at the girl. "But I didn't think you were a complete idiot!"

She shouted right back at him. "And I knew you were a prig, but I didn't think you were a blind fool!" She turned to O'Hara. "Get me ashore just as soon as possible."

Trevor stormed off to his quarters. He came back to the bridge about an hour later, somewhat subdued. Toby was leaning against the rail.

Continuing . . . Stowaway

from page 69

"Where's everyone?" Trevor asked.

"The crew took up a collection and went ashore to see what they could do to help Judy."

Trevor moved over beside Toby at the rail. The captain was looking down at the water.

"Jack," he said, "ever notice the pulse of the sea — how it rises and falls?"

"Of course."

"Ever notice the throb in a ship when the engines are running?"

"Yes."

Toby looked directly at the first mate. "That's because the sea and even an old ship has a heart." He tapped Trevor's chest. "But what have you got for a heart, son — a book of marine rules and regulations? There just don't seem to be no pulse or throb in you."

"If you're talking about Judy," Trevor said, "she'll be all right. They'll just fine her and let her go."

"Not without a passport, they won't. They'll throw her in gaol till they check on her — an' that can take weeks."

Trevor moved uneasily. "You might be right," he said. "I'd better go ashore."

"Don't bother," Toby told him. "O'Hara is taking care of everything. He's going to marry Judy."

"What!" yelled Trevor.

Toby repeated slowly and clearly, "O'Hara — is — going — to — marry — Judy. That will automatically give her British citizenship and the authorities in Singapore won't be able to detain her."

Trevor seemed to start running in several directions at once. He finally hailed a passing sampan, clambered over the side and headed for shore.

About an hour later, O'Hara

and some of the crew came back to the ship. One of O'Hara's eyes was blackened.

"What got into that crazy first mate?" he asked Toby. "We were sittin' in the police court, waitin' for Judy's case to come up, when he comes rarin' in like a madman. 'Have you married her?' he yells at me. 'No,' I says, an' he wallops me one in the eye. 'That's for even thinkin' of marryin' her!' he shouts, grabs Judy an' runs off with her."

O'Hara gingerly touched his bruised eye. "I got a wife an' three kids in Sydney," he said. "I wonder where Trevor ever got the idea I was goin' to marry Judy?"

"I wonder?" said Toby. But, after O'Hara had gone below to look after his eye, the captain allowed himself a sly grin, as though he could see inside the taxi speeding along Collyer Quay. In the back seat, Trevor and Judy were arguing wildly.

The argument continued all the way out Beach Road. Chinese longshoremen along the waterfront paused in their labors to stare at the commotion, while the Malay taxi-driver, grinning happily, drove faster and faster.

They stopped at the Sea View Hotel, where Trevor made a telephone call, firmly holding Judy by the wrist with his free hand. They sped out along the East Coast Road, under the palms and flame trees flowering scarlet in the blazing sunlight. At Bedok, they swung over to Changi Road and headed back through the coconut and rubber plantations.

Back in the city, the taxi-driver was forced to slow to a mere breakneck speed as they dodged through the narrow, teeming streets to Raffle's Hotel. Judy and Trevor were still arguing, although only mildly

now, as a turbaned Indian doorman escorted them into the cool, fan-stirred shadows inside.

Trevor made another telephone call, this time allowing Judy to stand free beside him, then they sat at a table on the open side of the lounge. Trevor leaned towards Judy and said earnestly, "Now stop being a little fool. Everything's arranged. The agent for the line has fixed up a special marriage licence and made an appointment at the Registry office for us. But we've got to move fast. The police may catch up with us any minute."

Judy blazed up again. "You're the fool!" she said. "Don't you know you should tell a woman you love her before you ask her to marry you!"

"All right," Trevor said. "I love you! Now, will you marry me?"

"Of course I'll marry you, you big blockhead! You're the only man I've ever known who could fizzle-mizzle me!"

"What," said Trevor, "is fizzle-mizzle?"

"It's what makes a girl go boin-n-g. I went boin-n-g the first time I ever saw you. But you ignored me so completely I thought I couldn't fizzle-mizzle you."

"Listen," Trevor said, "I've been fizzling like a tubful of champagne ever since I first laid eyes on you!"

"Well, for heaven's sake, show some of it!"

Trevor grabbed her, much to the delight of the grinning Malay bar boys, a couple of Chinese merchants, a few English planters and their wives and a crowd of Royal Navy officers, who cheered resoundingly.

Oblivious of it all, Judy sighed contentedly, and nestled into Trevor's shoulder.

"Boin-n-g," she said softly. "Boin-n-g . . . boin-n-g . . . boin-n-g . . ."

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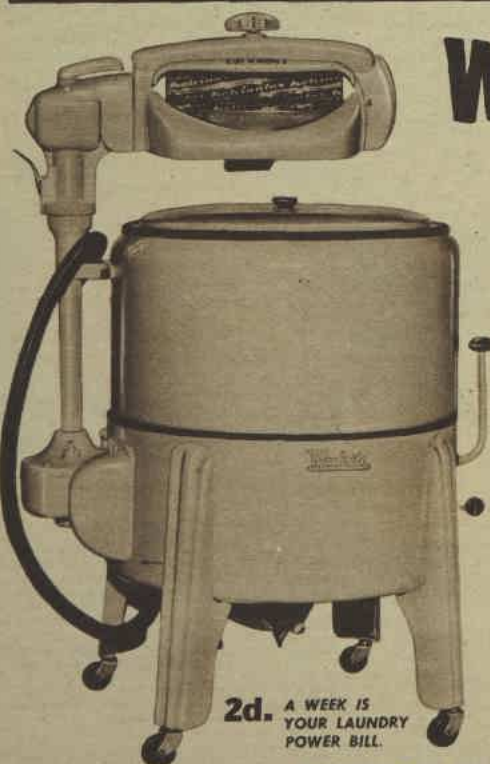
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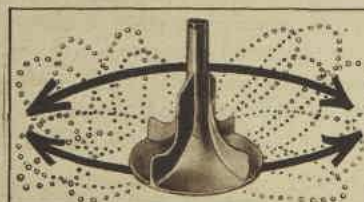
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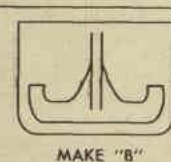
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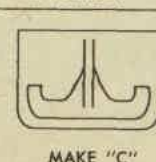
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UNCLE TOBY'S
TROPICAL
BREAKFAST

Cover 1½ tablespoons Uncle Toby's Oats with 2 tablespoons of cold water and allow to stand until water is absorbed. Grate a washed, unpeeled, red-skinned apple into the soaked oatmeal. Add 1 dessertspoon of honey or brown sugar, according to taste, and the juice of ¼ of a lemon. Mix well and lightly sprinkle with chopped nuts. If desired, a little fresh cream may be added.



HIGHLAND
BISCUITS

MIX: 2½ level cups Uncle Toby's Oats, 2 level tablespoons coconut, 1 level cup brown sugar, ½ teaspoon baking powder, pinch salt, in mixing bowl. ADD: ¼ lb. melted butter or margarine in which 1 egg has been beaten. Mix thoroughly. Drop by teaspoon on to greased oven trays. Bake in a very moderate oven until golden brown—about 15 minutes. (Garnish with almond pieces or cherry rings before baking if desired.) Cool and store in airtight container.



UNCLE
TOBY'S
TART CASE

1 cup Uncle Toby's Oats, 1 rounded tablespoon sugar, ¼ cup S.R. flour, 2 ozs. butter or margarine, pinch salt. METHOD: Mix dry ingredients. Pour on melted butter. Mix well and turn on to greased 7" pie plate. Press down well. Decorate edges. Bake in a moderate oven till golden brown, about 20 minutes. Cool before filling. PINEAPPLE FILLING: 1 pineapple shredded and cooked in own juice. Sweeten to taste. Thicken with 1 tablespoon cornflour, blended with water. Cook until clear. Allow to cool before filling tart case. Garnish with strawberries.



SPICED
FRUIT PIE
WITH UNCLE TOBY'S
OAT PASTRY

PASTRY: 4 ozs. butter or margarine, 3 tablespoons boiling water, 1 rounded tablespoon sugar, pinch salt, 2½ cups Uncle Toby's Oats, 3 ozs. S.R. flour. METHOD: Pour boiling water over chopped shortening, mix thoroughly. Stir in remainder of ingredients. Roll out ¼ of pastry. Line greased pie plate. (THIS PASTRY IS DELICIOUS ALSO FOR LEMON CHEESE, JAM AND CUSTARD TARTS, AND MEAT PIES.) FILLING: 1½ lbs. rhubarb and apple (or other fruits) cut finely. Mix with ¾-1 cup brown sugar, 1 heaped teaspoon cinnamon, ¼ teaspoon nutmeg, 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind, 2 level tablesp. plain flour. Pack tightly into tart case, pile high, allowing for shrinkage. Dot with butter. Cover with balance of pastry. Glaze, sprinkle with sugar. Cut steam slits. Bake in hot oven 10 minutes, reduce to moderate for further 40 minutes. Serve hot.

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DUNDEE LOAF

Three-quarters pound minced steak, 3lb. sausage meat, 1lb. chopped bacon (rind removed), 1 teaspoon salt, pepper, pinch dried herbs, 2 tablespoons chopped parsley, 1/2 teaspoon grated lemon rind, 2 tablespoons grated onion, 1 cup soft breadcrumbs, 1 egg, 2 tablespoons milk, browned breadcrumbs.

Combine meat, bacon, salt, pepper, herbs, parsley, lemon rind, onion, and breadcrumbs; mix well. Bind with beaten egg and milk. Grease loaf-tin thickly, sprinkle with browned breadcrumbs. Fill with meat mixture, pack down firmly. Sprinkle top with breadcrumbs, bake in moderate oven 1 to 1 1/2 hours. Cool slightly in tin, remove carefully, chill. Serve with tomato sauce and crisp salad.

JELLIED TONGUE SHAPE

Two cups savory jelly, 2 hard-boiled eggs, 1/2 cup cooked peas, 1 teaspoon gelatine, 1/2 cup tomato juice, 8 cooked sheep's tongues, 1/2 cup diced ham, lettuce and other salad ingredients.

Cover bottom of wetted mould with thin layer of jelly, allow to set. Arrange pattern of sliced hard-boiled egg and peas, barely cover with jelly, allow to set. Skin and

trim tongues, cut into dice. When cold add to balance of jelly with gelatine dissolved in tomato juice, diced ham, and remaining peas and chopped hard-boiled eggs. When beginning to thicken fill into mould, chill until firm. Unmould on to bed of lettuce, decorate with other salad ingredients. This mixture may be prepared in individual moulds if desired.

TUTTI-FRUTTI SHERBET

One cup sugar, 1 cup water, 1 dessertspoon gelatine, 2 tablespoons hot water, 1/2 cup strained orange juice, 1/2 cup strained lemon juice, 1/2 cup mashed banana pulp, 1/2 cup passionfruit pulp, 1 egg-white, pinch salt.

Place sugar and water in saucepan, bring slowly to boil, simmer 2 or 3 minutes. Cool slightly, add gelatine dissolved in hot water, then orange and lemon juice. When quite cold, stir in banana pulp and passionfruit pulp. Fill into refrigerator trays, freeze 1/2 to 1 hour or until

COMBINATIONS of fresh raw fruit and vegetables make cool, nourishing, and appetising luncheon plates on hot summer days.

mixture begins to firm around edges. Turn into basin, whip until fluffy. Lightly fold in egg-white beaten stiffly with salt. Return to trays, freeze until firm.

FRUIT SALAD FLUFF

Two cups well-drained fruit salad (or any drained fruit pulp), 1/2 pint milk, 1/2 pint evaporated milk, 1 dessertspoon cornflour, 2 tablespoons sugar, 1 egg, 2 1/2 dessertspoons gelatine dissolved in 1/2 cup hot water, cream and cherries to decorate.

Place half fruit in serving dish. Blend cornflour with some of the milk, add balance of milk and sugar. Stir over gentle heat until boiling, simmer 3 minutes. Add egg-yolk, mix well. Cool slightly, fold in dissolved gelatine, then stiffly beaten egg-white. When quite cold and beginning to thicken, fold in whipped, thoroughly chilled evaporated milk, pour over fruit. Chill until

set. Top with balance of fruit and decorate with cream and cherries.

TOMATO CUP SALADS

Five medium-sized tomatoes, 4 tablespoons cottage cheese, 1/2 cup finely chopped celery, 1 tablespoon milk, 1 teaspoon grated onion, dash cayenne pepper, 5 hard-boiled eggs, 3 tablespoons mayonnaise, salt, pepper, pinch mustard, lettuce.

Wash and dry tomatoes, cut a slice from top of each. Scoop out centres, leaving hollow cases. Invert to drain. Reserve pulp for future use. Soften cottage cheese with milk, flavor with onion, cayenne, and celery, line tomato cups with this mixture. Chop hard-boiled eggs roughly, add mayonnaise, salt, pepper, and mustard, mix well. Fill into cups, chill. Serve on lettuce.

CHILLED FISH MOULD

Three dessertspoons gelatine, 1/2 cup cold water, 1/2 cup hot water,

1/2 cup medium-thickness white sauce, 1/2 cup evaporated milk, 1/2 teaspoon salt, pinch pepper, 1 teaspoon mixed mustard, 1 tablespoon lemon juice, 1 dessertspoon grated onion, 1 12oz. tin fish cutlets (or 2 cups cooked flaked fish), 1/2 cup diced celery, 1/2 cup cooked peas.

Soak gelatine in cold water 5 minutes, dissolve in hot water. Add to white sauce with evaporated milk, salt, pepper, mustard, lemon juice, and onion. Mix well. Fold in flaked fish and any liquor, celery, and peas. Fill into wetted mould, chill until firm. Unmould on to bed of lettuce, serve with crisp salad.

RABBIT AND GHERKIN RING

One rabbit, 4 pickled gherkins, 1/2 pint hot water, 2 1/2 dessertspoons gelatine, 1 egg-yolk, 1 dessertspoon sugar, 1 teaspoon salt, 1/2 teaspoon dry mustard, pinch pepper, 1/2 cup white vinegar, 1 tablespoon butter or substitute, 1 tablespoon flour, 1/2 pint milk, 1 teaspoon grated onion or finely chopped shallot.

Remove tail joint from rabbit, soak 1/2 hour in salted water. Place in boiling salted water with thin piece lemon rind, 1/2 slice of onion, and sprig parsley. Simmer 1 1/2 to 2 hours until flesh is tender, or pressure-cook 20 to 25 minutes. Remove flesh from bones, chop into cubes. Slice gherkins, add to meat. Dissolve gelatine in hot water, cool. Beat egg-yolk with sugar, salt, mustard, and pepper, add vinegar, mix well. Melt butter or substitute, add flour, stir until smooth. Cook 2 or 3 minutes without browning. Add milk, stir until boiling. Gradually add egg-yolk mixture, mix well. Cool, add dissolved gelatine, meat, gherkins, and onion or shallot. When cold and beginning to thicken, fill into wetted 7in. ring-tin. Unmould, serve with crisp salad.

SALAD DRESSINGS—Cooked and uncooked

QUICK MAYONNAISE

One tablespoon condensed milk, 1/2 teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon sugar, 1 teaspoon dry mustard, 1 dessertspoon olive oil, 4 tablespoons lemon juice, 1 tablespoon vinegar, 4 or 5 tablespoons milk.

Beat salt, sugar, and mustard into condensed milk. Add oil a little at a time, mix well. Gradually add milk, then lemon juice, and vinegar a little at a time.

LEMON DRESSING

Three-quarters cup lemon juice, 3 tablespoons sugar, 1/2 teaspoon salt, 1 1/2 teaspoons dry mustard, 3 onion slices.

Pour lemon juice over onion slices, leave to stand 1/2 hour. Strain, gradually add to sugar, salt, and mustard, mix until smooth. Flavor to taste with chopped mint, chives, gherkins, olives, parsley, horseradish, shallots, or pickles.

FRENCH DRESSING

Half a small white onion, 1/2 cup white vinegar or lemon juice, 1/2 cup salad or olive oil, 1 teaspoon sugar, 1/2 teaspoon salt.

Peel onion, slice thinly. Place in small basin, add vinegar or lemon juice, stand 1/2 hour. Remove onion. Add salt, sugar, and oil to vinegar

or lemon juice. Shake well in screw-top jar before using.

COOKED SALAD DRESSING

Two tablespoons butter or substitute, 2 eggs, 1 cup milk, 1/2 cup sugar, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon mustard, 1/2 cup vinegar, 1 tablespoon condensed milk.

Melt butter or substitute; add beaten eggs, milk, sugar, salt, and mustard. Stir in vinegar a little at a time. Stir over gently boiling water 10 to 15 minutes. Allow to cool slightly. Stir gradually into condensed milk in basin. When well mixed, bottle in screw-top jar, store in ice chest or refrigerator.

Romancing tonight?

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You see, everyone perspires (some more than others) and that is, of course, a perfectly natural, healthy function. Unfortunately, when perspiration comes in contact with the air, a bacterial change takes place, which becomes unpleasant.

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LUSCIOUS SWEET WINS £5

An unusual steamed pudding which is turned out of its mould and coated with meringue wins this week's main prize in our recipe contest.

GOOD tested recipes containing readily available foodstuffs are welcome each week. Address to Recipe Contest, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney. All spoon measurements in our recipes are level.

CHOCOLATE MERINGUE PUDDING

Three ounces butter or substitute, 3oz. sugar, 1 whole egg and 1 egg-yolk, 4 tablespoons milk, 6oz. self-raising flour, 1oz. cocoa, apricot jam.

Meringue: Two egg-whites, 4 tablespoons sugar, 1 teaspoon cornflour.

Cream butter or substitute with sugar. Add eggs, beat well. Fold in sifted flour and cocoa alternately with milk. Fill into greased mould, cover with greased paper, steam 1½ hours. Unmould, spread with a thin layer of apricot jam. Cool slightly. Beat egg-whites to meringue consistency with sugar, fold in cornflour, spread thickly over pudding. Set and lightly brown in very



SPAGHETTI makes an appetising salad dish. Season well, moisten with prepared mayonnaise, sprinkle with grated processed cheese and chopped onion. Fill into lettuce cups, garnish with sliced radishes.

moderate oven. Serve hot with apricot sauce. Warm slightly ½ pint water and 2 tablespoons apricot jam. Add 2 dessert-spoons cornflour blended with a little extra water and ½ pint sweet sherry. Stir until boiling, simmer 3 minutes.

First prize of £5 to Mrs. G. Graham, Netherby, Rutherglen, Vic.

Family dish

AN oven-cooked ragout of lamb's fry, tomatoes, and onion is this week's family dish. It serves four and costs ap-

proximately four shillings and threepence.

For a change try serving it with freshly cooked spaghetti instead of the usual creamed potatoes. You will be sure to like the combination.

LAMB'S FRY RAGOUT

One lamb's fry, 2 table-spoons fat (bacon fat if possible), 2 table-spoons flour, 1½ teaspoons salt, pepper, 2 large tomatoes, 1½ cups meat or vegetable stock or water, 1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce, 2 onions, chopped parsley.

Wash lamb's fry, soak in warm water ½ hour. Dry thoroughly, cut into slices. Coat with seasoned flour, brown on all sides in hot fat. Remove, add balance of flour to pan, brown lightly. Stir in stock or water and Worcestershire sauce. Stir until boiling. Place fry in oven-proof dish, cover with sliced tomato, then sliced onions. Pour in gravy, cover, and cook in moderate oven 1 to 1½ hours. Top with chopped parsley, serve piping hot with creamed potato, green vegetables, and pumpkin.

Tony's chicken en casserole

THE amount of money spent on ingredients does not always signify that the resultant dish can be classed as a gastronomical success—or inexpensive treat.

"It's the way in which the ingredients are used that counts," says Tony of Sydney's Colony Club.

"Now, here's a dish that costs no more than Sunday's roast, yet is something that your discerning guests will praise as they eat—and drink of the wine left over from

the making of chicken en casserole."

One chicken (roaster) 3½lb., 1 medium size onion, sliced, 1½ cloves garlic, 1 medium potato, sliced, white parts of 2 leeks, sliced, 1 teaspoon pepper, 1 quart chicken stock or water to cover the chicken, vegetables.

Cut chicken in eight pieces and parboil for five minutes. Drain. Cook chicken and the vegetables together with the chicken stock for 25 minutes, then remove the chicken to another saucepan and add the following vegetables:

Two medium carrots, minced and parboiled, 1 medium turnip, parboiled with the carrots, 1 medium size onion, minced, 2 stalks of celery, 1 cup fresh peas, 1 cup sliced french beans, 1 teaspoon chopped parsley.

Strain liquid in which the potato and the chicken were cooked. Correct the seasoning with salt and pepper. Add it to the chicken and vegetables, then add one glass of white wine (sauterne). Bring to the boil and cook together for 30 minutes. Serve in a casserole or silver entree dish.

Colorful kitchen embroidery



SELECTED MOTIFS for kitchen linens are featured on embroidery transfer No. 186. Many of the designs that are included will add a cheerful note to tea-towels, potholders, and aprons. Size of the transfer sheet is 24in. x 28in., and the price is only 2/6. Address orders to our Needlework Department. See address, page 76.

MOTHERCRAFT
By SISTER MARY JACOB,
Our Mothercraft Nurse

BABY'S CLOTHES

AN important and happy part of planning for the arrival of a new baby is the layette.

Many young mothers are often so anxious to have pretty things for their babies they assemble a large trousseau, much of which is never used.

It is better to concentrate on essentials at first.

Patterns and an illustrated instruction sheet for making a pretty and practical 12-piece layette may be had from our Mothercraft Service Bureau, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney. Price, 3/6.

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — November 10, 1954

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These golden bubbles of flavour are so crisp they simply have to sing out "Snap! Crackle! Pop!" as you pour on the milk! Kellogg's Rice Bubbles—the merry, golden-toasted breakfast cereal that bubbles over with the joy of *good living—good eating—good health!*

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These light yet sustaining bubbles of rice provide the proteins, vitamins and minerals your family needs *every day*—in such a delicious, easily digested way. Discover their goodness once—and you'll want them *often!* Serve Kellogg's Rice Bubbles tomorrow!



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F3382.—Beginners' pattern for a small girl's one-piece dress styled with a pleated skirt. Sizes: Lengths 20in., 23in., 27in., and 31in. for 4, 6, 8, and 10 years. Requires 2½ yds. 36in. material and ¼ yd. 36in. contrast. Price, 2/-.



F3381

F3382



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Fashion PATTERNS

FASHION Patterns and Needlework Notions may be obtained immediately from Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 645 Harris Street, Ultimo, Sydney (postal address Box 4060, G.P.O., Sydney). Tasmanian readers should address orders to Box 66-D, G.P.O., Hobart; New Zealand readers to Box 666, G.P.O., Auckland.

F3381.—Small girl's one-piece dress with a pretty trim on bodice top and flared skirt. Sizes: Lengths 18in., 20in., 23in., and 27in. for 2, 4, 6, and 8 years. Requires 2½ yds. 36in. material and ¼ yds. pleated edging. Price, 2/6.

F3284.—Neatly tailored school uniform. Sizes: Lengths 23in., 27in., and 31in. for 6, 8, and 10 years. Requires 2½ yds. 36in. material and ¼ yd. 36in. contrast. Sizes: 30in., 32in., 34in., and 36in. bust for 12, 14, 16, and 18 years. Requires 3 2-3rds yds. 36in. material and ¼ yd. 36in. contrast. Price, 3/-.

F3442.—Cool, low-cut maternity frock and matching boxy jacket. Sizes: 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 5½ yds. 36in. material. Price, 4/6.

F3443.—Pretty, wide-skirted summer frock. Sizes: 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 4½ yds. 36in. material. Price, 3/6.

F3444.—Slim-fitting matador trousers. Sizes: 24½in., 26in., 28in., and 30in. waist. Requires 2½ yds. 36in. material. Price, 2/6.



F3443



F3284



F3442



F3444

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No. 782.—THREE D'OYLEYS. The d'oyles are clearly traced ready to embroider on good quality Irish linen in white and cream, and on sheer linen in blue, lemon, pink, and green. Sizes 8in. x 8in., and 8in. x 11in. Price, 1/6 each, set of three, 4/3. Postage 6d. extra.

No. 783.—INFANT'S LAYETTE. Four-piece layette obtainable cut out ready to make in rayon crepe-de-chine in white, and pastel shades of blue and pink. The set is also available in fine lawn, and the color choice includes white, lemon, pink, sky-blue, and nil-green. Layette in crepe-de-chine, frock, 23/6. Postage and registration, 1/3 extra. Panties, 7/11. Postage, 6d. extra. Petticoat, 15/6. Postage and registration, 1/- extra. Carrying-coat, 25/9. Postage and registration, 1/6 extra. Complete set, 69/11. Postage and registration, 1/3 extra. Layette in lawn, frock, 11/6. Postage and registration, 1/3 extra. Panties, 3/2. Postage, 6d. extra. Petticoat, 5/8. Postage 6d. extra. Carrying-coat, 13/8. Postage and registration, 1/6 extra. Complete set, 32/6. Postage and registration, 1/9 extra.

No. 784.—LUNCHEON SET. The mats and matching table napkins are obtainable clearly traced ready to embroider on heavy white and cream linen, or sheer linen in blue, lemon, pink, and green, and on good quality lawn in white, lemon, pink, sky-blue, and nil-green. Sizes, centre mat, 11in. x 17in.; place mat, 11in. x 11in., and cup and saucer mat, 8in. x 8in. Table napkins 11in. x 11in. Nine-piece set, including 1 centre, 4 place, and 4 cup-and-saucer mats in linen, 19/11, in lawn, 9/11. Postage and registration, 1/6 extra. Thirteen-piece set, including 1 centre, 6 place, and 6 cup-and-saucer mats, in linen, 22/6, in lawn, 13/3. Postage and registration, 2/- extra. Table napkins to match, linen, 1/6, lawn, 10d. Postage, 3d. extra.

NOTE.—Please make a second color choice. No C.O.D. orders accepted. All Needlework Notions over 10/- sent by registered post.



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5 good reasons why **KRAFT CHEDDAR** is today's best cheese value



- 1 No rind—no waste
- 2 Flavour never varies
- 3 Slices easily—never crumbles
- 4 Stays fresh
- 5 Pasteurised for purity



Delicious Kraft Salad Basket

Serve it as an appetiser, main course accompaniment or dessert. Simply scoop out a rock melon or cantaloupe and use the shell as a salad basket. Fill with cubes or balls of melon and Kraft Cheddar, with grapes or cherries. Remember, Kraft Cheddar is richer than

sirloin beef in nourishing protein. And Kraft Cheddar gives you the milk minerals—calcium and phosphates—plus vitamins A, B₂ and D. In the blue 8-oz. packet, the new family-size 2-lb. loaf—or from the economical 5-lb. loaf, Kraft Cheddar is a bargain in nutrition!

KHC514



MANDRAKE: Master magician, with
LOTHAR: His giant Nubian servant, and
PRINCESS NARDA: Are held captive in a space ship by two giants. They are horrified to learn that their captors plan to tow the earth to their solar

system as fuel for their dying sun. But the giants are grateful to the three for saving their lives and decide not to destroy the earth. They lower their captives back to earth and vanish into space.
NOW READ ON:



TELL ME ANOTHER "says" KLEENEX

Don't put a cold in your pocket — use KLEENEX

AH-AH HANKIES FOR SHOW KLEENEX FOR BLOW

NOW MY BOY FRIEND USES KLEENEX — 'CAUSE IT SOOTHES A SORE NOSE DURING COLDS AND IT'S A WINNER FOR WIPING OFF LIPSTICK.

EVER TRY TO STUFF THICK BATH TOWEL INSIDE YOUR EARS AFTER A SURF SHOWER? USE KLEENEX!

VACATION CAMP

CAMPERS! WEEK ENDERS!

DON'T FORGET KLEENEX DISPOSABLE TISSUES SAVE PACKING HANKIES, TEATOWELS, SERVIETTES. WIPES OFF SAND AND SUN-TAN OIL. SAVES DIRTY LAUNDRY. P.S. MAKES FISHING TACKLE SHINE LIKE NEW.

BRINGING UP BABY

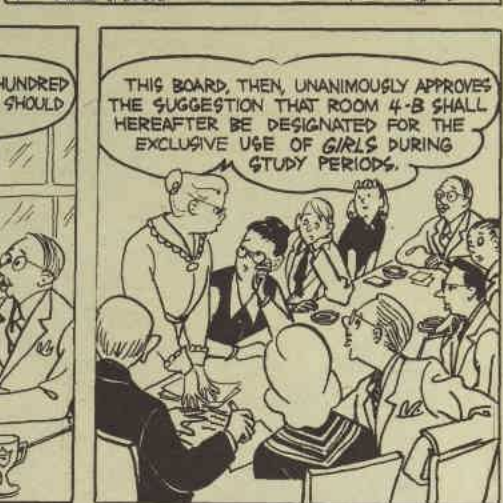
LOTS LESS WORK SINCE I STARTED USING WONDROUS SOFT KLEENEX FOR WIPING BABY'S SMEARED FACE AND AFTER NAPPY CHANGING.

SOLD EVERYWHERE

Always look for the name

MORLEY

ON UNDERWEAR AND KNITWEAR



Fashion FROCKS

Ready to wear or cut out ready to make

"CYNTHIA." — Trim one-piece tennis frock featuring a cool, sleeveless bodice and a pleated skirt. The frock is obtainable in white pique only.

Ready to Wear: Sizes 32in. and 34in. bust, 44/6; 36in. and 38in. bust, 45/11. Postage and registration, 2/6 extra.

Cut Out Only: Sizes 32in. and 34in. bust, 31/6; 36in. and 38in. bust, 32/11. Postage and registration, 2/6 extra.

"GAIL." — Attractively styled house frock, back fastened from neck to hemline. The material is novelty check cotton obtainable in red, black, and white; green, black, and white; blue, black, and white; and lemon, brown, and white.

Ready to Wear: Sizes 32in. and 34in. bust, 68/6; 36in. and 38in. bust, 69/11. Postage and registration, 3/- extra.

Cut Out Only: Sizes 32in. and 34in. bust, 53/6; 36in. and 38in. bust, 54/11. Postage and registration, 3/- extra.

NOTE: Please make a second color choice. No C.O.D. orders accepted. If ordering by mail send to address given on page 76. Fashion Frocks may be inspected or obtained at Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 645 Harris Street, Ultimo, Sydney.



NOW!

A shampoo that lifts that soap veil and Freshens YOUR HAIR



IF BACK ACHES TRY A KIDNEY HOUSECLEANING

Are you embarrassed by too frequent elimination during the day and night? These symptoms, as well as Bladder Irritation, Backache, Swollen Ankles, Leg Pains, Nervousness, Distress, Lumbago, Broken Sleep, Circles Under Eyes, are usually due to germ-caused kidney and bladder troubles. The first dose of Cystex, the new scientific medicine, goes right to work overcoming troubles in 3 ways: 1. Kills germs causing trouble. 2. Gets rid of poisonous acids. 3. Strengthens and reinvigorates kidneys and bladder. Get Cystex from chemist to-day under guarantee satisfaction or money back.



Have
WHITER teeth
in 10 days!

American
Formula!



Kiddies
love it!

NEW TOOTHPASTE SAFELY REMOVES DULLING FILM

Here's an entirely new toothpaste that cleans the teeth better than you have ever known before! American-formula NYAL Toothpaste is different. In place of soap, it contains a highly-activated dental detergent which foams instantly and safely removes dulling film and stains from the teeth. This new smooth-textured white toothpaste whitens and brightens the teeth as you never thought possible. The clean, refreshing flavour of new NYAL Toothpaste comes from the special blend of genuine American Peppermint Oil with mild flavouring oils. Children like it, too! See for yourself how new NYAL Toothpaste really cleans your teeth. Try it! Get new NYAL Toothpaste from your chemist to-day! Large Tube— 2/7



Prevent "Wind" Pains

After each feeding, NYAL Milk of Magnesia is the ideal preventive for "wind" pains and acidity in infants. Its gentle laxative action ensures regular habits, too. Smooth, even pleasant to take. Pure and safe for even the youngest baby. Sweetened or Regular. Two sizes— 2/6, 4/3.

NYAL MILK OF MAGNESIA



Gentle
Natural
Laxative

Thousands of mothers prefer NYAL Figsen above all other laxatives because Figsen is gentle yet thorough in action; easy to take; pleasant tasting. Figsen acts *naturally* and won't upset even sensitive stomachs. Two strengths: —Regular, equally suitable for adults and children; —Double strength, for adults who find that they need more positive laxative action. Regular, Double strength, 2/3; 3/6.

NYAL FIGSEN

Nyal



Soothing Relief for sore inflamed eyes!

NYAL Decongestant Eye Drops are soothing to sore, inflamed or aching eyes, and rapidly clear bloodshot eyes. Relieve burning, itching and smarting of conjunctivitis and granulated lids. The drops spread evenly, will not blink out of the eyes. Packed in special handy dropper... 4/9.

NYAL DECONGESTANT EYE DROPS

Soothing Relief from skin irritations

The new, modern formula of NYAL Calamine-Lanolin Cream quickly gives comforting relief from diaper rash, cradle cap and urine scalds. Contains Calamine to help soothe pain and discomfort; Benzocaine to give instant relief from pain, irritation and itching; Lanolin to make the skin soft and supple. Large tube— 2/3.

NYAL CALAMINE-LANOLIN CREAM



Novel Gift Pack



Here's a grand present for baby at any time— "Nikko," the NYAL Baby Powder Bear, made in the new polyethylene pliable plastic. When squeezed, produces a fine mist of silky smooth Nyal Baby Powder. When empty, "Nikko" becomes a durable nursery or bath toy. There's no waste when you use "Nikko"—the powder can't spill.

Blue
for Boys



Moisture-Resistant!

Nyal Baby Powder brings soothing, cooling comfort for baby's sensitive skin. Contains an ingredient which resists moisture, lessens the chance of wet nappies chafing baby's tender skin. Delicately perfumed. In tins— 2/6, 4/1. "Nikko"— 9/6.

"NIKKO" the NYAL BABY POWDER BEAR

SOLD BY ALL CHEMISTS

NYAL Antacid Powder 3/6, 6/-
NYAL Aspirin-Codeine Tablets .. 2/-, 3/6
NYAL Cold Sore Cream 2/3
NYAL Cold Sore Lotion 2/3
NYAL Corn Remover 2/3
NYAL Creophos 3/9, 6/3, 7/6
NYAL Emulsified Liquid Paraffin .. 4/6
NYAL Esterin Tablets 3/6
NYAL Eye Lotion
(with Plastic Eye Bath) 3/9

NYAL Milk of Magnesia Tablets ... 4/6
NYAL Prickly Heat Powder 3/-
NYAL Santonettes (Worm Tablets) .. 3/6
NYAL Soothing Syrup 2/6
NYAL Vitamin & Mineral Tonic, 6/-, 11/-
NYAL Vitaminised Children's Tonic .. 5/9
NYAL Worm Syrup 3/9
NYAL Zinc Cream (jars or tubes) ... 2/3
NYAL Holdrite Dental Plate
Powder 3/-, 4/3

NYAL Kleenrite Dental Plate Paste .. 2/7
NYAL Baby Oil 3/-
NYAL Camphor Ice 2/-
NYAL Kwik Tan Cream 2/6, 3/11
NYAL Kwik Tan Oil 3/11
NYAL White Lip Salve 2/3
NYAL Sunburn Cream 3/-
NYAL Antiseptic Healing Cream 2/9
NYAL Decongestant Baby Cough
Elixir 3/6, 5/6
NYAL Decongestant Baby Cough
Syrup 5/6, 9/6